# MEMOIRS OF BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE

OUTLAW · EXILE · AMBASSADOR

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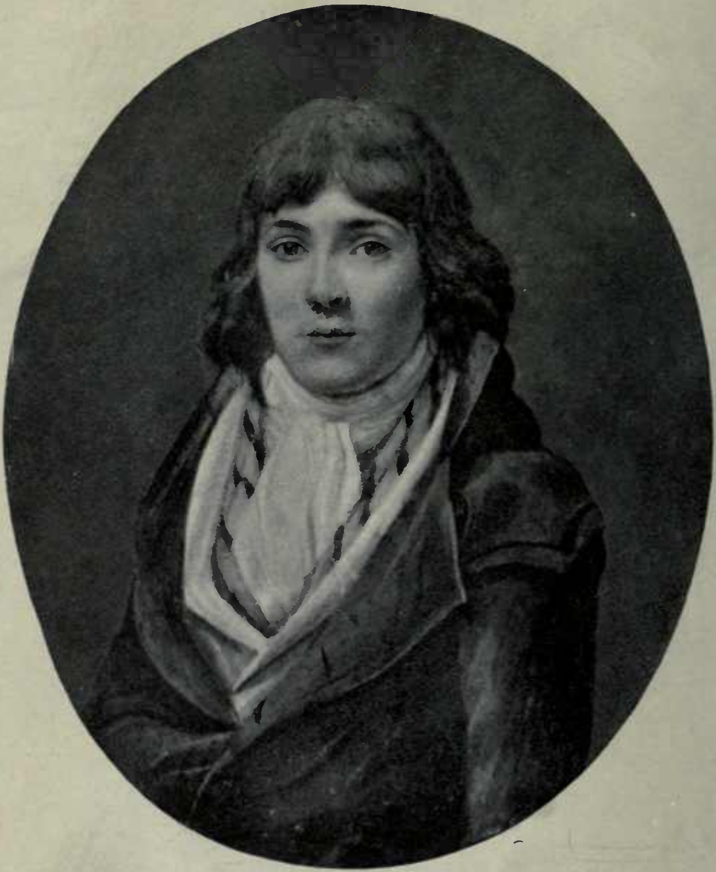

WILLIAM HYDE DE NEUVILLE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

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# MEMOIRS OF BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE

## OUTLAW · EXILE · AMBASSADOR

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED BY

FRANCES JACKSON

AUTHOR OF

*A Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror*

WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLS. VOL I.

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# TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

Baron Hyde de Neuville left no Memoirs, in the strict sense of the word, but only Notes and Recollections.

These, he entrusted to his nieces,[1] in order that they might arrange them according to the dates ; a task which they carried out with great care, though only one of them,—the Vicomtesse de Bardonnet,—lived to see its completion.

The work as it stands being too large for translation into English, I have abridged it, chiefly by omitting : (1) Details of the diplomatic negotiations in which the Baron took part. (2) The Letters, which seem better fitted to form a separate volume. (3) Passages relating to the Debates in the Chamber. These I have omitted with regret, remembering the importance which M. Hyde de Neuville attached to his duties as Deputy. Parliamentary debates are, however, rarely of lasting interest, except to politicians or historians ; nor would English readers, as a rule, be in a position to form a correct judgment on measures brought before the French Chamber.

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[1] The two surviving daughters of his brother Paul :—the Viscountess de Bardonnet and the Baroness Laurenceau.

Although the Memoirs touch upon many events of historical interest, my object in translating them is, not to throw any new light upon these events, but simply to make known the character of this Knight Errant of modern times, fearless and blameless, who took as his motto through life : 'Do right, come what may.'

A Royalist from childhood, he went to Paris at the age of fifteen 'to help to save the throne' ; and from this time onward, was ready to join in any honourable attempt to restore the Bourbon Monarchy, as long as there was a reasonable prospect of success ; but he held it to be a crime to involve the country in useless unrest. When therefore, it became clear that, for a time at least, France had accepted the rule of Buonaparte, M. Hyde de Neuville withdrew from political life. He would have taken an Oath of Submission to the new government ; but more was demanded,—an Oath of Fidelity ; this he refused, lest he should be called upon to fight against the Bourbons.

Thus, he was outlawed for eight years, and exiled for seven, for the one word Fidelity. But neither proscription, nor exile, could daunt his spirit. If he could no longer take part in politics, he could do other things. He studies medicine and agriculture ; he helps to found a school for the children of refugees ; he studies the history, laws, and social condition of America, and thus, all unconsciously, prepares himself for the position he will one day hold of Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

His wife shows equal courage. Not once, does she, or any member of the family, seek to deter M. Hyde de Neuville from what he regards as his duty. She accompanies the outlaw whenever it is possible for her to do so with due regard for his safety, and welcomes exile, happy in the thought that they need no longer be separated. Later, despite her love of retirement, she calmly accepts the rôle of Ambassadress, living in great state at Washington, and accompanying her husband to Lisbon : 'If it is our duty, we cannot hesitate.'

M. Hyde de Neuville had adopted the liberal opinions of Louis XVIII, and these had been strengthened during his exile in America. After the Restoration, he is elected a member of the *Chambre Introuvable*, and then begins for him a long conflict with the extreme section of the Royalists, a conflict which becomes accentuated when Charles X succeeds to the throne. 'If there is one sacrifice,' M. Hyde de Neuville remarks, 'which is more terrible than to give your life for your Princes, it is to tell them the truth.' He never falters, however ; fearlessly, respectfully, unremittingly he speaks the truth as he holds it, until the disastrous de Polignac Ministry and the Revolution of July. When the Chamber meets to consider the situation, one member alone sits sadly among the empty benches of the Right—Baron Hyde de Neuville.

I am indebted to the Vicomtesse de Bardonnet-Hyde de Neuville, and to another lady in France, a friend of the Sisters of Nevers, for kind offers of assistance ; and I would also thank an officer connected with the 'Sea Scouts' for his courtesy in explaining the meaning of a few of the nautical terms.

FRANCES JACKSON.

17*th March* 1913.

# MY MEMOIRS

(*By Baron Hyde de Neuville*)

I AM often urged to write my Memoirs; I have many scattered notes, and everything is fresh in my mind . . . .

If ever a life were like a romance, it was mine. I have passed through good and evil fortune; for a long time, every step I took was in the midst of dangers, and, from my youth upward, I have always been occupied by great interests.

Persecuted, outlawed, exiled, I weathered the tempests of the Revolution, only to find myself amid the storms of the Restoration. I appeared on the stage of politics; the country honoured me with its confidence; the Prince deigned to call me to be one of his Council. Deputy, Ambassador, Minister, I have been always the same; in the exercise of my duties, I have not been influenced in the slightest degree by my affections. I have served my country and my King loyally, without flattery. Men who did not know France, and were dazed by the loftiness of their new position, came into power, urged on by a faction that secretly regarded the Charter,[1] as the opposite faction regarded the Bourbons. There was bad faith on both sides; who knows it better than I do! But again, who knows better than I, that this bad faith would have been powerless, had not a great error been committed in 1830!

I have remained true to my convictions. When Legitimacy, which I look upon as the key-stone, the necessary principle, of Monarchy, shall return, it will find me, then as ever, desiring: RELIGION WITHOUT FANATICISM, MONARCHY WITHOUT ABUSES, LIBERTY WITHOUT LICENSE.

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[1] The Constitution granted by Louis XVIII at the Restoration. [Tr.]

I pass on to say why I refrain from publishing my Memoirs, and have decided to write only Notes and Recollections. Connected Memoirs would oblige me to speak severely of many. Now, I should wish, if it were possible, not to wound anyone, above all, not after my death; there is little courage, it seems to me, in shooting an arrow from the tomb. Had I decided to say anything, it should be during my lifetime. As it is, my Recollections will inevitably bear hardly on various persons who successively occupied the political stage, but I will abstain from everything unnecessary to my subject. One cannot be too careful in passing judgment upon men; besides, at what age, and under what circumstances, should they be painted? How many counterfeit saints there are! But, on the other hand, how many honest souls who frankly give up their errors! How many there are who, like me, owe the happy direction of their life to circumstances independent of their will! With my imagination and impulsive nature, how easily might events have changed my destiny, but for the gifted woman whom Heaven sent me,—my mother. How easily might allurements have led me astray, and illusions and dangerous theories worked my ruin! Any worth I may have, I owe it to her. She was my ægis, how could I think of her, and not wish to do right.

My notes will leave me free to write without following any fixed method. I will take my Recollections as they come to my memory; the dates will enable them to be classified later. I do not know if I shall go far in my undertaking; it is not so much occupation as recreation that I seek; all my memories are not equally pleasant, but there is not one that I cannot give to the world.

Nothing has ever weighed upon my soul, not even trouble. I can say with truth that all the trials I have passed through have not prevented my being constantly happy. God grant that I may be able to give Him the same thanks at my last hour !

My notes will show what I have done, what I have been, to be happy. It is a secret I shall be glad to make known, for there is no one that may not profit by it.

My youth is over, I am now passing through mature life, happy in all my surroundings, in my occupations, my independence, my memories. I have no need to flatter, or to hate, I ask neither for consolation, reward, nor revenge. In such dispositions of soul, I will await, without fear, that supreme moment, when God shall judge men of good will, and the believing and repentant Christian.

My last prayer shall be for my country, convinced as I am that her happiness and glory are inseparable from hereditary monarchy.

# CHAPTER I

## CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

Birth of William Hyde de Neuville.—Origin of his family.—His grandfather, Sir James Hyde, settles at Sancerre.—Marriage of M. Hyde.—Childhood of William Hyde de Neuville.—Collége Royal de Saint-Marie at Bourges.—Collége Cardinal-Lemoine.—William Hyde de Neuville refuses instruction from a *prêtre-jureur*.—Illness of William Hyde de Neuville.—The Queen at the Opera.—Théroigne de Méricourt.—February 28th, 1791, *Journée des Poignards*.—April 18th, the King wishes to go to St Cloud for Holy Week.—William Hyde de Neuville publishes a pamphlet.—His father fetches him home.—Death of M. Hyde.—William Hyde de Neuville goes to Paris before the 10th August.—Visit to the Tuileries.—Session of the Commune.—Return to La Charité.

WILLIAM John Hyde de Neuville[1] was born on the 24th January 1776, at La Charité-sur-Loire, of a family of English immigrants, from whom he inherited that unflinching Royalism which characterised his whole life. His grandfather[2] was one of the Jacobites who followed the Stuarts into exile, after the battle of Culloden, in 1746. Sir James Hyde, with his son, who was then only a child, withdrew first, to Vevey, in Switzerland, where, shortly afterwards, the inhabitants offered him the freedom of the city.

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[1] The name *de Neuville* was borne only by the author of these Memoirs and by his brother. It was derived from a small estate inherited through their mother.

[2] Sir James Hyde. The family was descended from Richard, the grandson of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England, 1661. Richard's son, Oliver, was a Captain in the Royal Navy. His youngest son, Anthony, left two sons, Sir William Hyde, killed in a naval combat in 1734, and Sir James Hyde, residing at Sancerre in Berry. See *British Compendium*, 2nd edition, MDCCXIX.

This genealogy is interesting as showing that several of Baron Hyde de Neuville's ancestors were in the Navy. Readers of these Memoirs will notice his love of the sea, and admiration for the Navy. [Tr].

He did not, however, remain in Switzerland, but took up his abode at Sancerre, in France, where a considerable number of English refugees were already settled, men of rank like himself, holding the same political views, and drawn thither by the religious advantages which that, partly Protestant, town seemed to offer to them.

Sir James Hyde had many friends in La Charité, even before his son's marriage led both father and son to settle there. This marriage was a romantic one. The younger Hyde had not the noble and chivalrous bearing of his father, but like him, he displayed in a high degree marks of noble birth and intellectual power. It chanced, one day, that he was sent on a message to a convent. The girl who came to the grille[1] was young and beautiful, and of an age when misfortune excites sympathy ; she went away impressed with an affectionate feeling towards the young Englishman, a feeling which he also felt for her. Not long after, she left the convent, and met M. Hyde again. One of her aunts was favourable to their marriage, but her father would not hear of it, declaring that his daughter should never marry a foreigner, who might, some day, carry her away from him. The girl, while submitting respectfully to her father's prohibition, resolved to refuse any other husband. She was very rich, and had many suitors ; but for seven years, she remained faithful to the young foreigner, and at the end of that time, her father gave way before the strength of her attachment.[2]

There was nothing capricious in an affection which had stood this test; and it continued as long as they lived; three children were born to them, a daughter and two sons, of whom William was the elder.

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[1] She was, of course, not a nun, and from her coming to the grille, it seems unlikely that she was a novice. She may have been a pupil, or merely a guest. [Tr.]

[2] The two grandfathers of M. Hyde de Neuville did not long survive the marriage of their children.

Although devoted to his home, M. Hyde felt the need of occupation. His tastes and position would naturally have led him to the Army, but, as a foreigner, this was closed to him. He resolved to devote himself to the management of his wife's property, and—influenced by the ideas of practical utility then coming into vogue, —he bought from M. de Calonne, a factory,[1] which had been built at La Charité by the English, and was about to be pulled down. Later on, this building was converted into a hospital, which still exists.

By this means, M. Hyde and his wife sought to spread comfort and well-being around them; while Mme. Hyde lavished upon her poorer neighbours that inexhaustible beneficence, which caused her memory to be held in veneration in the district.

Let us now follow the narrative as told by M. Hyde de Neuville himself.

The early years of my parents' married life were so happy, that my mother could never speak of them without emotion. I grew up between my sister,[2] who was continually praised for her cleverness, and my younger brother,[3] whose love of mischief amused everyone. He often fought me. I was so patient and submissive that my mother used to say: 'My elder son will be a good boy, and a worthy man.' When that is all a mother can say for her son, she does not give him extravagant praise! Still, I hope I have grown up the worthy man she predicted, and I certainly was the good boy she recognised in me. One day, I was amusing myself with a sling and stone, and as I was exceptionally clumsy, I managed to hit my little brother on the forehead. Blood flowed.

---

[1] M. Hyde carried it on as a button factory. See *Biographie des Contemporains*, 1836. [Tr.]

[2] Afterwards, Mme. de Larue. [Tr.]

[3] Paul Hyde de Neuville. [Tr.]

I thought I had killed him. When my father came, I had a knife in my hand and was about to strike myself. Happily, it was taken from me.

My brother and I were extremely fond of one another. He was attacked by smallpox. The disease was making fearful ravages in the district, and the doctors despaired of saving the child. My parents determined to send me away, that I might be out of danger from contagion. My nurse told me of this decision. Although I was not allowed to go near my brother, I could not bear the idea of being separated from him. So, all alone, I reasoned with myself, and my little head came to the conclusion, that if my brother died, I might as well die too, and if he did not die, neither should I; and, therefore, far from dreading the malady, I ought to try to take it.

Strong in my resolution, I watched the moment when my nurse went down with the doctor; I climbed the stairs, and gained the bedside of the sick child, whom I did not recognise, so terribly was his face altered. When I saw him, I was frightened; nevertheless, I took his hand. The poor boy did not see me at all, and could scarcely hear me. I left the room without my visit being known; but, whether from the shock, or from predisposition, two hours later, I was struck down in my turn. We both recovered from this horrible scourge.[1]

Soon after, my mother nearly lost me through an accident, which cost the life of a little playmate of mine, the only child of a poor blacksmith.

The banks of a pond were being raised by my father's orders, and we were standing near. The manservant who had the care of me, had gone away for a moment. We went nearer, not knowing there was any danger, and we both fell into the water, which carried us away. Some workmen saw us, and ran to our help. In the hope of a reward, their first thoughts were only for me. The poor forgot the poor, and for a time, the rich man's son alone engrossed their attention. I was saved ; but they had waited too long to save the other child. He was only found some hours later, and it was his unhappy father who recovered his remains. I cannot describe the impression which this event left upon me. It was such, that I have never been able to feel grateful to those who saved my life, and who, by dividing their efforts, might have saved, also, that of the unfortunate little one. Even now, I cannot dwell upon this thought without indignation.

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[1] It may have been the memory of these early events that led M. Hyde de Neuville to make a study of vaccination when living at Couzon near Lyons. [Tr.]

Towards the end of 1787, I entered the fifth form at the Collége Royal de Sainte-Marie, at Bourges, which had been for some years under the direction of the Fathers of Christian Doctrine, assisted by lay professors.

I succeeded in my studies, and my companions liked me. As I was not vain, my little triumphs rather brought me friends, than excited envy ; there is a strong love of justice in the young, they readily award what they think is deserved, if you do not exact it.

Father Amor took great pains with me. He was rather brilliant than erudite. He read and worked hard, and by the time he was appointed Curator of the Mazarin Library, he was an excellent classical scholar. Perhaps, I have to reproach him with having taught me less Greek and Latin than poetry[1]. I still remember his unmerited admiration of some verses in praise of Louis XVI and Necker. I compared the one to Henri IV and the other to Sully ; it was *de rigueur.* Good, kind, Louis XVI was not Henri IV, and still less, was the Genevan banker Sully ! The composition was in Latin verse, and I gave a translation in French verse. Already in vision my professor beheld me in the ranks of the poets, and declared that I should make my way far. . . . God alone held the secret of my destiny. . . . I have made my way far along the path of trials ; but in the midst of tempests, I have always found a plank of safety. Poor shipwrecked sailor, I have come back to port safe and sound, and Heaven has given me more good than evil days !

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[1] The making of verses was the fashionable amusement at that time, and considering how often, in after life, M. Hyde de Neuville employed his talent in that way, to give pleasure to his friends, the reader may be inclined to think Father Amor was right. [Tr.]

I do not know if College education is the best, and if laymen, even worthy men and fathers of families, are better than priests for teaching the young ; I doubt it ; but I am inclined to think the mixture of the two has great disadvantages. The Collége of Bourges, which was, perhaps, not a model of discipline, has left more than one proof in my memory.

I went to Paris in 1790, to continue my education at the Collége Cardinal-Lemoine. I studied rhetoric under the honoured M. Levasseur. On the 23rd December, the Civil Constitution of the Clergy was enacted, thus showing what was to be expected from revolutionary liberty. Like nearly all the clergy, my professor, the Abbé Levasseur, refused the Oath[1]. The worthy priest had sufficient confidence in me, to consult me with regard to this great question. I advised him to refuse ; in doing so, I was thinking more of politics than of the interests of Heaven ; but the man of God did from conscience, what I advised from party spirit. He was dismissed from his post, and replaced by a priest who had taken the Oath. When the new professor appeared in the class-room, I rose and declared that I would not receive instruction from a *prêtre-jureur*, a priest who had disobeyed the Church ; then I left the room, and followed the faithful priest.

I had been sent to Paris to complete my studies, but my thoughts were so often distracted by politics, that these studies were fruitless. I had been destined for the Army and was actually appointed Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment, the Royal Navarre, but the events of the Revolution prevented my joining it. M. de Casabianca had promised to make me his aide-de-camp ; I declined, being unwilling to take the Oath.

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[1] The Oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. The Pope had forbidden the taking of this Oath. [Tr.]

I had scarcely arrived in Paris, when I fell ill of a fever, which brought me to the brink of the grave. My youth triumphed over the danger, but my convalescence was a long one. For more than two months, I was confined to the house, and meanwhile, political events followed one another rapidly, and I was dying of impatience in my retirement. I took advantage of the first time I went out, to go to the Opera. The Queen was to be present to see *Nephté*, and many young Royalists had promised to be there, to applaud the unfortunate Princess, and shield her from the insults of hired revolutionaries.

The Queen arrives. Some one in the first row, expresses astonishment that a few of the audience ostentatiously keep on their hats. There is a general cry : 'Hats off.' The opposite party yield. One only, Ducros, afterwards a member of the Convention, declares in a loud voice, that nothing shall make him take off his hat before the wife of the first public functionary. I was a little way off. I call to him to take off his hat. He refuses. In spite of four or five friends around him, I rush forward and pull off his hat, which immediately is torn to shreds, and thrown from box to box amid the applause of the whole audience. Soon the Guard comes ; they want to arrest me. I try to lose myself in the crowd. I am pushed backwards and forwards a score of times, and too weak as yet to bear the fatigue, I faint, and should inevitably have been suffocated in the struggle, but for the help of two persons who recognise me, and succeed in getting me out.

These reckless deeds had unfortunate results. Not many days afterwards, the populace went in crowds to the Opera ; some young Royalists were maltreated, and many women were insulted, by other women whose shamelessness and cruelty during the Revolution, made them a disgrace to their sex.

My studies were neglected ; every moment, every thought, was given to politics. My opinions were carried to extremes, and nothing could prevent my expressing them. A very young man seldom fails to become an enthusiast for his party. I was what was called a *fiery Royalist.*

I joined several political clubs, where every day they kept on dreaming of a counter-Revolution. I soon made friends with some bold, enterprising, well-informed men, whose views coincided with my own. The Marquis de Champcenetz, Governor of the Tuileries, gave me a card, admitting me to the Palace at any time ; and, henceforth, it was my chief thought to find opportunities of showing my attachment to the Royal family. The Queen, especially, became to me an object of almost romantic devotion ; in a word, I thought there was nothing greater than to run into danger for my opinions.

Several times, I ventured to lift up my voice in the midst of those groups which were the sad precursors of every political event, and to stand, alone against everyone, the defender of the Royal cause. Sometimes, too, I was threatened and pursued, but nothing could slacken my zeal, or rather my mad folly.

One day, I rashly challenged some statement made by Théroigne de Méricourt, notorious already for her scandalous immorality and her revolutionary speeches ; she was haranguing the people on the terrace of the Feuillants, and sought to influence them by those pompous phrases, born of the Revolution, shameful monuments of the fanaticism, ignorance and perversity of our political charlatans. We began by arguing, and ended in disputing. She heaped a thousand coarse insults upon me, and tried to incite the people against me ; but for once, the populace was generous, and listened to me without interruption. A man among the group called out to them imperiously to let me alone, he said I was an aristocrat, but I did not *sulk*, and he liked people to speak out their minds. Then, threading his way to where I was, he said in a low voice: 'Now, little aristocrat, that will do; off with you,' and I took his advice.

This Théroigne de Méricourt was an unfortunate woman, still young, but whom vice had aged before her time. They made use of her, at the beginning of the Revolution, to corrupt the people. She was ready of speech, intrepid in bearing and of fine physique. Her general appearance gave the impression of immodesty and effrontery carried to the last degree. It was she, who stirred up the people to the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the 10th August, and brought about the assassination of the patrol under the command of Suleau, whose death called forth so much sympathy on account of his fine intellect, kind heart and noble appearance. He would have been forgotten, but Théroigne, who recognised him, pointed him out, and called for his blood. He fell, pierced with a thousand wounds, and thus ended his life at an age when men naturally expect to enjoy it. He had only been married a month, and left a young and beautiful wife, who loved him tenderly.

On the 28th February 1791, I was at the Tuileries, when some companies of the National Guard appeared and dispersed the Royalists, who were assembled there, not with a view to protect the King's flight, as was afterwards alleged, but to defend the Royal family from the insults of a seditious mob, who had just been to Vincennes to demolish the Castle, and were now threatening the Palace. It was what has since been called the *Journée des Poignards* [Day of Daggers]. Several persons were maltreated. As for me, I went away with a group of young fellows, and we were not insulted.

I was, also, in the courtyard of the Tuileries on the 18th April, when the King wished to leave for St Cloud, in order to spend Holy Week there. This time, the Royalists were in force, and only desired to disperse the crowd of rioters, who stopped the King's carriage. Even M. de La Fayette seemed inclined to second the departure of the Royal family; but the King—whose excessive kindness was always the explanation of his weakness, as well as the excuse for it,—wished to prevent bloodshed, and ordered them to remain quiet. However, the resistance continued; the crowd having closed the Palace gates, surrounded the carriage, shouting, and threatening the Royal family. For more than two hours, the unhappy King was exposed to insults and reproaches. The Queen, whose calmness and courage never forsook her for a single moment, had just asked for a glass of water for the Dauphin. Some of the more violent stopped the officer who was fetching it. I was not far from the carriage, and could not contain my indignation. I rushed forward to help the officer. Five or six wretches immediately assailed me. I should certainly have fallen their victim, but for the devotion of an officer of the National Guard, who, sword in hand, succeeded in rescuing me. I was taken to the guard-house, where I was in safety.

After the 18th April, when the King's detention had become only too apparent, I brought out a political pamphlet entitled: *Warning to the French, or the Last Call*, (*Avis aux Français, ou le Dernier Cri*). I have no very distinct recollection of this, my first attempt at political writing. Certain it is, that it attracted the attention of the police, who made diligent search for the author. Happily, the search did not extend as far as to me, my fifteen years sheltered me from suspicion.

My father, who throughout had been more or less informed of my follies, became alarmed at last. He came, himself, to Paris, and decided to send me away. I regretted his behest, on several grounds, but I obeyed. A few days later, we received news of my father's death. My mother's grief was terrible.

Religion, whose sweet calmness gives so much help in trouble, came to her aid.

[For some months, the young Royalist remained with Madame Hyde, devoting himself entirely to the task of consoling her . . . The fear of another catastrophe, which proved to be the 10th August, brought him back to Paris.]

M. Hennin, the King's Secretary, informed me that the King and Queen were in the greatest danger. Forgetting everything in my zeal, I left on the 9th for Paris, having placed the following note on my table: 'Forgive me, my dear mother, for leaving without telling you, but your affection would be alarmed at my project. I am going to help to save the throne, or to die defending it.'[1]

I could not enter Paris in the evening of the 10th. In the morning of the 11th, I reached the house of the Marquis de Rochemore, and found all the family in tears. Happily, the news had just come that the son, young M. de Rochemore, had escaped the massacre, but the horrible details we had already heard of the events of the previous day, were confirmed. In spite of all, I venture to enter Paris. The difficulty is extreme; however, I find a cabman who agrees to take me. The man, who is nearly drunk, invites me, first of all, in a tone that will take no refusal, to have a drink with him and two good . . . friends of his.

I alight, and these three wretches recount their prowess of the day before; my driver tells me, and repeats it several times, that he had the pleasure of killing two Swiss Guards at the Palace, and I am compelled to hear these narratives, to listen to these monsters. What terrible times! . . . If I had been arrested, I should have been lost. I had some compromising papers upon me, and a copy of some verses, which my indignation had inspired whilst on my journey.

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[1] Alas! the great deliverer, who would preserve the throne, was only a boy of sixteen.

The day after my arrival, I go to the Tuileries, clad shabbily enough to enable me to pass unnoticed in the crowd. What a dreadful scene! . . . What terrible words! Here, I see the still bleeding relics of some luckless victim; there, the ruin left by pillage; further on, the scattered relics of the victims thrown into the flames . . . the sheets of the Queen's bed, still stained with the blood of an unfortunate Swiss, who had concealed himself under one of the mattresses, but did not escape the assassins. They show me the spot where a woman had been stabbed, . . . the hiding-place where some of the Swiss had taken refuge, and from which hunger alone had driven them.

In one room, I noticed an immense number of manuscripts; I should have liked to take possession of them, but the fear of attracting attention deterred me. It needed more courage than I possessed, to endure the sight of this distressing scene without betraying myself. My object in going to Paris, and to the Tuileries, was to see everything, and find out the real feeling of the people with regard to this event. I returned, given over to the saddest forebodings; apart from a few who were merely influenced by curiosity, the crowd I had passed through had breathed nothing but vengeance and bloodshed.

I soon heard of instances of courage and humanity that softened, to some extent, the impression which the harrowing scene had left upon me. A man, carried along by the crowd, was touched with pity for a Swiss Guard, and on the impulse of the moment, tore off the coat of the Swiss and covered him with his own, thus enabling him to escape disguised; but he, himself, divested of his coat, was mistaken for a Swiss, and massacred.

The next day, a Jacobin who was under obligations to my family, came to urge me to leave Paris. I had been in correspondence with several journalists whose papers had just been seized; this circumstance, and the uselessness of any further effort, decided me. I accompanied the man to the Hôtel de Ville to ask for a passport. I saw Manuel, whom he knew,—Manuel who has since proved that a scoundrel may have some virtues.[1] Manuel replied, that no passports were given as yet, and I must wait. Chaumette arrives. My Jacobin friend appeals to him ; Chaumette protects me in turn, as being of his department. He has only been a municipal officer since yesterday, and wishes to prove how far his power extends. At his request, a passport is given to me ; and they give me, at the same time, one for my brother, who was at the Collége d'Harcourt.

On leaving the Hôtel de Ville, I was present at a session of the Commune. What a horrible meeting ! Billaud, Simon, Pache, Chaumette, and other scoundrels, vied with one another in the most atrocious resolutions, the most cruel speeches : one man wishes that *Capet* should only have bread enough to keep him from starvation ; another adds that it is bread wasted, and that they must make haste to send him to the scaffold. A voice is raised in insult to Madame Elizabeth. A wretch dares to utter that sacred name ! . . . Some vote for arrest and death. Another calls for pillage, and the same man, in his frenzy, proposes that all nuns still in their convents, should be thrown into prison, unless they consent to give a child to their country within the year.

A *sans-culotte* has just denounced the Abbess of Chaillot for having received and hidden an ex-noble ; it is proposed, at once, to search her correspondence—the correspondence of a poor nun ! I immediately leave the room, and run to warn the convent. I lose my way in Paris. Still, I arrive before the Commissioners. I have only time to warn a poor 'out-sister.' I never heard whether my warning were of any use.

Shall I say it ? During this odious session, the galleries were filled with women, who, by their applause, still further excited the mad raving of the orators! Alas! the laws of nature were overthrown: fear or vice degraded all hearts.

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[1] Compare the words of the Abbé de Salamon : ' . . . a scoundrel ; yet this expression is a little too strong for Manuel, seeing that he shared the fate of his august King, having been unwilling to condemn him to death.'—*A Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror*, ch. vii, p. 49. [Tr.]

I cannot pass by an incident, the thought of which still makes me shudder, although I had nothing to do with it.

While I was at the Commune, a man came up to me, whom I soon recognised. He was young B—— who had been my fellow-student. He told me what had happened to him on the 10th. He was walking along the streets of Paris; a troop of revolutionaries stop him, put a gun in his hand, and compel him to march against the Palace. The troop goes in; he follows. An unfortunate Swiss guard is arrested; he falls pierced with wounds; another appears unexpectedly; they notice that B—— did not attack the first, they give him a sabre, and order him to cut off the head of the second. Terrible alternative! To be compelled to kill, or to lose one's life. At this moment, a wretch passes, armed with a pistol; he thinks they are hesitating, comes forward, makes the people stand back, and at the first shot, the victim falls dead at his feet. I asked B—— which he would have done, and he frankly owned he would have yielded to fear. I could not repress a gesture of horror. To what a point may we not be led by the dread of death!

I went out of Paris the same evening; no one else had left as yet; I had to answer hundreds of questions on my way, and to disguise my impressions. I reached home; my mother had succeeded in hiding her grief and anxiety, merely saying that I had gone, by her orders, to fetch my brother. This prudent reserve undoubtedly saved my life in later years. My journey was never attributed to any other motive, and the enemies whom I was afterwards destined to meet with, never had recourse to that dangerous accusation.

[The young Royalist did not remain long in the Nièvre, and within a few weeks, he was again in Paris.]

# CHAPTER II

## TRIAL OF THE KING

Anxiety in Paris.—The Convention decrees the Trial of the King, 3rd December.—His Majesty at the bar of the Convention, 11th December.—His request for Counsel.—Second Appearance, 26th December.—Debate resumed from 27th December to 7th January.—M. Hyde de Neuville and others canvass the Deputies in favour of the King.—Sittings of the 15th, 16th, 17th January.—M. de Malsherbes leaves the Convention leaning on the arm of M. Hyde de Neuville.—Reforms initiated by the Government of Louis XVI, or accepted by it.

On returning to Paris, I was struck with the change that had come over it in less than two months. It was curious and astonishing to contemplate the city in the midst of the most violent catastrophe ; beyond a passing emotion, quickly effaced, it preserved its usual aspect, and people went about their accustomed occupations almost as before. This time, I noticed signs of anxiety on the grief-stricken faces ; there was good ground for it. The 10th August, although so recent, was no longer the latest event. The 2nd September had caused the Revolution to take a new step, a bloody step, which inaugurated massacre ! Up to this time, blood had only flowed partially, and in contests—unequal contests it is true, but where the defenders were armed, and might dream of victory ; now, neither age, nor weakness, nor beauty, shielded the victims ; brutal, cowardly ferocity no longer sought for pretexts ; it struck blindly, and was not merely tolerated, but encouraged, by whatever vestige of authority still remained in France.

The Legislative Assembly had ended its shameful career, stamped with the die of weakness and impotency ;

it was succeeded by the Convention, stronger and better prepared for crime. The mob, now become sovereign, had more numerous and more passionate representatives in it ; the Jacobins had supplied the majority ; while the moderate party, those who used to be called Constitutionals, had almost entirely disappeared.

The Convention was installed on the 21st September; on the 3rd December, it decreed the Trial of the King ; in the eyes of many deputies, this was unnecessary clemency. Saint-Just and Robespierre demanded condemnation without trial. 'Nations do not judge Kings,' said Robespierre, 'they suppress them,' thus embellishing the saying of Saint-Just, that Louis XVI should be condemned, not for the crimes of his administration, but for the crime of being King.

For two months, the fate of Louis XVI had been under discussion. A Special Commission had been appointed to draw up the indictment, and when on the 13th November, the question : 'Can Louis XVI be brought to trial ?' was put from the Tribune, it was the mere shadow of a formality, for the preparation of the case had already been begun, and the reports presented. But the orators of the Convention found it necessary to their purpose to put forth all their eloquence. Nothing can equal the fierce madness of the debates. Grégoire [1] was one of the most violent. The Girondins at this time, set the first example of that weakness which their talent has not been able to redeem in the eyes of posterity. Although opposed to the trial of Louis XVI, they yielded, entrenching themselves behind the people, to whom, in the last resort, they hoped to refer the fate of the King. It is an error common to all those who seek to calm Revolution by concessions, thinking they will be able to stem it in time ; all the stronger by reason of their weakness, it invariably drags them along with it.

On the 10th December the Commission declared itself ready, and the Convention decreed that the King should appear at the bar on the following day.

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[1] Afterwards the celebrated Constitutional Bishop. [Tr.]

On the morning of the 11th, Paris was awakened by the beat of drum calling a general muster; there was great agitation everywhere, caused chiefly by the excessive display of military force, for, apart from groups of fanatics, vociferating around the Convention and the clubs, the faces and bearing of the citizens betokened a terrified stupor, often approaching to consternation; everyone seemed eager to escape notice, they were more anxious to avoid exciting the curiosity of others, than to gratify their own.

I had vowed to be present at this fatal session, and at the age at which I then was, we are deterred by nothing short of impossibility. I made up my mind to take up a position in a gallery. My tall slight figure often helped me to thread my way in a crowd, and on this occasion the crowd was divided, and blocked the boulevards to see the King pass. It was only when the unhappy Monarch reached the Feuillants, that the people flowed back into the galleries; they crowded one upon another, and I found myself surrounded by those hideous faces that seem to rise out of the pavement of Paris during the deluge of a revolution. In the midst of these men, armed with pistols, sabres, and daggers, there were some whose faces betrayed hidden sympathy. Happily for them and for me, attention was concentrated on the debates, and we were spared too close a scrutiny.

Barrère presided. The session opened with the reading of the minutes of the Commission, and a statement of their work by Valazé, their *rapporteur*; finally the Act of Accusation, entitled 'Act setting forth the crimes of Louis, the last King of the French,' was placed on the table. . . The debate began, but was interrupted by a member, who observed that it was necessary, before going further, that the Convention should order that Louis be brought in.

An order was immediately given, enjoining the Commandant-General of the National Guard to bring Louis to the bar without delay. The Convention goes back to the resolutions, some are rejected, others accepted. Letters are read. A member asks that a chair be placed at the bar, and that the President authorise Louis to be seated. The Convention immediately declares that this proposal is founded on humanity, and ought to be at once adopted, without being put to the vote; derisive courtesy of crime!

The King kept them waiting; they passed to the law relating to the émigrés. Everyone was obviously thinking of something else, and the Assembly tried, in vain, to appear at ease, and free from preoccupation. Towards two o'clock, a movement in the galleries, where new-comers crowded in, pushing us, and throwing us into confusion, showed that the King was on his way; Santerre appeared, and announced that *Louis Capet awaited the orders of the Convention.*

A moment later, the King entered, escorted by the Mayor, and Santerre, and was received in profound silence lasting several moments. Without letting myself be carried away by my emotion, I regard the stupefaction of this short silence, as a last ray of respect, wrung by the Royal Majesty from these iniquitous judges, who could not lift up their hand against him without a shudder.

The King sat down without uttering a word; the Act of Accusation was read, then the Interrogation began; taking the paragraphs of the Act one by one, the President asked, at the end of each: 'Louis, what have you to answer?' The unhappy monarch replied to each charge, with a clearness and exactness that left no doubt as to his calmness of soul.

His voice was firm and strong, and the simplicity of his manner added to his true dignity. What a scene! My unhappy King given up to the lying justice of rebel subjects, brought before this mock tribunal, that could not even invoke the pretext of the authority of the people; it had received no special mandate from them to try the Sovereign. But how great Louis XVI appeared in this superhuman trial! Never, perhaps, has monarch surrounded by his court and all the prestige of power, equalled in majesty this humiliated King, whom misfortune unveiled so completely, and raised to such a height. At the moment when his crown fell, a measureless calamity offered him another, and it seemed as if the second, the crown of martyrdom, became him better.

I found it difficult to restrain my indignation, and not less so to conceal my admiration for the King's self-possession, for the moderation of his answers, above all, as I heard the touching words which he spoke when they dared to reproach him with having given assistance to the poor work-people of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine: 'I had no greater pleasure than in being able to give to those who were in need.' For one moment, all the King's calmness seemed to leave him, it was, when he was accused of having caused the blood of the people to be shed, on the 10th August. His face lit up, showed strong emotion, and he exclaimed in a loud voice, 'No, Monsieur, it was not I!'

The King's interrogation lasted about three hours; it grew dark, some lustres and torches cast a dim smoky light through the hall; this semi-darkness added still more to the gloom.

The King was shown many documents that had been used in preparing the case; he did not recognise any of them. Valazé, standing with his back to him, did not trouble to move, but passed the papers to him over his shoulder; my blood boiled at the sight of this outrage, and with the impetuosity of youth, I began almost to regret the magnanimous calmness of Louis XVI. Why did he endure this insolence? Why did he not deny the competency of his judges, and stand out against this trial, which was as illegal as it was odious? Perhaps, I was right; the victims of the Revolution were too submissive. It was giving strength and reality to these usurped powers, to recognise them, or, at least, to bend before them ; the resistance of the victims would have diminished their number ; reproaches uttered by those whose heads were about to fall, would have enlightened the people more quickly as to the horror and violence of the excesses, which were thus allowed to clothe themselves with the mask of legality.

At six o'clock, the King was permitted to withdraw, and he left the Hall, after having requested that he should be allowed Counsel. Before separating, the Assembly deliberated on this request, and it was granted. The King had indicated two names, but only one of them responded to his appeal ; public opinion severely criticised the Counsel who thus shrank from defending his impeached King ; let us rather think this censure unjust, than that the refusal were voluntary. The venerable M. de Malesherbes, of his own accord, asked to be allowed to defend the King ; many others begged this dangerous mission as a favour ; even a woman, the *Citoyenne de Ganges*, offered herself as Counsel for the King !

On the 26th December, Louis appeared again before the Convention. The session opened in the morning. This time, it pleased the Assembly to keep the King waiting. Nearly an hour elapsed between the time when he was announced and when he was brought in. A few of the King's friends had joined me, and we were more anxious than ever to be present at this session ; excitement had increased so much, and passion and hatred were gaining such strength day by day, that we feared for the safety of Louis XVI and his noble defenders. The King was guarded in an illusory way ; everyone knew what the protection of the Assembly was worth when confronted by the real, and scarcely disguised, power of the Commune, which in point of fact held the Royal family in its grasp.

The Commune would have opposed a mere formal resistance to the passion of the mob, whose rage, there was reason to fear, might lead to the worst excesses.

The Assembly had itself, confessed its powerlessness, in the naïve expression that Tallien let fall, when, on the motion of one of the members, the Convention resolved that Louis Capet should be allowed to communicate with his family pending the result of the trial. 'It is not the will of the Commune,' Tallien had exclaimed. This reply, censured by the Assembly as an insult, gave, in fact, the true measure of its authority.

We held ourselves in readiness near the Manége,[1] where there might be danger to the King on his arrival and departure. No order was maintained in this pretended sanctuary of the law; no watchword was given, or at least observed; the crowd penetrated to the very threshold of the Hall of Audience; it blocked the narrow passages and winding approaches to the Feuillants. Sinister faces met the deputies on their way, greeting them with threats, insults, or fierce encouragement, according as they called forth their distrust or sympathy.

M. de Malesherbes seemed especially exposed to the malevolence of the public, as if hatred increased in proportion to the respect which its victims deserved. Dreading the worst for the venerable old man, I on this day, escorted him to the door of the vestibule, where he was to await the King. I then passed on to the Hall, but afterwards went back to M. de Malesherbes, and after escorting him home, I returned to the Feuillants, wishing to hear the debate, which I had left at a moment when it had become extremely animated. I found it in the same paroxysm of fury; shouts, insults, threats, crossed one another without intermission, and the Assembly separated late, in a state of agitation.

It was important to collect the impressions of the various deputies as they left the Hall. I mingled, as much as I could, with the different groups formed at the entrance. I was trying to catch the words of a Girondin, whom I had just recognised, when another voice arrested my attention : 'The d—— has shown some boldness ! But we shall find a way to make him lower his head.' I turned, and saw Marat, who accompanied his words with a horrible, and but too significant gesture. I have often wondered since, by what happy chance I resisted the strong temptation to fall upon the wretch !

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[1] The Royal Riding-School, where the National and Legislative Assemblies were held from November, 1789, to October, 1794. [Tr.]

I managed to slip into the front row of a gallery, where I had a good view of the unhappy Monarch ; this time, I noticed a slight change in his manner ; certainly, it was no less firm and dignified than when he first appeared before the Assembly, but it seemed to indicate less confidence in the destiny in store for him, and resignation was more plainly written upon his features.

He followed M. de Sèze's long and fine pleading very attentively ; from his calmness, one would have thought that he was listening with interest to a case with which he had nothing to do. Several times, there was applause, which was immediately suppressed. During these short interruptions, the King looked round the Hall, trying to find out whence came those more favourable omens, so quickly stifled.

M. de Sèze's speech was perfect in point of logic and evidence, and would have convinced true judges ; but what can reason do against minds already made up ? M. de Sèze had not the persuasive manner that disarms malevolence ; the King himself, had made him suppress the passages which might have moved the Assembly, desiring, as he said, *to owe his safety, not to the emotion, but to the justice of his judges.* He forgot, in the delicacy and elevation of his conscience, that among the people with whom he had to deal, there was no longer any justice ! One sentence, however, caused a slight shudder to run through the Assembly, such as the eloquence of truth sometimes wrings from the most hardened hearts ; it was, when the Counsel for the defence exclaimed : 'I look for judges among you, and find only prosecutors.' . . .

The King rose in his turn, and I heard those touching and memorable words: 'Speaking to you for, perhaps the last time, I declare that my conscience does not reproach me with anything. I am heart-broken to find in the Act of Accusation, that I am charged with having been willing to cause the blood of the people to be shed. . . .' However long my life may be, I shall never forget the tone of those words. The King's rather harsh voice, softened by a visible, but restrained emotion, became more sonorous and penetrating. Ah! among these men, who were preparing, only too surely, to wreak their hatred upon him, not one dared to rise and give the lie to that voice, the very accent of which would have carried conviction to sincere hearts, to those simple words, which were the witness of truth itself against crime and deceit.

After the King had left, the Assembly which, up to that time, had remained comparatively quiet, abandoned itself to the most stormy debate. Lanjuinais, even Pétion himself, tried once more, in courageous speeches, to oppose the decree by which the Convention had recognised its right to try Louis XVI. Marat, Robespierre, and above all, Couthon, supported the iniquitous decree, amid the tumult and vociferations of the Assembly.

On the morning of the 27th December, the debate was resumed and continued up to the 7th January, while party feeling grew daily stronger. A few sympathisers, growing ever more timid, strove to save the life of the King. The Girondins openly expressed their desire to wrest him from death, less perhaps from motives of humanity, than in the interests of their wretched policy. Probably they were influenced, to some extent, by the desire to avoid so great a crime, but they also sought to counterbalance the power of the Jacobins; and the head of the King became the stake in this impious struggle.

We were, nevertheless, driven to rest our hopes on the Girondins. It must also be remarked, that it is impossible for any one who has not lived in those days of upheaval, to form an idea of the reverence which

Royalty inspired at that time. The prestige which had surrounded it for so many centuries, could not die all at once, even in the hearts of those who professed to be its bitterest enemies ; and the crime that was being prepared, was such an extreme penalty, even in the eyes of those who called for it with cries of rage, that they hesitated, and there was a hope that they might recoil from it at the last moment.

The days immediately preceding the condemnation of the King were actively employed by all those who still retained a feeble hope of saving his life. They noted which of the deputies seemed uncertain, and whom they might hope to influence. Unmistakable manifestations had made it clear to all, that the unhappy Monarch had still the sympathy of the people. On the 14th December, the very eve of the day when the decisive vote was to be taken by the Assembly, it was found necessary to clear the Théâtre-Français, where the *Ami des Lois* was being played. This piece, very popular at the time, was full of courageous allusions to the drama which was approaching its last act. Every evening, it had excited great emotion among the spectators ; but, on this occasion, frantic cheers overpowered the voices of the actors who seemed to plead for pity and justice ; these, were answered by shouts of disapproval, and the tumult reached its height.

I was not idle during these days of mourning and anguish. I knew some of the deputies ; others I was able to approach more or less directly ; and I undertook to canvass them. Several gave me promises which were afterwards broken under the influence of fear !

. . . Guillerault, of the Nièvre, was one of those who thus voted contrary to their first intention, and to their convictions : ‘ I hope you will not do me the injustice to think I should vote for the death of Louis XVI,’ he had said to me. I assured him, with truth, that I had answered for him. I had several times been to his house without being able to find him ; one of his friends said to me, with a laugh : ‘ If you want to see him, go to Nicolet's; he is there every evening; knock at the box of Mlle. K——.' She was an actress, who was the rage at that time. I took his advice, and knocked at the door; the Deputy himself opened it. He followed me out on to the boulevard; we had a long conversation. I have since learned that he gave an account of it to his mistress, and that she strongly encouraged him to vote against the death.

We passed in review the deputies of his department; he gave me information about his colleagues: 'That one is a wretch, there is nothing to be done with him.' . . . 'That other is a coward.' . . . 'Do not go to that apostate priest, he will give you away.'

The man who spoke thus, and he was not deceiving me; the man who, on the day of the vote, had just pronounced for an appeal to the people; the man who, that very morning, had again promised his mistress to *stand firm*; this man, intimidated by the shouts of some savages, reaches the Tribune; when I see him, I say to young Isidore Langlais, who is taking notes with me to send to M. de Malesherbes: 'Oh, that one is safe,' and as we are writing down his name on what we called the white list, although the colour was often very dusky, we hear, spoken almost in an undertone, the word: 'Death.' It was a thunderbolt for me.[1]

The decisive moment approached, every day, every hour, the excitement increased. The vote had been adjourned to the 14th, but that session was taken up with debates on the manner in which the questions should be defined and presented; it was only on the 15th that they were put to the vote. The *appel nominal*[2] upon each of the first two questions, occupied the session until far into the evening.

On the first point: Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiracy against the liberty of the nation, and of attempts on the general safety of the State? there was a compact majority for the affirmative, 683 votes out of 749. On the second question: Shall the verdict, whatever it may be, be referred to the people for sanction? there was more division of opinion. Exclusive of absent members, and of some others who had the courage to decline to try the case, 281 gave their votes for the appeal, against 423 who rejected it. Appeal to the people was regarded as the safety of the King. It was known, on all sides, that the nation, if seriously consulted, and with the delay which the measure necessitated, would never have ratified the sentence pronounced in its name. Some crimes are due to the ebullition of revolutionary passions, which is only found, in its full violence, either among the leaders of the movement who stir it up, or among the unintelligent masses who become the tools of frenzy, without understanding the question at issue.

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[1] In the same department of the Nièvre, the deputy Jourdan, who was supposed to be going to vote for death, gave his voice at the Tribune for banishment.

[2] The individual interrogation of the deputy of each department. [Tr].

The result of the first day's scrutiny of votes was rather favourable than otherwise to our hopes; and during this all too long night, when every heart beat feverishly, predictions pointed to a less tragic end. On the morning of the 16th January, this impression was almost general, and many deputies, encouraged by it, came to the session intending to vote very differently from the way they actually did. But if confidence revived on the one side, on the other, rage had acquired terrible proportions; it broke loose with indescribable violence, and, when the deputies reached the Manège, and had to pass through the waves of a demented people, pouring forth threats and insults, many of them lost their heads.

Without assigning to fear too large and too humiliating a part for the dignity of man, it is impossible to be deceived with regard to the frequent effects of intimidation. Moral courage, much more rare than the other, is contagious, and spreads, like electricity, through an assembly, holding it in subjection. Our hearts sank as we passed through the approaches to the Convention. The interior of the hall was no more reassuring; the galleries were invaded by their usual occupants, more exasperated than ever, and from the first, scarcely restraining the violence that was soon to burst forth. The distracted look of most of the deputies showed so many emotions, that one knew not which to read.

The whole day passed in preparing the *appel nominal*, and in the discussion of various measures relating to it; the prolonged suspense more and more exhausted the powers of the soul, and weakened resolutions. What interminable hours! It was only in the evening, that the call of the names began, decisive moment, destined to stamp our history with an indelible stain of blood! Surely, never under any circumstances has the attention of men been strained to such a degree; all hearts, looks, and gestures, directed towards the Tribune, were hanging on the words about to fall.

We had only learned in the course of the session that the call of names would begin with the letter G, which had been drawn by lot; this letter did not refer to the name of the deputy, but to that of the department. The Girondins were, therefore, to vote among the first. M. de Malesherbes augured favourably from this, counting upon the force of their example to influence the undecided, for the Girondins were expected to give a favourable vote.

Interest was redoubled in the hall when, after eighteen or twenty votes divided between *death* and *banishment*, given by the representatives of Haute-Garonne and the Gard,—we saw Vergniaud go up to the Tribune, Vergniaud, the first of the Girondins. The word *death* was received with stupefaction; it seemed the more sinister in the mouth of one from whom it was least expected. Only one vote was received with greater astonishment; but the word spoken by Vergniaud, had almost the effect of a verdict, everyone understood what this real defection predicted.

Now that the Girondins had lowered their proud independence, so far as to contribute to the triumph of the Jacobins by the death of the King, nothing could withstand the victorious wave. The 'Mountain'[1] did not conceal its smiles of contempt. Robespierre affected indifference, but even he, did not withhold gestures of pity. This insolence was a swift punishment for the weakness shown by the Girondins.

In spite of the discouragement which had suddenly fallen upon the King's friends, we retained a glimmer of hope as we saw votes continue to be given almost equally for life and death. Several of us wrote them down, as fast as they were given, in order to send our notes to M. de Malesherbes. The venerable defender of the King had gone in the evening to his august client. It is impossible to convey an idea, even imperfectly, of this interminable session, which lasted, without interruption, until eleven o'clock the next evening. The slowness with which the final result was unfolded, added to the pain of our suspense. Night, always sinister, increased the gloomy character of the scene; the uncertain light, by which part of the hall was left in darkness, would have told upon crowds even less excited. Add to this, the clamour of the galleries, with the shouts of death, and we have a picture which the memory can never forget, but which we cannot describe.

However, the fatal issue of this always unequal struggle between good and evil, crime and virtue, gave as a result, a figure, which explained the uncertainty in which we had all remained; for, at the last moment, the majority for the Revolution was only *seven*! This result was, perhaps, the most distressing that we could have met with. So few votes might have changed everything, and saved the King. It was to have touched success without being able to grasp it, and it was impossible not to feel enraged at the thought of all those, who, influenced by the lowest motives, had given the lie to their convictions, in pronouncing the iniquitous sentence, which made them the murderers of their King! A few courageous deputies tried, in vain, at the last moment, to stem the tide, and their efforts, powerless to keep it back, at least allayed the disgust which one feels for the human race at such a moment. During the long delay, caused by the counting of the votes, we saw a sick deputy carried to the Chamber, and with his feeble voice pronounce against the death. This brave act will perpetuate the noble memory of Duchâtel amid these gloomy annals. Vergniaud, as President, was called upon to declare the verdict that had just been given. He did it with evident emotion, in which remorse must have borne a part.

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[1] The extreme faction of the Convention, led by Robespierre; called the 'mountain' from the position of the seats they occupied. [Tr.]

Before the close of the session, the Counsel for the King were introduced, in order to present in his name an appeal to the nation, which he had written with his own hand, and which they read. MM. de Sèze and Tronchet appealed against the illegality of the sentence, which according to the penal code required a majority of two-thirds. Finally, the honoured de Malesherbes, in his turn, spoke a few words, broken by sobs, which for a moment produced an irresistible effect, even on the hardened hearts that he addressed. How great this venerable old man seemed to me, at this session! How I wished I could have been in his place! The emotion that he called forth was as transitory as it was fruitless; fear and baseness stifled every human feeling.

M. de Malesherbes left the Convention leaning on my arm; that arm, too greatly honoured in supporting him, trembled with distress and anger. I could not restrain the excitement that had gathered strength during the long hours of constraint. I sought relief to my sorrow in the thought of risking my life to save the King, and I told M. de Malesherbes of a plot formed by a numerous band of young and devoted men, to sally forth, as the King went by, and wrest him from his executioners. It would not have been impossible to carry the people with them, for among their ranks were many secret friends, who only awaited a signal.

M. de Malesherbes told me that he had been already informed of the project, and had spoken of it to the King, who, however, was distinctly opposed to any attempt of the kind. I protested against this august behest, which tore from us our last hope. M. de Malesherbes insisted strongly on the necessity of obedience, and on the uselessness of the efforts we proposed to make. I submitted, without being convinced, and I promised to make known the Royal prohibition,—the last proof of the kindness of Louis XVI, who would not allow us to risk our lives to save his own. With this project, I lost the only consolation that had sustained me.

The next day, the 18th, the accuracy of the count was called in question ; it was debated, and finally confirmed ; but the debate had occupied the whole session, and it was only on the 19th, or rather during the night following, that the question of reprieve, that had been brought up at the close of the fateful session of the 17th, could be put to the vote. It might have changed the whole situation, for to gain time was to save the King. But it had been already only too clearly shown which way success was turning, for the waverers and the cowards not to range themselves on that side. Natures like these, may rise to an act of courage when success has not absolutely said its last word ; but when the chances are too clearly defined, there is no longer any hope of arresting the crowd of dastards.

This time, the majority was not content with what was strictly necessary ; it must parade the superabundance of the votes, which rose to 380 against 310 ! Thus, we saw deputies who had not voted for death, pronounce against the reprieve of the very penalty they had opposed. Natural consequence of cowardice, which becomes servile in proportion to its hesitation in opposing crime from the first. It was all over! The best of kings, the most virtuous of men, was to perish, condemned by the representatives of that people for whom he had done more than any of the kings, his ancestors, struck down, in the name of that liberty, which he, first of all, had wished to promote. The true friend of necessary progress, he had not only accepted, but encouraged, the new institutions; a terrible lesson for the future, and for kings who shall one day be animated by the noble desire to satisfy the wants of the people. The people are rarely contented with the liberty that is granted to them, they only think they have obtained it when they have wrested it by force. The death of the King, and the excesses of the Revolution, have dealt a fearful blow to the reign of true liberty in France, and have driven it away for a long time; may they not have rendered it forever impossible![1]

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The great crime was committed! It was an odious crime, and though it could only be imputed to a few, it fell none the less upon a people, and the nation remains responsible, and perhaps punished. How many periods of Revolution and misery, must there be before this stain shall be effaced from history, and cease to weigh down future generations, unless the victim shall have been accepted as a burnt offering for the crime of his people! As we seek to fathom this mystery, we become bewildered and tremble; we dare not ask of God what is the limit of expiation, and the measure of His chastisements.

Posterity will judge this event, the horror of which is not lessened by time, more truly than we. It will proclaim a truth which the impartial cannot fail to recognise, even now; it is this: everything that the Revolution has done that is great and good, everything that has survived its ruins, all its lasting institutions, all its necessary liberties, have come down from Louis XVI and his government, which if it did not always initiate them, at least acquiesced in them. The excesses of the Revolution founded nothing; they compromised everything, in spite of all that passion has since alleged on the subject. The death of the King was, therefore, useless, as well as hateful. Another thing which our annals will tell us is this: that the first application of the conquests of the Revolution, the widest, the most conscientious, we owe to the government of the Restoration. How much bias, how many walls of prejudice, should fall before this simple and unanswerable reflection!

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[1] The fragments relating to the death of the King were written under the Empire.

# CHAPTER III

## THE TERROR

M. Hyde de Neuville on the 21st January 1793.—He leaves Paris and returns home.—31st May, Fall of the Girondins.—Federalism in the Provinces.—M. Hyde de Neuville obtains the Release of a Prisoner at Nevers.—Also of four Priests.—Arrest of M. de Larue.—M. Hyde de Neuville ordered to join the Army.—Order revoked by the Minister of War.—Fresh persecutions.—M. Hyde de Neuville conceals himself and flies.—The War in the Vendée.—Social life in Paris.—The Queen in Prison.—Projects of Rescue.—Michonis and Jobert.—Conspiracy fails.—M. Hyde de Neuville returns to the Nivernais.—Republican Calendar copied by *Monsieur* (Louis XVIII) for Madame Balbi.—Given by her to M. Hyde de Neuville.

[ALL writers on the Revolution have dwelt on the stupefaction that prevailed in Paris on the 21st January. The Terror really began on that fatal day, although it remained mute and inert and only attained its full development towards the summer of 1793. M. Hyde de Neuville was then living with some friends of his mother, and good Madame de Congy, fearing the dangers that the young Royalist might draw upon himself, sought a pretext for keeping him in the house on the 21st January. There had been rumours of domiciliary visits to be made that day, and she pretended to have received secret warning that her husband was to be arrested. Thus, she persuaded her young guest not to leave her, and for greater security (although he did not know it) she locked him in. After the 21st, Paris appeared intolerable to him, and he returned to his mother's house.]

PUBLIC attention, no longer concentrated on the events accompanying the death of the King, turned towards the frontiers. Europe had become really menacing, when the fate of Louis XVI taught it what was to be dreaded from the torrent that had burst its dykes. In the face of the danger, an extraordinary movement began in France. Our reverses kindled all hearts;

they alone rendered possible the iniquitous government whose turpitude and weakness they masked. The defeat of the Army of the North, and the defection of Dumouriez were followed by the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the Committee of Public Safety. At the end of April, the ovation to Marat, in reply to the decree of accusation launched against him by the Girondins, dealt a terrible blow to their influence in the Convention. From this time, the struggle became daily more violent and unequal. The Girondins, indeed, reaped the fruit of their weakness in allowing the condemnation of the King to be wrung from them ; their popularity visibly waned ; and their own sentence was in a manner pronounced before the events of the 31st May brought its completion. This day was, so to speak, the vengeance of Providence for the 10th August and the 20th June. In that same Palace of the Tuileries *where the King had suffered the outrages of his people*, and whither the Convention had transferred its sessions, the indignant, threatening multitude disowned the authority of its representatives. What an instance of just retribution in human affairs, the spectacle of this Assembly seeking a way of escape through those very gardens that the Monarch had traversed, when driven from his Palace by that same fickle multitude ! The decree of the arrest of the twenty-two Girondins, wrung from the Chamber, was, in truth, the decree of its own moral deposition. The Jacobins, who had become masters by the fall of their opponents, now urged on the Revolution to the utmost excesses.

The provinces soon felt the echo of these events, and almost everywhere signs of reaction appeared. A great many departments united against the common enemy, the Convention. *Federalism* became formidable, and caused acute unrest.

[M. Hyde de Neuville took part in this movement, which was only a legitimate revolt against the tyranny of Paris. Marseilles and Lyons became the focus of *federalism*. M. Hyde de Neuville went to Lyons and afterwards returned to his home where he continued to expose himself to danger. He was not yet seventeen when he went to Nevers, and wrested a notary of the town from a sort of revolutionary Tribunal, that had been established there.]

Fouché had caused Pierre Maugue to be arrested, on the charge of having *spoken disrespectfully* of Robespierre and the 'Mountain.' The man was brought before the Tribunal; no one thought of defending him, and the scaffold was about to be set up. I learned at La Charité the danger threatening this father of six children, and I set out at once. Arrived at Nevers, I hastily gathered together a few witnesses favourable to the accused, and presented myself before the Tribunal. At my urgent request, the accusers came forward a second time, and I easily refuted the calumny; my extreme youth impressed the magistrates and the audience; and after twelve hours painful discussion, the scaffold lost its prey, and the victim was saved.

Encouraged by my first success, I was happily able to render further services. Four priests, imprisoned at Nevers, owe their lives to me. They were the Abbés Godin, Brotteau, the Prior of Vandenesse, and Father Agathange, the Superior of the Recollects[1]; the last named had been able for six months to escape the proscription, by hiding himself in a drain. My efforts at persuasion with a Constitutional priest[2] of great influence, who had not lost his generosity with his faith, succeeded in rescuing these new victims from their fate.

After the 31st May, Fouché, the representative of Nantes, had been sent to Nevers to raise the, only too famous, Army of the Loire. From this moment, persecution began to fall upon me, and was destined to pursue me for many a long year. The most abitrary decrees were directed against my mother; six guards of the formidable legion of Nevers and Lyons were quartered, at discretion, on her house. Arrests became numerous, and began with my brother-in-law, de Larue. I was accused in my turn of *federalism*, and of having tried to take the Clubs by assault. It is true, I had, at one time, joined with the majority of my fellow-citizens in preventing the assembling of some anarchists. On the strength of these accusations, which went back several years (and the accused was not yet seventeen) they condemned me, contrary to all law, to set out for the Army.

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[1] A branch of the Franciscan Order. [Tr.]

[2] A priest who had taken the Oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. [Tr.]

I was to start for the frontier. Happily, my friends in Paris informed Pache, in those days Minister of War, of this arbitrary measure, and he caused it to be revoked. A formal and special decree sent me home again. I left Paris for Nevers. Fouché and his colleague, Collot-d'Herbois, had just gone to Lyons, but their agents remained. On my way, I met two of them, to whom Fouché had entrusted the task of conveying the spoils of the churches to Paris. I found myself face to face with them, as I alighted at the Inn at Cosne. The encounter was not pleasant, although I did not foresee the consequences. We could not fail to recognise one another, and I was questioned, rather roughly, as to what I was doing at Cosne, when I ought to be under arms on the frontier. Although I am not always as patient as prudence requires, yet in this instance, I was so confident of my right, that I explained it in very temperate language. It was impossible to contest the legality of the decree restoring me to my home, but we were not under the Reign of Liberty, for the authorities of the Nièvre to feel bound to agree to whatever Paris decreed. My two commissioners inveighed against the injustice and weakness of this *aristocratic* measure, and the culpable leniency of the government ; but although the raised voices had attracted a good many by-standers, the matter rested there for the moment.

Soon, however, the commissioners returned, accompanied by some town-councillors, and gendarmes, and arrested me during the meal that I had just ordered. To appeal to justice and equity at a time when the rights of the citizen, violated every day, no longer existed in reality, would but have added one more cause of complaint against me. I was carried off to the dungeons of Cosne, and only came out to be conveyed to Nevers, with an escort, as ridiculous as it was alarming.

An honest and courageous republican, Citizen Faulquier, who a month later was to be assassinated for this act, had the generosity to defend me, although I was a stranger to him. He protested against this tyrannical measure, and provisional liberty was granted to me. But in those days of frenzy, chance took the place of law ; it turned against me. The same accusations were renewed shortly afterwards, and the same men continued to persecute me. A great number of my fellow-countrymen at Nevers, Cosne, Clamecy and Donzy, women, children, and old men were indiscriminately dragged to prison.

To avoid the same fate, I was obliged to conceal myself and to fly. My brother-in-law still remained in prison. Danger and menace hung over the heads of those whom I held dear.

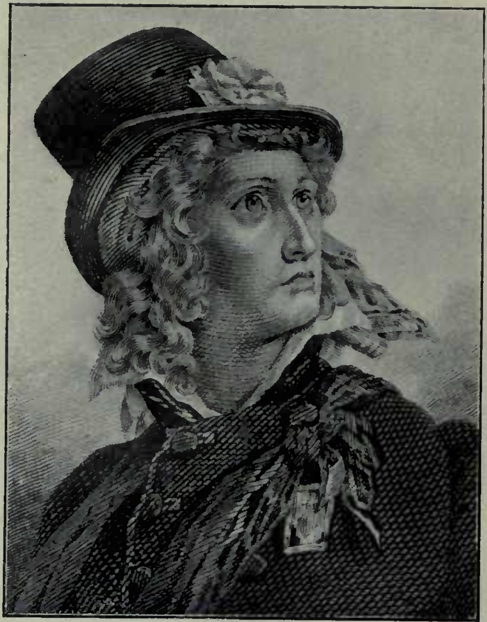
It was the same all over France ; everywhere the Terror was at its height. Despicable men deliberately fanned the flame, knowing that the country would cast them out with horror, the moment they gave it time to breathe. Others, a small number, took their own declamations seriously, and in their frenzy, ended by believing the theories they were continually propounding. The law of ‘suspects’ gave France over to informers. The establishment of the Revolutionary government had just placed the dictatorship nominally in the hand of the Convention, but really in that of the Committee of Public Safety. The prisons were still crowded, and the scaffold, now permanently set up, did not suffice for the number of victims.

Every scourge fell, at once, upon the unhappy country ; famine added a heavy weight to so many other calamities ;

it completed the exasperation of the people, and delivered them over to criminal excesses, which their natural good sense would have rejected. The Revolution turned the general misery to its own profit. Thought recoils from the memory of the indescribable sufferings of this fatal time, and after passing through them, we wonder how we were able to bear them ; but the French character was then full of elasticity. The amount of energy put forth in the most horrible crimes, and the most sublime virtues, is incalculable ; and if we compare France as she was then, after many centuries of the so-called tyranny of kings, with what she is to-day, after fifty years of liberty, we are driven to the conclusion that the effect of the *ancien régime* in exhausting the vital force of the nation, was less than that of modern institutions.

It is said, that we have exchanged our traditional levity for greater wisdom ; let us hope that it is not rather the vigour of old times that we have abandoned on our way. Certainly, we should not now sink to the same crimes, but should we be capable of the same virtues ? Would it be possible, in these days, to see a spectacle like the gigantic struggle of the Vendée, which took place in this same year of 1793, and has won the admiration, even of those who do not share the faith and devotion of the Vendéans ; history has already given it one of the highest places in our annals.

It is necessary to have lived in those troublous times to understand with what feelings of anxiety mingled with hope, the phases of this fabulous war were followed from afar, when a handful of peasants held the Republic at bay, and made it incur almost as many dangers as from the Allied Armies. Perhaps the rising in the Vendée was even more maddening ; it was the bee on the flank of the lion, whose sting worries more than the wound of an arrow, and gives rise to anger if not to suffering. Attempts were made to distort and understate the facts ; the means of obtaining information were very imperfect at that time, and besides, the omissions were



*L. Meurillon Sc.*

LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN.

of set purpose ; hence, only the principal events were allowed to be made public. Many sublime details, then unknown, have since given to this struggle its admirable character. Still, my head and my heart were fired with enthusiasm on hearing of the heroic deeds worthy of another age.

I would gladly have flown to these heroes to share their dangers, if not their glory ; and assuredly, I should have done so, had not perils, less glorious, but no less real, kept everyone at home. I could have wished to find similar transports of courage and devotion ; but even in the most generous nation, heroes are the exception. Nor let it be thought that the feelings I express belonged only to a young and ardent soul like mine. Everywhere, the weight of oppression made itself cruelly felt, by people of all ages, in every class and every position in life.

It is all very well for modern writers on the Revolution, for those who look at it only from a distance, whence they see the form of its great shadow rising ; it is all very well for them to throw into relief the parts of the picture where the light falls, to bring out its grand outlines ; but anyone who has passed through those days of upheaval knows well what constant malediction—hardly stifled by fear—lay hidden in the depths of every French heart.

When I became acquainted with the generals of that noble land of the Vendée, the first leaders had perished ; those who survived were still heroes ; but the saints of the Vendée had gone, Cathelineau, La Rochejaquelein, Lescure, were no more.

I would gladly sketch some features of their history, but I am not calm enough. I should, even now, be carried away by my admiration for those brave knights, who were the first to take up arms to combat anarchy, and to restore the throne and the altar. But, although my feelings have not changed, my heart is less ardent, and I have cast off the illusions of party spirit. I would do justice to the enemy who has broken down the edifice I had wished to defend ; I would make known the crimes and the virtues of all ; I would show that it was possible, under either banner, to be good, noble, and virtuous, as well as to be cowardly, crafty, and criminal ; and if I should unveil more crimes on the one side, and more virtues on the other, this would be less from party spirit, than from equity ; the same passions reappear under every standard, but great virtues rarely seek refuge in the tents of the victor ; they are born of misfortunes. The daughters of generosity, of nobility of soul, they take their stand, nearly always, under the banner of the opposition ; they accompany and console those whom fortune oppresses or rejects.

It is the same with political factions as with religious sects, the religion that is persecuted is always that which calls forth most zeal. This remark is, I believe, a eulogy of the human heart ; it is good to think that defeat is not always powerless. It is often objected, that persecuted causes are only defended by fanatics. Are we then to account honour, and the noble devotion of great souls, as nothing ? Ordinary men can only cling to fortune's skirts ; generous mortals can despise and combat her ; in a word, I grant that fanatics are dangerous, but those are no ordinary men, who by faith confront all perils, and march courageously to their doom. . . .

The fanaticism that is hateful, triumphs and kills. That which lets itself be killed, may call for pity and command admiration. . . .

The fanaticism born of revolutions had found its personification, not on the battlefield, but under the form of a young woman. Charlotte Corday was the first instrument of that chastisement which was destined, under one form or another, to strike down, in turn, all the great criminals of the Revolution. But nothing enlightened these men, wilfully blinded ; every day the evil increased, and France sank lower. I was struck with this downward progress during a short visit that I paid to Paris, at the time when I was ordered to the frontier. As a rule, political events take place outside the lives of private people, and do not touch them ; this time, their influence penetrated deeply into the social habits, and overturned them ; dearth, assignats,[1] nocturnal visits, civic feasts, vexations of every kind, which were, so to speak, the current coin of the persecution, took away from Paris all likeness to her former self.

Yet, all these troubles had not exhausted, or driven out from social life, those vestiges of the old French gaiety, which, ever and anon, sprang up in the midst of public and private calamities. The levity of which so many traces still remained, contrasted strangely with the terrible gravity of the surrounding circumstances. Often this gravity inspired it ; among the women's jewels, might be seen delicate models of the guillotine, which adorned their ears or their necks ; their attire took names which contained some reference to the situation ; their hair was arranged *à la victime.* It is well known that the prisons themselves furnished examples of this hopeless frivolity. It often happened that death came to claim his prey in the midst of a dance, or a comedy ; the prisoners avenged themselves on their executioners beforehand, by making verses about them. Women practised mounting the scaffold gracefully, by climbing piles of chairs. All this was not the bravado of courage, but rather its abuse. Such contempt for death outstripped its aim ; it did not show sufficient respect for life.

One prison contained within its walls more sorrows and misfortunes than all the others put together. The Queen had seen the King go away ; then her son had been torn from her, to be given up to the most refined cruelty ; she, herself, was about to be taken from those who yet remained belonging to her. Hatred fell upon this unfortunate Princess with greater intensity than upon the King. It was chiefly Royalty, as such, that was detested in Louis XVI ; it was generally acknowledged that his sole crime was to have reigned. Against the Queen, hatred was personal, and a thousand times more bitter.

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[1] The paper currency. [Tr.]

Every day, the Commune called for her trial ; but the painful suspense was prolonged ; the trial might lead to unlooked-for events. This feeble hope encouraged attempts which were more generous than well-considered ; their only result was to prove to the unhappy Queen that devoted hearts still beat around her. This supreme consolation of inspiring sympathy, even when it is powerless, was not denied to Marie Antoinette. She saw fierce hatred soften at the sight of her misfortunes, and bend before that dignity amid adverse circumstances, that greatness of soul, which revealed in her a majesty far higher than that of the throne.

The august prisoners in the Temple met with unexpected tokens of sympathy, even from those who were most bitter against them ; for it was necessary to have given proofs of enthusiastic *civism* to be deemed worthy of guarding the hostages of the Revolution. We were aware—my friends and I—that communications had been opened with our unhappy Princess, but we did not know all the agents, for as a matter of course, it was a duty to envelop with mystery the bold attempts that might cost so dear. I, however, became acquainted with one of them, the unfortunate Michonis, a member of the Municipal Council, and Inspector of Prisons ; this duty enabled him to render countless services to the illustrious prisoners at the Temple.

I still seem to see this devoted man, whose kind and generous nature could be read upon his open good-humoured face. Under an appearance of frankness, he concealed a subtlety and skill, which enabled him, more than once, to escape the consequences of his acts. He was a zealous partisan of the Republic when he first met the Royal captives. The sight of so many misfortunes, and the fortitude with which they were borne, filled him with admiration. All the prejudices against the Royal family that had been instilled into his mind, fell, one after another, and he was inspired with an ardent desire to make reparation. Generous natures are subject to these reactions, when the strength of devotion equals that of former hatred.

Sympathy with the august prisoners had brought me into communication with Michonis. I saw him rather often ; his wife, who was equally benevolent, shared all his sentiments. He spoke to me with warmth of his desire to save the Royal family. One day, he said to me : 'I am a Republican, but, like you, I would give my life for them.'

I knew Jobert, another member of the Municipal Council, equally well. He, also, was an ardent Republican, whose heart revolted at the cruel treatment inflicted on the Royal family. Without sharing Michonis' enthusiasm, he entered into all his plans, and showed every mark of respect and compassion to the Royal prisoners. Michonis was not discouraged by the example of Toulan, whose attachment to the prisoners—imperfectly disguised—had brought sufficient suspicion upon him, to cause him to be removed from his post as Commissary at the Temple. In the following year, Toulan paid the penalty of death for the crime of respectful compassion ; he had deservedly received the name of 'Faithful' from the Royal Princesses.

The punishment of Michonis came more quickly. It was not until long after, that I heard of the Conspiracy that Toulan had formed, with the Chevalier de Jarjayes, to rescue the Queen, who, however, would never consent to it, as it involved leaving her children and her sister in the Temple. But, when I arrived in Paris in the month of June, Michonis, without confiding in me altogether at first, spoke of a new plan of escape.

I was not long in coming to the conclusion that he was the soul of it, and I gathered from his preoccupied manner, that the plot was one of great importance. I even remonstrated, one day, on the restrictions he placed on his confidence, and added that, my devotion being as great as his own, it did not deserve this caution, which, in my ardour, I felt to be insulting. 'Calm yourself,' he replied, 'Your turn will come ; and if I hold back, in part, the secret that I have sworn to keep, it is not so much in order to spare you danger, which I know you do not fear, as because the moment is not come for explaining everything to good purpose.' He then confided to me that the plot was to be executed by the National Guard, among whom he and his friends, whose names he did not give, were assured of a considerable number of accomplices. He promised to let me know in time.

I put the subject from my mind then, not thinking that it was a question of only a short delay, and I did not see him again for two days ; on the third day, I went to his house ; he was on duty at the Temple, and I only found his wife ; she seemed anxious, and said : 'Michonis has been expecting you ever since last night, and quite thought you would come ; he bade me tell you to be at the corner of the Rue Charlot and the Rue du Temple, towards eleven o'clock to-night, and to be armed ; to walk about there, avoiding the sentry, until you see a lady coming whom you will easily recognise. They hope to be able to strike the blow to-night, and a little help might be useful.'

This devoted woman was evidently very anxious about the danger to her husband, but I saw plainly that she had made no attempt to turn him from his generous enterprise. It is difficult to understand, in these days, the calmness with which at this time of enthusiasm, people made the sacrifice of life on behalf of themselves and of those belonging to them ; it may be said, that not a single noble action was prevented by the thought of the price to be paid.

I passed the evening in a state of excitement, unable to fix my mind on anything. I was in the Rue Charlot even before the time fixed, with a pistol in each pocket, feeling the more anxious, as I did not know the means to be employed, nor consequently, the probabilities of the plot of which I found myself so unexpectedly the accomplice. I was careful to walk a considerable distance along the two streets, yet without going far away, so that the rare passers-by might not notice my remaining constantly in the same place. It seemed to me that I met the same two or three persons several times on my way; this circumstance was naturally alarming, as they might be spying on my movements; but, I came to the conclusion, at last, that they were there for the same purpose as myself; each of them, no doubt, made a similar reflection, for, without speaking, we all ceased to avoid one another.

However, my ear was strained to catch the least sound, and always on the side of the Temple. Nothing can give an idea of the anxiety of the hours passed in this way, every minute of which lessened my hopes. It was not till dawn that I lost heart, and went away. I could not make up my mind to go home, and wandered about the streets of Paris, waiting for the time when I could go to Michonis' house. I went, at last, and found his wife much more agitated than on the previous evening; she was not, however, surprised that her husband had not returned, as his duties at the Temple would have detained him; it was almost a relief to her to learn from me that nothing had happened during the night.

We both thought the conspiracy had not been attempted, when Jobert arrived, and told us that Michonis had been brought before the Commune that very night, on an accusation by Simon, who professed to have received information of a plot, formed by Michonis and the grocer Cortey, Captain of the armed force, and Commandant for the day at the Tower. Jobert hastened to add that Michonis had passed successfully through the interrogation of the Public Prosecutor, and had left no doubt of his innocence.

Jobert seemed unwilling to admit that he knew anything about the plot, but I could see very well that he did. He also told us that the rumour of an attempted escape was already spread over Paris, and might lead to domiciliary visits ; and he advised me not to go home. I was not inclined to follow this prudent advice ; he insisted, and offered to take me home with him ; he pressed me so much that I yielded. Thus, of two zealous Republicans, one shows himself wholly devoted to the Royal family, and the other conceals me in his house.

I never saw Michonis again ; every step he took was watched ; it was only after his death, that I heard from his wife the details of the plot in which I had been implicated. A patrol of the National Guard had been gained over, and the Princesses were to be placed in the midst of these men. Michonis, who was on duty in the Royal apartments, had undertaken to prevent their being observed by the other municipal officers ; and it was hoped that the darkness would enable the guards to leave the Temple without the Princesses being recognised, disguised as they would be by soldiers' cloaks, and armed with guns. This plot, without being altogether made known, gave rise to dark rumours, and renewed the report of conspiracies that had already been circulated. The watch was doubled, and drawn close around the Queen, rendering any further attempt impossible. One cruel measure followed this plot, if indeed it were not a consequence of it. On the 1st July, under pretext of more effectively guarding the captives, the young Louis XVII was separated from his mother, thus striking a last blow at her broken heart.

Every hope of saving the Queen being abandoned, and enquiries that might compromise me becoming daily more frequent, I resolved to follow Jobert's advice, and go back to the Nivernais. I too had dangers to run, and interests very dear to me to safeguard if it were possible.

The execution of the Girondins followed quickly upon that of the Queen. The 31st October saw the disappearance of that brilliant Pleiades which represented the intellectual side of the Revolution. The Convention committed an irreparable fault in abandoning the Girondins to the vengeance of their enemies ; it did not understand that it was cutting off its own head in allowing them to be struck down. After the 31st May, the real power passed into the hands of the Committee of Public Safety.

Robespierre reigned there supreme, and from this time his authority gradually absorbed all the forces of the Revolution. For a moment, the Commune, led by Hébert and his party, sought to arrest this growing influence. Then, we saw a coalition formed between two parties which could no longer unite except against a third. Robespierre needed Danton to destroy Hébert. A gulf had been forming between the two men, so long rivals in crime ; Danton began to show comparative moderation ; the instigator and calm spectator of the September massacres seemed wearied of bloodshed. Robespierre, on the other hand, considered he needed it more than ever, and when, with the help of Danton, he had sent the Hébertists to the scaffold, it became the turn of Danton and all his party to share their fate.

After atrocities, came absurdities ; it is a good thing that crime too has its ridiculous side. To the innovators of that time, Revolution was another name for destruction, and everything must disappear under pretext of being renewed. They quarrelled with months and days, as with so many aristocrats of ancient name ; and a Calendar was compiled to bring time to reason, by giving it divisions and distinctions less obviously tainted with the *ancien régime.*

I have still in my possession a curious relic of these efforts of the human mind, turned from its natural course to occupy itself in countless extravagant inventions. The Republican Calendar, when it first appeared, was rather an amusement than an annoyance. It was astonishing to have to do with a new thing that was not terrifying, or horrible. However, the Calendar was not a distraction provided for the idle, as one might imagine; the Revolution took even its extravagances seriously. The innovation excited great curiosity in other countries. A Russian officer, who was leaving Paris for his own country, just when the Calendar appeared, hastened to procure one to take with him. He broke his journey at Mittau where *Monsieur*[1] then was. We can readily believe that the officer with his Calendar was a great success; every one, in the little society gathered around the Prince, tried to get hold of it. No doubt, it was pleasant to catch the Revolution in the very act of absurdity.

Madame Balbi, who shone in the front rank of the intimate friends of the Prince, expressed a great desire to possess this Calendar. The officer was urgently requested to give it to the Prince; but he was taking it to the Emperor of Russia, whose aide-de-camp he was, and would by no means consent to part with it. He was leaving the next morning. *Monsieur* vouchsafed to spend the night in copying it out from begining to end with his own hand, that he might give it to Madame Balbi. This sprightly woman, whom I knew very well a few years later in London, kindly gave me this curious autograph, which offers a strange contrast between the contents and the hand that wrote it. It forms a little manuscript pamphlet, with lines very close together, and almost imperceptible.

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[1] Louis XVIII, then Comte de Provence. The title 'Monsieur' was a contraction of 'Monsieur Frère du Roi.' After Louis XVIII became King *de jure*, on the death of his nephew, he is spoken of in these Memoirs as the 'King', and the title *Monsieur* is then given to his brother, the Comte d' Artois (later Charles X). [Tr.]

# CHAPTER IV

## THE GILDED YOUTHS

M. Hyde de Neuville concealed in his mother's house.—His Marriage.—Guillemardet.—Gallois.—The *Jeunesse dorée*.—End of the Jacobin Club.—The 1st Prairial and following days.—Final blow to the Terrorists.—Interview with Fouché.—Proposed Councils of Five Hundred and of the Ancients.—13th Vendémiaire.—Menou replaced by Barras.—Buonaparte.—The Two Councils inaugurated, October 28th.—The Five Directors.—M. Hyde de Neuville again under suspicion.—Degrading yoke of the Directory.

At last the 9th Thermidor came ; it is impossible to describe the relief that passed over exhausted groaning France at the news of the death of Robespierre.

Honest men could now breathe again. I came out of my retreat, where I had been obliged to conceal myself for some months. A report was spread of my flight, but in point of fact, I had never left the country, protected as I was, by the precautions with which my good mother surrounded me, but which my rash acts often threw to the winds ; above all, I owe my safety to the priceless devotion she had inspired in all around her. During the whole course of the Revolution, my mother had continued to incur great danger through her, almost reckless, hospitality. A great number of priests lived under her roof, and Mass never ceased to be said in her house. Numerous hiding-places had been constructed in her vast dwelling, and in these we concealed ourselves—the priests and I—as soon as one of the faithful servants, who were always on the watch, gave warning of the approach of the Commissary, or his agents. Nevertheless, I repeat, these precautions would have been of no avail, had it not been for the respect with which my mother was regarded. Her high character and her beneficence had inspired such veneration in the district, that no word of denunciation was ever raised to betray her, although she lived in the midst of a population strongly imbued with revolutionary passions.

The reaction of the 9th Thermidor was welcomed in the departments no less than in Paris ; they had been forcibly carried along by the impetus of the Revolution, without entirely joining in it.

[In 1794, not long after the death of Robespierre, M. Hyde de Neuville married Mlle. Rouillé de Marigny, whose father had fled from Paris at the outbreak of the Revolution, and sought refuge, with his only daughter, in the little town of Sancerre, where one of his sisters was living. His wife, Madame Rouillé, did not leave Paris, where her large fortune, and her refined and literary tastes, which she retained to an advanced age, had won for her a distinguished position. She had lived, for eighteen years, in the glorious reign of Louis XIV, and preserved the manners and conversation of that age.[1]]

In the Nièvre, as all over France, an outcry was raised against the criminal agents of the Convention, and a member of the Convention, Guillemardet, the same who afterwards became Ambassador at Madrid, was sent into the department to repair, to some extent, the evil that had been done. He himself denounced some of the agents, and a few guilty men, who attempted resistance, were disarmed by his orders. The sane part of the population seconded the movement of reparation, in which I myself joined. Other men, laden with crime, were merely imprisoned, a very light punishment for what they had done ; and in the very district to which Fouché had come to choose the members of the temporary revolutionary commissioners of Lyons, where the most respected citizens had been dragged away to execution,—the children

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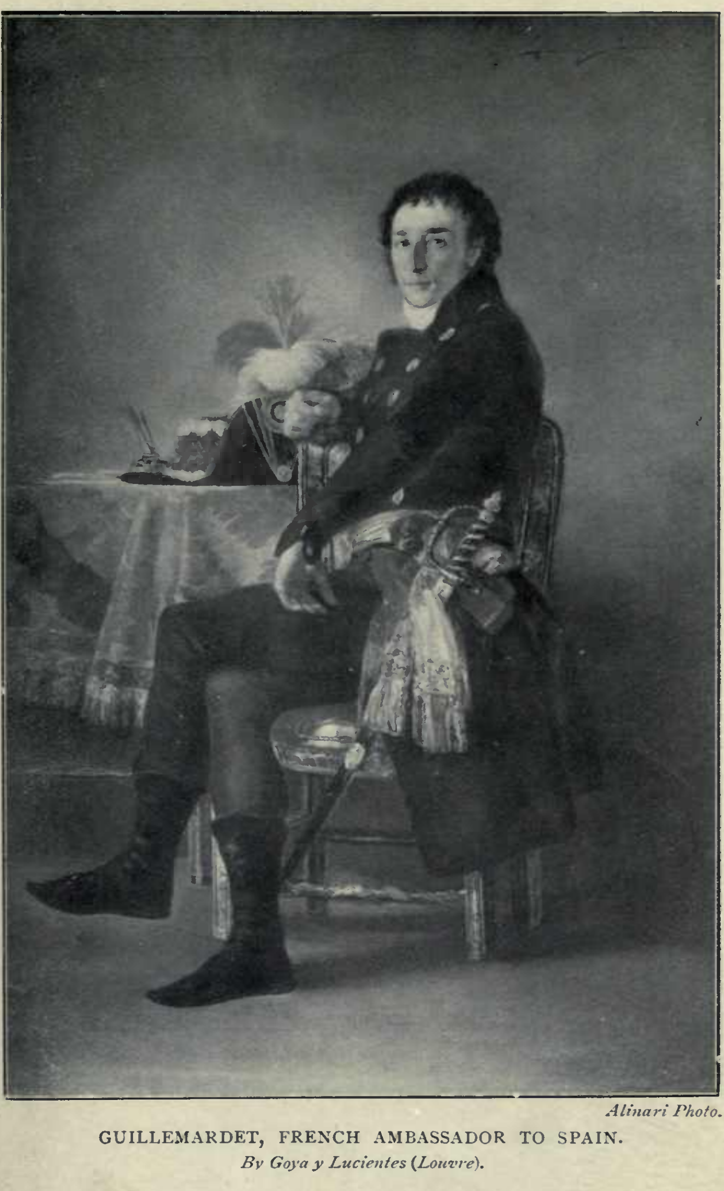
[1] She died at the age of one hundred. Happening to meet the First Consul on one of his journeys, he was told that she had kissed the hand of Louis XIV, at Saint-Cyr ; thereupon, Buonaparte respectfully kissed her hand.



*Alinari Photo.*

GUILLEMARDET, FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN.
*By Goya y Lucientes* (*Louvre*).

and friends of the victims, the reactionaries, those who were soon to be nicknamed *Companions of Jesus*, confined their vengeance to a few imprisonments. These denunciations were, however, destined in the sequel to afford a pretext for a renewed persecution of myself.

Among the agents who had succeeded Fouché was one Gallois, a Commissary of the Convention at Nevers. Popular opinion accused him of having bitterly denounced the Comte de Pracomtal, and of having been the cause of his death. M. de Pracomtal was one of the victims from the Nièvre who were executed at Paris.

Gallois, in a red cap, used often to harangue the people in the public places and promenades of Nevers. No one dared to interrupt him, but often the silence of the crowd protested against his arguments. One day, I raised my voice to contradict him. He looked me all over disdainfully, which increased my wrath. In the midst of the colloquy, when he was pouring forth imprecations, and I railleries, a general laugh, following one of my answers, showed the feeling of the public. Gallois thought it prudent to go away, and was followed by hisses, at first timid, but soon becoming general.[1]

It was not long before I returned to Paris, where I found the curious spectacle of a society struggling to arise from its ruins, and come to life again. All was not over, however, as people too quickly flattered themselves. The 'Mountain' deprived of its leader, refused to die with Robespierre: it still counted at its head such men as Billaud-Varennes, Collot d' Herbois, and Barère, who had only overthrown Robespierre with the view to succeed him, and had no idea of checking the course of the Revolution.

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[1] Gallois' last appearance at Nevers was at the theatre. An actor, named Lemercier, a Royalist, was frequently asked to sing, before the play, some verses, composed by M. Hyde de Neuville, in honour of the 9th Thermidor. These verses contained an allusion to the Comte de Pracomtal and his executioners. On this occasion, Lemercier took it into his head to accentuate these lines, and when he came to the words: '*Innocente victime . . . ne tourmente que tes bourreaux*,' he pointed with his finger towards Gallois. A storm of hisses arose, and some young men made a rush for the box where Gallois was sitting, but he had fled.

But the party on the Right had public opinion on its side, that force which can be kept under restraint for a time, but can never be altogether silenced. A new and unexpected ally had arisen in the young men who had been champing the bit under the Terror. The *Jeunesse dorée* (gilded youth) as they were called on account of the respectability, and even elegance, of their appearance,—a protest against the cynical slovenliness affected by the Terrorists—were supported by public opinion. This advance-guard of the nation expressed her aspiration after a reconstruction of society, and was a real power in Paris.

My ardour soon enrolled me among its ranks. We assumed a kind of dictatorship, which no one disputed, because it expressed the secret wishes of all. We made a great show of our omnipotence in all the public squares, the theatres, the meeting places of the Sections, the cafés and promenades, so that no one thought it advisable to question it ; this somewhat arrogant attitude was not without its use. It is easy to imagine how the Terrorists regarded our troops of 'Thermidorians,' but we had public opinion and the enthusiasm of youth on our side, two sentiments that had risen in protest against the enforced inaction so long imposed upon us. Order was still weak ; it was necessary to protect it with vigilance. We did not allow any crowd to assemble in the evening ; as soon as a group was formed we approached it, singing the *Réveil du peuple*, a popular air which had replaced the bloodthirsty song of the Revolution ; we invariably dispersed the crowd, with, or without, the help of our walking-sticks, our only weapon, for we had bound ourselves to use no other. The Cane ! It was indeed a sign of the ebb of the terrible Revolution ! However, we caned people in the name of peace and order, and as little as possible ; it was a very gentle rule after that of yesterday.

The Convention gladly saw us fill the galleries, and escort the members through the streets, recognising in us a support to their more moderate views.

The last efforts of expiring Terrorism were centred in the Jacobins; there was an open struggle between them and the Convention. In the Jacobin Club, there were violent protests against the 'Thermidorians,' and the *Jeunesse dorée* never did a better thing, than when it compelled this detestable Club, the agent of all the crimes committed in recent years, to close its doors.

The trial of the wretched Carrier was the occasion of the final fall of the Jacobins. Billaud-Varennes had uttered in the Club, the most irritating words against the *aristocratic* leanings of the Convention, and had threatened the *reawakening of the lion*. A debate, as violent as in the worst period of the Revolution, was, thereupon, raised in the Convention, and lasted several days; it proved to demonstration the desire and intention of dissolving the Jacobin Club, but none of the established authorities dared take the initiative. It was then, that the *Jeunesse dorée* intervened. There had been great agitation in Paris for some days; numerous, and excited groups gathered around the Jacobin Club, the Tuileries, and the Palais-Royal. On the 9th November, we set out from the Palais-Royal, in solid phalanx, to lay siege to the Jacobin Club. We easily got the upper hand of its partisans among the crowd, and proceeded to attack the doors and windows with sticks and stones; a perfect hail of stones fell inside the building. The Jacobins attempted sorties; the struggle was severe, and several times renewed, but success always remained with us; and, at length, patrols sent by the Committee of General Safety arrived, to put an end to the conflict, and to finish our work by clearing the hall. The next day, the Committee demanded the keys of the Club; they were given up to them; and there was an end to the Jacobins.

The winter of 1795 gave the most astonishing example of extravagance in gaiety and dress ; it was the reaction from a long period of restraint. Never, however, had one of the calamities that had befallen this year of trial—dearth—been so severely felt. It led to some risings of the populace, more sad than terrible ; these were followed by repressive measures against the leaders of the 'Mountain,' who were justly suspected of fomenting the troubles in Paris ; but the Convention was moderate even in its punishments, and confined itself to transporting Billaud-Varennes, Collot-d'Herbois,[1] Barère and others ; Fouquier-Tinville died a few months later.

The events of the 1st Prairial[2] soon showed that the Revolution was far from being ended, and gave the *Jeunesse dorée* another opportunity of rendering good service. The scenes of this day were in one respect the most serious that had happened during the Revolution, inasmuch as the Assembly was invaded by the populace. Once only, on the 31st May, it had been overpowered by the crowd in an even more humiliating way ; its authority had received a check, all the stronger by reason of its moderation ; but on the 1st Prairial, the rising was a last effort of the Jacobins, and had all the disorderly character of a desperate struggle. Everyone knows the intrepid heroism of Boissy-d'Anglas during the long hours he passed through, without yielding, while a thousand pikes were raised above his head, and the deputy Féraud was murdered before his eyes, in the very precincts of the Convention. During this time, the *Jeunesse* surrounded the various Committees which then formed the government,—those of Public Safety, General Safety or Police, Legislation, etc,—ready to aid them by calling upon the Sections to march to the help of the Convention. The Section Lepelletier, always the most active, was the first on foot, but in spite of this, it was far into the night before the Assembly could be liberated. The next day, and the day following, were marked by partial, but very serious, disorders. The insurgents, reinforced by several Sections that had declared in their favour, levelled the cannon, that some gunners had given up to them, at the Assembly. This movement was checked by negotiations; a deputation from the rioters was received by the Convention, and brought back promises of conciliation; the insurgents withdrew. On the evening of the 3rd, however, they rescued Féraud's assassin on the way to the scaffold, and carried him off to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where they entrenched themselves.

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[1] Billaud-Varennes and Collot-d' Herbois were transported to Sinnamary. [Tr.]

[2] 1-4 Prairial—about 21-24 May 1795. [Tr.]

The next day, all the forces of the Convention, under General Menou, marched against the Faubourg with great determination; they numbered from fifteen to sixteen thousand men, composed of regular troops and those of the Sections; besides these, our youthful army mustered twelve thousand, as devoted as they were fearless.

Our zeal was such that we marched first, and were imprudent enough to attack the Faubourg, without waiting for the regular forces. This audacity, for which I was one of the most to blame, as I commanded part of our advance-guard, succeeded for the moment. The mob, astonished at the inroad and the energy with which it was made, allowed themselves to be disarmed without striking a blow; but soon, barricades began to be formed behind us, cutting off our retreat; the attitude of the Faubourg became more hostile; angry faces appeared at every window; stones were thrown; the danger was imminent, and even formidable, considering the fewness of our numbers in comparison with those who surrounded us. We put a good face upon it, and with that arrogance which, for some inexplicable reason, always impresses the crowd, we offered to capitulate. Accordingly, the barricades were partly taken down to let us pass through, but we were obliged to give up the arms with which we had provided ourselves. Our bravado had, thus, no immediate result, but it was not lost, for it impressed the Faubourg, and shook its confidence.

In any case, we were fortunate in escaping with our lives. One of the insurgents said as much to me as I was leaping a barricade. This man, who was no longer young, was standing motionless a couple of paces from me, and although among the rioters, he seemed rather an onlooker, than taking an active part. His face wore a decidedly shrewd expression ; he looked hard at me, shrugged his shoulders, and almost laughed : 'There's a head that had better keep firm on its shoulders.'

We neither could, nor would, rest satisfied with our fruitless enterprise. A few hours later, we returned to the charge with General Menou's little army, and, so to speak, laid siege to the Faubourg. The insurgents, summoned to surrender, laid down their arms, and this peaceful defeat struck a final blow to the Terrorists.

I had a curious encounter, on the day but one after these events. I was crossing the court-yard of the Tuileries, without paying any attention to a man who was coming towards me. Suddenly, he addresses me. I look up, and recognise Citizen Fouché, but his whole face seemed to have altered since the days when he ruled so despotically over the Nièvre. There was something downcast about his features, and his eyes had an uncertain look ; everything about him spoke of the now vanquished power of yesterday. He was, also, more affable in his manner ; he told me, at once, that he had heard I had been asked to denounce his mission in the Nièvre to the Committee of Legislation ; but he hoped I would not forget what I owed him for not having brought me to trial ; he said he had been strongly urged to do so, and that it would have been certain death to me. He undertook to bring proofs of his claims to my gratitude ; but whether, while he was speaking, he was struck by the weakness of his arguments, or noticed the small effect they had on me, he abandoned this line of reasoning, and exclaimed that the dangers of *federalism* in which I had taken part, were so great, that they might well blind the agents who had been deputed to combat it in the provinces. He spoke of good intentions misconstrued and distorted, of false reports by which authority is misled, and finally declared that *there was great need now to set up a guillotine for those who had so cruelly deceived him in his department.* I listened, and said little. I was not obliged to believe in the sincerity of Citizen Fouché ; but he was down, persecuted in his turn ; I had the generosity of youth ; I promised to do nothing against him, and I kept my word.

The time was now coming when the Convention itself was to cease, and give place to a new Constitution, which had been, however, laboriously elaborated and hotly debated in the Assembly.

On the eve of its abdication, the Convention seemed to regret the power that was slipping away from it, and devised the Decrees of the 3rd and 13th Fructidor, by which two-thirds of its members should have seats, by right, in the two Councils that were to replace it,—that of the *Five Hundred*, representing the Legislative power, and that of the *Ancients*, which was equivalent to the Senate. The executive power was entrusted to five Directors, whose authority was restricted as far as possible. This intermingling of the old powers with the new did not satisfy the general aspiration towards change. A violent agitation against the Decrees arose in all parts, but especially in Paris. Since the 9th Thermidor, there had arisen a strong leaning towards Monarchical ideas, and leading men, like Languinais and Boissy-d'Anglas, were openly taxed with Royalism. Pichegru, the hero of the War in Holland, was soon to be deprived of his command under the same accusation. The terrible disaster of Quiberon was not fatal to the Royalist cause in all its consequences. The heroism of the expedition, and the compassion it called forth, drew attention to the party that raised up such generous champions. A cry of horror arose in Paris against the severity with which the survivors were treated, regardless of a capitulation which ought to have been held sacred. The conduct of Tallien, at this juncture, threw a final discredit upon the Convention, as well as upon himself.

Modern writers have attributed the 13th Vendémiaire to Royalist intrigues. The statement contradicts itself. You cannot arouse a capital to revolt by *intrigues* ; revolt must be the action of an almost unanimous public opinion. But all my contemporaries know as well as I do, that Monarchy was one of the refuges towards which all eyes were turning.

Royalism then, did not bring about the 13th Vendémiaire, but it contributed to it ; and would probably have inherited its success, if the insurrection had succeeded. The Decrees of Fructidor (passed by the primary assemblies 'en bloc' together with the Constitution) were the pretext, if not the sole cause, of the revolt. The electoral assemblies were to meet on the 20th, to proceed to the formation of the new Councils. A large number of malcontents resolved to anticipate the date, and on the 11th, an immense meeting of electors took place at the Odéon, protected by the National Guard, who sympathised with them. A crowd had invaded the Square, and the approaches to the Odéon, thus giving greater importance to the meeting. . . .

The Convention, which was sitting at the same time, passed a *décret de circonstance*, ordering every electoral meeting to dissolve until the date fixed. The agents of police who sought to carry out the decree, were repulsed, and the meeting did not separate until far into the night.

The Section Lepelletier had long taken the lead, and we had more adherents in this Section than in any other. . . . It declared itself in permanent session, and gave orders that the drums of the Sections should beat the call to arms. The Convention, on its side, reassembled, and issued many proclamations, but it did not confine itself to pacific measures ; it not only recalled the troops from the Sablons camp, but armed such of the patriots as presented themselves, a measure which showed clearly the character of the attack and defence. In this insurrection, it was easy to see on which side were the true partisans of order.

General Menou was directed to attack the Convent of the Filles de St Thomas which was the head-quarters of the Section Lepelletier, who were holding a session, armed, under the presidency of Delalot, when the General appeared, and summoned them to disperse. Delalot spoke firmly ; Menou, on the contrary, hesitated, and contented himself with a capitulation, stipulating that the Section should separate. As soon as he had gone away, however, it assembled anew, more resolute, and bolder than ever. This incident, undoubtedly, had a decisive, though indirect, effect, not only on the event itself, but on the more important events that were soon to take place. The leniency of Menou was censured by the Assembly, and he was deprived of the command of the Army of the Interior.

Barras replaced him, and took for his lieutenant a young general whose name, though destined to become immortal, was at that time little known, except in the Army, where he had attracted attention in Italy, and at the siege of Toulon. Buonaparte was then in Paris, without any military appointment. The 13th Vendémiaire was the first step to that gigantic fortune which was to astonish history.

The insurrection only broke out completely on the day following the scenes at the Odéon ; the troops of the Sections, although much more numerous, were deficient in leadership and in artillery. General Donican, who had held command against La Vendée, had joined the Sections, and was appointed Commander-in-chief. The attack was directed against the Tuileries, which was to be assaulted simultaneously by three columns advancing by the Rue St Honoré, the Quays, and the Faubourg St

Germain. Whilst Buonaparte was firing grape-shot upon the Sections on the steps of Saint-Roch, we advanced along the Quays, under General Donican. The General was wanting in decision ; he lost time in parleying, and thus deprived himself of the best chance for a popular rising, which consists in the suddenness of the offensive, the insurrection breaking out at all points at once. . . .

Buonaparte, whose courage and cannon had quickly put him in possession of the side by the Palais-Royal, took advantage of the defective organisation of the plan of attack, to destroy the columns in detail ; he hastened to the Quay near the Tuileries and to the Pont-Royal, and directing his artillery upon the other road by the Seine, he compelled our forces to disperse. They formed again in the streets opening on to the Quay, and we returned to the charge, advancing along the Quay Voltaire, but it was impossible to proceed further than the Rue de Beaune, where we took refuge. These various combats only lasted a few hours, and the losses were not great. Their real importance was derived from public opinion, which had been conquered and driven back with them. Their most striking result was the prominence which the events of this day gave to Barras and Buonaparte. . . .

At length, on the 26th October 1795, the Convention abdicated its authority, and the next day, the two Councils, inaugurated by the new Constitution, took possession of the government. Among the third of the members chosen by the electors, the names of Vaublanc, Portalis, Siméon, Tronchet, Pastoret, Dupont de Nemours, Barbé-Marbois represented a programme of order and moderation. My brother-in-law, de Larue, was elected in our department a member of the 'Five Hundred.'

A few days later, the Councils applied themselves to the nomination of the Five Directors. The events of the 13th Vendémiaire weighed upon their choice ; it was no longer a question of appointing able men, but men who would serve as hostages to the Revolution against public opinion. It was thought that mediocrities would excite less opposition . . . and thus, there glided into power those nonentities—Reubell, La Reveillère-Lepeaux, and Letourneur,—Barras also, but he was inevitable as the hero of yesterday; Carnot, who was elected after Siéyès had declined, was the only man of talent in the Directory.

In repressing the rising of the 13th Vendémiaire, the Convention showed considerable leniency towards the Sections, who, to say the truth, had not proved skilful conspirators. This mildness must not be set down to the honour of the Convention; it arose from the great popularity of the movement; it would have been altogether impolitic to punish severely. The Convention was content with some sentences by default, the victims of which went about Paris with very little caution, scarcely concealing themselves. Now, as ever, the weight of responsibility was thrown upon the Royalists. Among the last Acts of the Convention were (1) the confirmation of the decree against the priests and (2) the exclusion of the émigrés and their families from all public employments. The Directory armed with these Acts, extended its suspicions to the entire Royalist party.

I suffered from the effects of these measures, and was denounced as a fiery reactionary, and the author of an Address to the young men of the provinces. A new warrant of arrest was issued against me, but the Minister of Justice at length recognised the falsity of this last accusation; he stopped the search for me, and I was allowed a brief interval of tranquillity,—only relative tranquillity, for I remained under the darkest cloud of suspicion, and was subjected to every annoyance that could be inflicted on me. When, a little later, the terrible state of the finances led to a new forced loan, which brought Fouché's agents once more into the Nièvre, it will give some idea of the extent of their exactions and animosity, if I merely say, that although my mother had been almost ruined by the former measures of Fouché, the tax that I was obliged to pay, exceeded the highest tax in Paris.

The events of the 13th Vendémiaire, of little importance in themselves, led to important results. They imprinted on the Directory a character quite different from what it would have been a month before, and therefore, contrary to public opinion. The people generally were in favour of order, and the government had taken a step backward towards the Revolution. In seeking the support of the *patriots*, they had committed a grave fault, for without receiving from them any considerable reinforcements, they had rendered them exacting ; it became necessary to give them public appointments, and their very presence in the government, even if they had no great influence, sufficed to render it unpopular.

Unquestionably, France has never been subject to so degrading a yoke as that of the Directory. It is true, no public calamity could equal the Terror, but a government which enervates a nation, is perhaps more to be dreaded than one that tyrannizes over it. Corruption is the most disintegrating force, and destroys the very germ of salutary reaction. Never before, had corruption been displayed on so vast a scale. The most unbridled luxury insulted the misery of the populace ; fortunes, acquired by spoliation, were shamelessly paraded ; but it was at the Luxembourg, where the Directors were enthroned, that extravagance reached its height.

# CHAPTER V

## THE WAR OF THE LITTLE VENDÉE OF SANCERRE

The Little Vendée under Phélippeaux.—Object to effect junction with Charette.—Premature Rising.—Surrender of Sancerre.—March to Sens-Beaujeu.—Surprise.—Arrest of Leaders.—Escape of Phélippeaux and some of his fellow-prisoners.—Phélippeaux concealed in Bourges.—He escapes, and reaches Paris.—The Royalists left in prison are acquitted.—Those who had escaped with Phélippeaux give themselves up again.—M. Hyde de Neuville appointed their Counsel.—They are acquitted.—Rescue of Ducorps.

A FEW months after the establishment of the Directory, there broke out an insurrection in the country around Sancerre, which has been honoured by the name of the War of the Little Vendée. I took no direct part in it; for, at this time, my interests were concentrated in the Nièvre, where I lived when I was not in Paris; and the Nièvre is not a district in which it would be possible to attempt a Royalist rising.

Count Phélippeaux was the instigator and leader of the movement. He had left the army of Condé, and succeeded in crossing the frontier, carrying with him powers and proclamations from the King. His object was to raise the central departments, where monarchical sentiments were deeply rooted. After forming a nucleus of resistance at Orleans, he passed on to the little town of Santranges, near Sancerre. Making this his headquarters, he spent about three months in secretly visiting the Royalists of the surrounding communes, recruiting followers, and enrolling them for the moment of action. Although their numbers increased daily, and Phélippeaux had frequent interviews with those whom he had chosen to take the command under him, the utmost secrecy was observed. These devoted troops assumed the high-sounding title of *Catholic and Royal Army.* The leaders belonged to the first families of that part of the country —de Bonnetat, de Boislinard, Buchet-Martigny, de Rigault, Ducorps, Bezard des Séguins and several others. They met together at night in the woods of Jars, Sury en Vaux, and Verdigny. . . . I had been in communication with them from the very beginning, although I had nothing to offer them beyond my own personal support. I was initiated into all their projects, but did not look for any great measure of success. The services I was able to render them were very slight ; I aided them when they had occasion to pass into the Nièvre, and several times took them across the Loire in my boat. In doing this, I once found myself in a difficult position. It was shortly after the engagement at Sens-Beaujeu when a search was being made in the Nièvre. The night was dark ; I had four of the fugitives in my boat, and was steering it myself. Although living on the banks of the Loire and familiar with its shifting bed, I found myself run aground, and unable to extricate my little skiff. I durst not expose my companions to the danger of falling into the hands of the gendarmes if they returned to the other bank ; the arm of the river, that still remained to be crossed, did not look deep, and I was tall ; so I leaped from the boat, and persuaded the fugitives to let me carry them, one by one, to land.

At the moment, when the insurrection broke out, I was in Paris, otherwise I should probably have been implicated in it. The 2nd April 1797 had long been fixed by Phélippeaux for the rising. Dark rumours were beginning to spread, so that further delay was inadvisable. An unfortunate incident brought the truth to light unexpectedly. A man named Bonin came one market day to Sancerre, bearing proclamations and orders from Phélippeaux. He was recognised by some people in the town, and asked if he had heard what was going on at Jars. He boldly declared he did not know what they were talking about. 'No matter,' they replied, 'you must come with us to the court,' and accordingly, they dragged him to it. Fortunately, the President was absent, and Bonin, who did not lose his head, took advantage of the delay to run and leave his compromising papers at a friend's house. He returns in hot haste, no one suspects what he has done, the President asks him a few questions, and Bonin goes away, glad to have got off so easily. Once more free, he has just sat down in an inn to take some refreshment, when one of his friends arrives breathless, and tells him, in a low tone, that his papers have been discovered, and he must fly. Bonin did not need telling twice. What had happened was this. He had found his friend out, when he reached the house with his papers, and not having time to reflect, he ventured to entrust them to the wife of his friend, believing that she knew all about the rising. On the contrary, the prudent husband had not told her a word about it ; and in this he was right, for no sooner had the wretched woman received the parcel than she opened it, saw what it contained, and took it to the court.

This mishap, by revealing the aims and resources of the insurgents to their opponents, necessarily hastened the enterprise. The leaders were not so blind as to expect much from isolated action ; they intended to create a diversion which should help La Vendée, and perhaps, if the movement were successful, to form a junction with Charette, towards whom all hopes were turned.

The resources of Phélippeaux only amounted to from four to five thousand men, who were to be supported by a considerable detachment from Orleans. He had also four hundred Republican soldiers, malcontents, or who had not rejoined the army ; these had long been concealed in the woods of Jars, awaiting the signal to come forward ; they were led by a soldier, named Bataille, and promised to be a strong reinforcement to the little army. The time of action drew near, and there was no sign of the contingent from Orleans.

On the morning of April 1st, Phélippeaux called the leaders together at Jars, and explained the difficulty; they all agreed that it would be rash not to await the promised forces, and that the rising must be postponed for a fortnight; they separated at eleven o'clock. Phélippeaux had not thought it necessary to inform those of the leaders who had not been present at the conference, as it had long been arranged that, in each commune, the tocsin should give the signal for the rising as the army entered, and that no one should take up arms until its approach.

Phélippeaux was therefore astonished to see Bataille, to whom he was about to send counter-orders, appear with a score of Republican soldiers. He told them what had been decided; but these soldiers, whose safety obliged them to keep concealed in the woods, had been looking forward to the 2nd April as their day of deliverance. They broke out into loud complaints, claimed the fulfilment of the promise that had been made to them for this very night, and even went so for as to reproach the General with weakness, and treachery, towards them.

Phélippeaux ought to have paid no attention, but he was hurt by their reproaches, and at last yielded saying: 'You will have it so; this enterprise of yours is madness; still, let us go!' It was two or three o'clock in the morning; the General sends word to the other leaders who were still at Jars; the tocsin sounds; and the little army sets out, numbering only two thousand men, but full of enthusiasm, and sustained by the hope of seeing their numbers increase on the way. They march to Sancerre, passing Sury en Vaux in order that Buchet-Martigny and his followers may join them. They reach Sury en Vaux at six o'clock in the morning, and enter with cries of 'Long live the King,' which are repeated a thousand times by the people, who have been *royalised* to a man by the good Buchet-Martigny. The Tree of Liberty is cut down, the bells ring, the white flag is hoisted. Two hours later, the little army, now increased by Buchet-Martigny's contingent, continues its way to the foot of the hill upon which Sancerre is built.

Phélippeaux had skilfully divided his forces into several detachments, which were to appear simultaneously on the heights around the town. The distance, combined perhaps with fear, rendered the inhabitants uncertain of the number of their assailants ; the city was seized with terror, and many eminent Republicans fled.

Phélippeaux sent messages, with a flag of truce, to summon the town to surrender ; this was done, and the Chouans entered Sancerre without striking a blow. The next day, and the day following, he sent detachments through the neighbouring communes, and obtained recruits that brought the number of his army up to four or five thousand, who made a good display in the little town ; but still the long looked for soldiers from Orleans did not come. After having occupied Sancerre a few days, Phélippeaux resolved to march on Bourges. His departure prevented his receiving in time a packet of letters from La Vendée, which would have put an end to the enterprise by showing its hopelessness. Charette was dead ! The letters were delivered to Bataille, who, fearing the abandonment of the enterprise, only gave them to the General later.

The insurgents marched to Sens-Beaujeu, where they passed the night. Scarcely had they left Sancerre, when it was occupied by the National Guard of the Nièvre, and by a small military detachment under Désenfants. This General resolved to surprise Phélippeaux during the night. It was dark when the Republicans reached Sens-Beaujeu, and the Royalist leaders were dispersed to Sens and the neighbouring villages. Challenged by the sentries, the 'blues' replied : 'Royalists,' and by means of this trick, penetrated to the very heart of the town. The Chouans, awakened by the tramp of the soldiers, were shot down as they came out of their houses. Taken by surprise, and in the dark, they were unable to rally and reconnoitre their position. Confusion was at is height.

It was then, that a venerable priest fell a victim to his devotion to duty, the Abbé Buchet, Prior of Jallognes. The head of this estimable family had been appointed chaplain to the Chouan army. Awakened by the sound of musketry, he hastened where his ministry seemed to call him. In vain, did his sister-in-law seek to deter him, representing that it was the 'blues' who had just sustained this murderous fire. 'What does it matter?' he answered, 'if they need my ministry.' He had scarcely left the house, clothed in his priestly dress, when he was shot down, and a score of bayonets pierced his already lifeless body.

Two young drummers also showed heroic courage. They had been captured as they were attempting to fly, and were ordered, under pain of death, to beat the recall so as to bring back the Royalists who were lodging in the neighbouring villages; they both unhesitatingly refused, and fell, covered with wounds.

When the day broke, it was found that twenty-eight Royalists and two Republicans had been killed, and there were many wounded. The Royalists had fled, either to hide themselves in the woods, or to return to their homes by circuitous routes. Phélippeaux, with a few leaders, rallied in the little village of Sainte-Gemme; and there, the letters in cypher from La Vendée were at last given to him, and showed him the necessity of disbanding his forces and putting an end to the enterprise. Each, now sought to escape by taking refuge in other countries, or by remaining hidden; but they did not all succeed.

Phélippeaux was arrested as he attempted to cross into the Nièvre on his way to Orleans. Ducorps was captured, with arms in his hand, after a long resistance. Buchet-Perrière, Bezard des Séguins, de Rigault, de Boislinard, Decencière, and a few others, were successively arrested, and taken to Bourges.

Phélippeuax succeeded in bewildering the magistrates before whom he was brought. He denied his identity with such consistency and perseverance, and supported the deception with such skill in disguise, and in altering the expression of his face, that the magistrates really doubted with whom they were dealing. Fearing, however, that the approaching trial would throw more light upon his identity, and knowing that, as the instigator of the rising, his fate was only too certain, he resolved to escape ; and the other leaders who lay under the more serious charges, decided to follow his example. They had been some months in prison, and had contrived to open communications with their friends in the town, several of whom were allowed to visit them. By this means, they easily obtained a well-tempered file, and according to prison tradition, sheets knotted together were to serve as a means of escape. The bars were almost filed through, the sheets tied together, and their flight was to take place that very night ; but it was necessary, after they had reached the courtryard, to have a firm base, to which they could fix the end of the rope-ladder, their friends would throw to them over the wall. There was a large stone in the court-yard, but too far away to be of use to them ; they tried, in vain, to move it, under pretence of comparing their strength. Just then, the jailor's son, who was fond of showing his muscular feat, happened to pass. A happy thought struck one of the prisoners, and he called to him : 'Michaud, I bet a bottle of wine you cannot move this stone as far as the wall.' 'I bet you I can,' replied Michaud. He seizes the huge stone, and with great effort drags it across, amid shouts of 'bravo' ; then, he is carried off to drink the wine he so well deserved, and the jailor too is invited to drink his son's health, the first bottle of wine being followed by others. . . . Whilst the prisoners were finishing their preparations, much hampered by the want of light, they were interrupted by the jingling of keys, and hastily scrambled into bed ; it was the now drunken jailor taking the extra precaution of making a round at night. Under some pretext, the prisoners contrived to get hold of his candle, and thus, the jailor ended by providing them with the last requisite for their flight. When the moment came, those who were to escape bade farewell to those they left behind. Desjardins was the first to be let down from a height of more than fifty feet from the ground ; Rosticelly followed, although still weak from his wounds ; Phélippeaux was about to venture, when a signal from their friends outside, spread consternation among the prisoners. It appears that those who were keeping watch had noticed a sentinel coming towards them who could see distinctly what was taking place in the prison. A determined young fellow went up to him pistol in hand, and with expressive gestures gave him to understand that if he moved, or gave the alarm, he was a dead man ; whether from fear or from sympathy, the sentinel continued to pace up and down in silence.

The General and Decencière made their descent in safety. There remained only Bezard, the strongest and most agile of them all ; yet it was he, who caused his comrades the most anxiety. In his joy at seeing his friends below, he sprang out too hurriedly, and found himself suspended fifteen feet below the window, with his hands so entangled in the folds and knots of the sheets, that he could not get them free ; his struggles, and the weight of his body, only drew the knots more tightly. In despair, and fearing to compromise the freedom of his companions by further delay, he whispered to those above to loose the sheets and let him fall. But they would not consent, believing that it would be certain death to him, and they contrived to draw him back into the prison. He then made a second attempt more cautiously, and, at last, rejoined his anxious companions.

It now only remained to scale a wall fifteen feet high ; the ladder is supported by the stone so obligingly carried by Michaud, and four prisoners safely reach their friends on the other side. Phélippeaux alone remains ; he goes up the first rungs of the ladder, and falls back ; three times he renews his painful efforts to reach the top of the wall, and each time his strength fails ; he sinks down unconscious. Bezard recrosses the wall . . . he loses no time, but wraps the end of the rope-ladder around the General's body, and then climbs back, and with the help of his friends, succeeds in hauling the General to the top, and bringing him down on the other side. So many mishaps had delayed the flight, and it is now two o'clock in the morning ; they ought to be far from the town when their absence is discovered ; but they are all exhausted ; a little further on, the wives of some of the prisoners and other friends, meet them with refreshments. . . . Phélippeaux continues so weak that any further journey is impossible to him, and he is sheltered in Boisgirard's house. The other prisoners leave the town in all haste, and before day-break, reach the village of Saint-Céols four leagues from Bourges. Here they beg hospitality from the parish priest, who knows them all ; and fearing to alarm him, they let him think they are acquitted. After a plentiful repast, they set out again, well knowing that they will soon be pursued ; in fact, a brigade sent in pursuit, actually reaches Saint-Céols just after they have left. Hearing of their departure, the gendarmes separate, and follow all the various roads, thus outstripping the fugitives, who had been compelled by fatigue to rest in the surrounding woods. After a long delay they sought refuge with their families.

Furious at having lost all trace of the prisoners, the police institute a search in Bourges itself. The private houses of all whose 'civism' was doubtful were to be searched ; and this news makes Boisgirard tremble, rather for his guest than for himself. A bold and ingenious idea comes to his mind. He invites all the members of the Committee to dinner on the following day, the very day appointed for the search. There was a large cupboard in the room where the guests were assembled, and in this cupboard Phélippeaux is concealed all the time of the dinner, which Boisgirard is careful to prolong. As he had foreseen, the police arrive, make a thorough search of all the house, except the room where the guests are assembled, and then go away. The leader of the insurrection of Sancerre is saved. A few days later, he leaves Bourges in disguise, and succeeds in reaching Paris, where I at once go to see him.

I anticipate the course of events, in order to relate what befell the leaders of the rising. Those who had remained in prison waited some months for their sentence; several others were arrested; but time, which calms all passions, had deadened the noise of the affair, and twenty-five prisoners were acquitted at Bourges. Those who had escaped bought their partial freedom at the cost of so many difficulties, and became so weary of concealment, that they resolved to give themselves up again.

On recovering his former prisoners, Michaud swore they should not escape this time, and that very night Bezard burst the hinges and lock of his cell, and appeared before the astonished jailor.

The trial took place in April 1797, and in spite of my twenty-one years, MM. de Bonnetat, Buchet-Martigny and Buchet-Perrière entrusted me with their defence, and I was fortunate enough to obtain their acquittal. . . . It is one of the eccentricities of that age that the improvised Counsel should be a secret accomplice in the plot. From that day forward, he resumed his rôle of conspirator.

Ducorps alone, having been taken armed, was unable to escape the rigour of the law, and was condemned to ten years in chains; this sentence cast a gloom over the joy caused by the deliverance of the others. Ducorps was only guilty of the same offence, ought he to be more severely punished? I suggested that we should set him free; and my proposal was received with enthusiasm by the very men who but yesterday were themselves in prison, and now ran the risk of being arrested again.

I chose the strongest,—Bonnetat, Boisgirard, Bezard des Séguins, and d'Oisan. Buchet-Martigny, who knew most of the magistrates, prevailed upon them, under some pretext, to give orders that Ducorps should leave Bourges that day, for it was impossible to rescue him in the town. Buchet returned, and told us that the prisoner would be taken, two hours later, to Villequiers, a little town eight leagues distant. Accordingly, he set out, ignominiously loaded with fetters, and with one arm chained to a thief; he was escorted by four gendarmes. We let them have the start, and hurriedly prepared our arms and horses. It would be soon enough if we reached Villequiers during the night, for after some hesitation, we had resolved to attack the prison. We entered the little town at midnight, and one of us went to the Deputy Mayor, who was a relation of Bezard des Séguins, and a Royalist at heart. He pointed out the cell to us, it was in the Castle, in the centre of the town. One of us remained as a sentinel, and held the horses, while the other four set to work to break in the prison door. There was no great difficulty, but we made some noise, and now we saw another, and stronger door, that of the cell itself under the arched roof. A bold idea then came to my mind, and proved entirely successful. Since we could not help making some noise, we would make a great deal, and thus, in the darkness, give the idea that we were a large number. We hoped that the more or less brave garrison would turn a deaf ear, and not venture to measure their strength with a superior force; and so it happened. However, our attacks on the door which separated us from Ducorps failed; it was formed of iron bars, wide enough apart to allow a hand to pass through. Ducorps was still chained to the thief, but had one hand at liberty; we passed him a file, with which he soon set himself free altogether; meanwhile, with our united strength, we tried in vain to lift the hinges by means of an iron bar. Ducorps, free at last, asked us to pass him the bar; he was very tall and strong, and the love of liberty increased his strength tenfold; he did, single-handed, what we had failed to do united. The hinges and bolts gave way, we dragged Ducorps out, and left, without anyone having stirred in the prison: the only living being in sight who noticed our presence, was a woman who appeared at a window, and stood motionless, perhaps paralysed with fear. The thief recovered his liberty at the same time. I took Ducorps behind me, and gave the rein to my horse. I only drew bridle at Herry, and from that town, I made my way to my mother's house, accompanied by Ducorps.

The next day, all Villequiers, and the country around, rang with the news that a large band of Royalists had carried off Ducorps, and the woman who had seen us, declared that she had counted twenty horsemen; we were five.

# CHAPTER VI

## ROYALIST AGENTS

Arrest of the Royalist Agents in Paris, in January 1797.—Commodore Sidney Smith and his servant *John* imprisoned in the Temple.—M. Hyde de Neuville plots to set them free.—The Plot is discovered.—Daring Attempt planned by Phélippeaux.—It is successful.—M. de Broc imprisoned at Nevers.—Set free by M. Hyde de Neuville.

THE death of Stofflet and of Charette, and the prudent measures taken by Hoche to pacify La Vendée, necessarily brought about a change in the ideas of the Royalists at Paris. Henceforth, they must rely upon themselves, and seek by means of the press, to influence public opinion, which sooner or later proves irresistible. In order to carry out this project, it was necessary to have a Central Committee in correspondence with the Bourbon Princes, and with those parts of France where resistance was strongest.

The chief members of this first Royalist Agency.—the Abbé Brottier, Desponelles, Laville-Heurnois, and Duverne de Presle—were arrested at the Ecole Militaire, on the 30th Jan. 1797, through the treachery of an officer of the Dragoons, named Malo, at whose rooms they were assembled ; all their papers were seized, revealing a widespread conspiracy, extending through the South and West. The discovery made a great sensation, and among other rumours current, it was said that Barras had connived at the plot. The necessity of exculpating himself from this accusation, may have hastened the Coup d' Etat of the 18th Fructidor. The members of the Agency were tried by a military commission, and condemned to death ; but the culpable weakness of Duverne de Presle and the revelations he made, caused the penalty to be commuted, in the case of all the conspirators, to ten years' imprisonment. The events of the 18th Fructidor led, however, to an aggravation of the punishment; for, in order, as far as possible to blacken the character of the deputies, the Directory joined the affair of the Royalist Agency to the other charges; and by way of giving greater force to the accusation, included the leaders of the Agency under the same sentence. This iniquitous step cost the lives of Brottier and Laville-Heurnois.

I had known Laville-Heurnois well; and the wish to save him, led me into one of those adventures which illustrate, in a striking manner, the daring and inventive spirit of the French people, which had been still further developed by long years of trouble and oppression. As I have said, I met Phélippeaux again in Paris, where he had continued to live, under an assumed name, after the events in Berry. He introduced me to Mme. de Tromelin, a very interesting and amiable woman, whose noble devotion to her husband, rather than the influence of Phélippeaux, enlisted me in a dangerous enterprise. Her husband had been imprisoned in the Temple under strange circumstances, and by a singular coincidence, his fellow-prisoners were those very Agents of the King, one of whom was my friend. I was, therefore, promoting more than one escape at the same time, in lending my aid to the plans of Phélippeaux; there was another prisoner among them, whom I should never have attempted to set free, had he been alone; indeed, I had some scruples about trying to rescue an enemy of France.

When Commodore Sidney Smith had been captured at sea, M. de Tromelin was on board his ship. To admit his French nationality would have been to give himself up as an *émigré*; his safety required that he should share the Commodore's imprisonment, and Sidney Smith passed him off as his servant. *John*, as he was called, played his part cleverly.

On reaching Paris, they were, at first, imprisoned in the Abbey, and harshly treated. The thought of escape was ever in their minds, and with the ingenuity that springs from captivity, they soon opened communications with people outside. If there is one unconquerable instinct in women, it is sympathy with misfortune. A lady and her two daughters, whose windows overlooked those of the prisoners, placed themselves in communication with them by means of signals. They worked hard to procure their escape, when, suddenly, Sidney Smith and John were transferred to the Temple, where, as I have said, they were placed amongst the Royalist Agents. The three Muses, as they were called, on account of the names they had taken—Clio, Thalia and Melpomene,—again succeeded in outwitting the jailors, but with no better result. Long afterwards, Sidney Smith spoke gratefully of Mme. Launay and her daughters. The telegraphic signs employed were the same that had been used by the first prisoners in the Temple ; it is said that the Dauphine remembered their being made from windows in the Rue de Beaujolais.

Mme. de Tromelin arrived in Paris, and soon persuaded me to help her. She durst not visit the Temple herself, for fear of unveiling the secret of John ; but she saw him every day from a neighbouring window. John was a great favourite ; he was beginning to articulate, fairly distinctly, a few words of broken French ; he treated the warders, flirted with the daughter of one of them, who seemed disposed to marry him ; and enjoyed a considerable amount of liberty.

After devising several plans, we finally decided on one that I had suggested as a last resource. I had heard of a flat to let, in a house close to the Temple, and on looking at it, I found that the cellar adjoined the prison wall. To rent this flat, and place a nominal tenant in it, was quickly done. We chose Mlle. Darcy,[1] whose generous nature was touched by the position of Mme.

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[1] *Mlle. D* ——. Her .full name is, however, given in a later chapter. See Vol. ii. [Tr]

de Tromelin. Mlle. Darcy was young, and Charles Loiseau, as I was then called, was supposed, by the other tenants, to be paying his attentions to her. I used to go stealthily down into the cellar, and with a pickaxe, try to make a hole large enough for a man to pass through; the wall was very thick, and I calculated that I should have to hack through twelve feet. According to the imperfect observations I was able to make from a window on the first floor, I ought to come out at the foot of the wall surrounding the courtyard; I proposed to leave the last stones until the night-time, and then only attack them with great caution. I worked very hard.

Mlle.Darcy was bringing up a very intelligent little girl of seven, and every time a large stone was about to fall, the child would beat a drum as loud as she could, and the noise of her romping games deadened the sound of my work. No gleam of light appeared, however, although I had toiled for a long time. I began to fear I had made my hole too low down, and below the ground. It was absolutely necessary to sound the wall, but only a mason could do this. Mme. de Tromelin undertook to find me one, and though the worthy man guessed, at once, that it was a question of rescuing the prisoners, he came without hesitation, and merely said: 'If I am arrested, take care of my children.' We set to work very cautiously, but it proved that—without suspecting it, or being warned by a more hollow sound—I had reached the last stone. As ill-luck would have it, it became detached, and fell into the Temple garden, under the very eyes of the sentinel, who happened to be on the spot. The alarm was quickly spread, but we too, were on the alert; we had always been prepared for such an eventuality, and when the guard reached the flat, they found nothing but trunks, full of hay and logs of wood, and some of Mlle. Darcy's clothes.

The plot had failed, and the increased strictness of the watch, rendered any further attempt impossible. There was a political prisoner of a low class, who was believed to be a spy, and Mme. de Tromelin dreaded lest John should be discovered. Sidney Smith, however, learning that there was to be an exchange of prisoners, petitioned that his servant should be included, and his request was granted; everyone regretted the amiable valet, and the warder's daughter shed many tears.

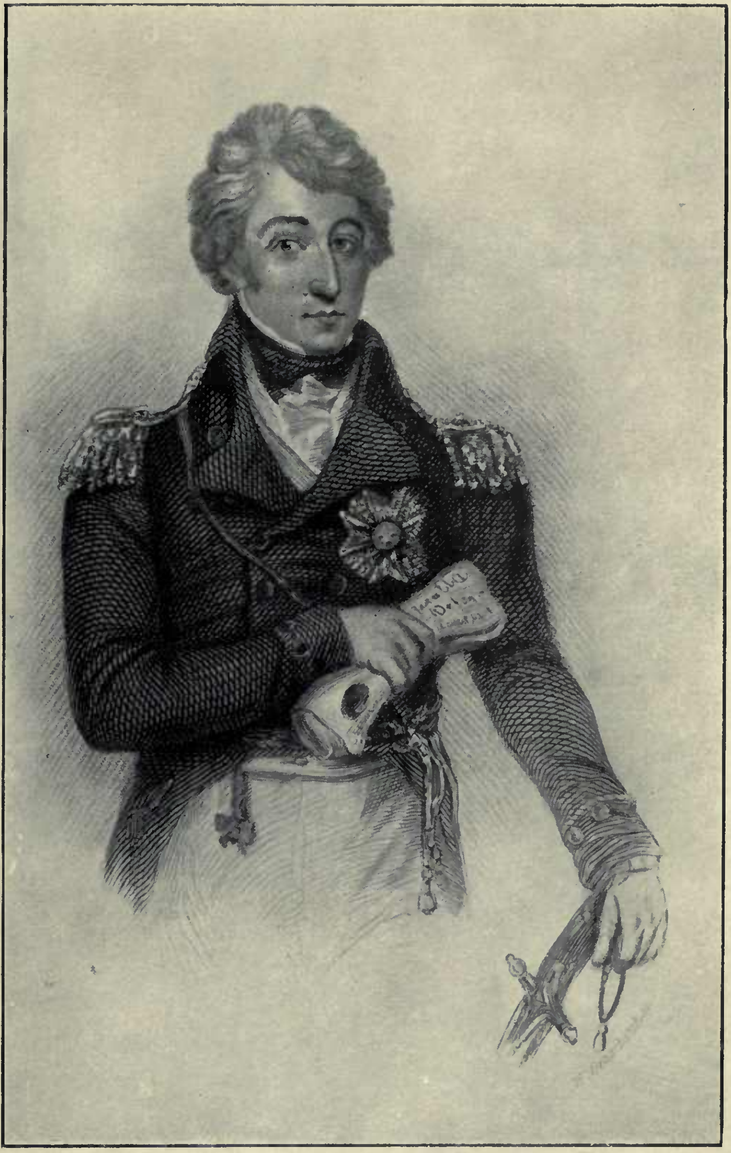
Before following her husband to London, Mme. de Tromelin made me promise to try to save his generous friend. I told her of my reluctance to deliver an enemy of France; she persisted, reminding me of the services which the English had rendered to the *émigrés* and their Princes. I was, however, rather the confidant than the instigator of the bold plot, which restored Sidney Smith to liberty a few months later.

The 18th Fructidor had passed; the Deputies who were to be transported had been imprisoned for a short time in the Temple, and had left it, accompanied by the Abbé Brottier and Laville-Heurnois. Of those whom we had tried to rescue, Sidney Smith alone remained, and he was guarded more closely than ever. He was, at last, delivered by a stratagem, daring even to the point of extravagance. The keeper of the prison was severe, but he understood the meaning of honour. The military bearing of the Commodore had inspired him with confidence, and several times he took him for a walk outside, after receiving his word of honour that he would not attempt to escape within a certain number of hours.

Phélippeaux procured a forged order to transfer Sidney Smith to another prison; and by dint of money and trouble, he obtained the actual signature of the Minister, which was placed at the foot of the document. Phélippeaux and I were too well known at the Temple to be able to carry out the rest of the plot. MM. Brottier and L—— courageously undertook it. They put on military uniform, and presented themselves openly at the Temple with the order of removal. The jailor examined the order and the Minister's signature, and then went away, leaving them in a state of anxiety. Soon, however, he returned with the clerk, and shortly afterwards, Sidney Smith appeared. The prisoner, entering into his part, affected to be annoyed at this new measure. The pretended Adjutant assured him that the Government had no wish to aggravate his lot, and that he would be very well treated where they were taking him. Still grumbling, the Commodore hastened to pack his valise, and to distribute handsome tips among the warders, under pretence of saying good-bye. The clerk remarked that it was necessary to have an escort of four men of the Guard. The Adjutant fell in with the idea, and ordered six; then suddenly, as if recollecting himself, he said: 'Commodore, you are a soldier like me. Your word will be enough. If you give it, I shall not need an escort.' 'Monsieur,' replied Sidney, who in spite of the dangerous circumstances, could scarcely keep grave, 'if you will trust me, I swear to follow you wherever you may take me.'

The discharge was given to the jailor, and signed on the register, the words Adjutant General, ending with a superb flourish, being added to the feigned name. Then, the three were escorted by all the officials, with the greatest politeness, to the outer door, where a cab was waiting. A trivial circumstance nearly defeated the bold enterprise. The driver had not gone a hundred yards, when he ran against a post, and not only damaged his wheel, but injured a foot-passenger. An angry crowd collected; Sidney and his companions jumped out, took the valise, and were hurrying away, when the driver called them back, demanding his fare. M. L— then committed a rash act, which might well have compromised everything by arousing the suspicion of the by-standers; he threw the driver a double louis, and hastily rejoined his companions. Phélippeaux, who had waited for them near the Temple, was now with them, and the same day he left for Rouen, with the Commodore, on his way to England.

At the time when Buonaparte was setting out on his



ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

*By Sir Rt. Ker Porter.*

Egyptian campaign, Phélippeaux, whose generous nature ought to have saved him from this fault, accompanied Sidney Smith to Egypt, and undertook the defence of Saint-Jean d'Acre. He defended it with so much skill, that, at the end of two months, he compelled the invincible French General to raise the siege. A romantic incident has been related: Buonaparte, divining that the defence was in the hands of a Frenchman, asked to see the man of genius who commanded the place, and caused himself to be taken there, under a flag of truce. When no longer blindfolded, he found himself in the presence of a fellow-student of the École Militaire. He recognised Phélippeaux at once, and they greeted one another affectionately. 'Do you hope to hold out long?' asked Buonaparte. 'Death only will make me surrender,' was the reply. Death did not cost Phélippeaux the loss of the fort; when he died, the siege was about to be raised. It was his rare privilege to check the fortunate Conqueror; but the tarnished glory of this unpatriotic deed, deprives Phélippeaux of the prestige due to his great talents.

[1] As we have seen, the leaders of the *Agence Royale* were arrested in consequence of Malo's treachery; but many members escaped the first danger, and only incurred suspicion later.

Among these was M. de Broc, who gave M. Hyde de Neuville an opportunity of exercising his unwearied zeal; and the family in their gratitude, have carefully preserved a record of the event.

M. de Broc belonged to an old family in the Nivernais, and had returned from emigration in order to take part in the War of the Vendée; he was, in fact, one of the survivors of the disaster of Quiberon. After the Royalist army had been disbanded, he went to Paris, and entered into communication with the Abbé Brottier, and

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[1] The narrative of the escape of M. de Broc is written by one of the nieces of M. Hyde de Neuville who edit the *Mémoires*. [Tr].

Duverne de Presle, who, like him, were natives of the Nivernais. Having successfully carried out a mission to Louis XVIII, who was then at Riegel, in Baden, Du Broc returned to Paris, just before the Agents of the King were arrested at the École Militaire. He was soon arrested in his turn, but, among the papers found on him, there was nothing to connect him with the Agency ; he was, however, strongly suspected of being an *émigré*, and was taken to Nevers to be tried. He was condemned to death, but was left for a time at Nevers, before being transferred to Paris, where the executions usually took place.

M. du Broc was awaiting the fate which seemed inevitable, when, one day, a young man whom he did not know, entered his cell : ‘Let us make haste,’ he said, ‘there is not a moment to lose. I have come to save you. We are about the same height ; let us exchange clothes. I will remain in your place ; as I am not an *émigré*, I run no risk.’ While M. du Broc, touched by such a generous offer, looked at the noble and resolute bearing of his young deliverer, Hyde de Neuville (for it was he) began to take off his coat. But M. du Broc absolutely refused to avail himself of an offer which might prove fatal to his deliverer, and reminded him of the dangers that he seemed to forget. Although vanquished, Hyde de Neuville, nothing daunted, sought other means of attaining his end. He knew a clock-maker in the town, M. Berthet, who had escaped the revolutionary principles that prevailed ; and, in those days of violence, all who were not carried away by the torrent, did what they could to stem it. M. Berthet eagerly entered into Hyde de Neuville's plans, and constructed a file out of the works of a clock ; this file was conveyed to the prisoner with directions as to his escape. One of the park-keepers, in the service of the Duc de Nivernais, gave Hyde de Neuville all the help in his power. The prison was, however, rigorously watched, and Du Broc could only work during a few hours of the night; in the morning he concealed the marks of the file with a little wet soot. It took a whole week to file through two bars of the window. The cell was on the ground floor, and looked out upon the Rue de l'Oratoire. On the very night when he had finished his work, at a given signal, Du Broc burst the bars, and leaped into the street, where Hyde de Neuville awaited him. Some horses had been brought to the Place Ducale; Du Broc and Hyde de Neuville mounted, and reached La Charité before even it was known that the prisoner had escaped. Hyde de Neuville did not leave his work incomplete, but concealed Du Broc, for six months, in his mother's house.

# CHAPTER VII

## THE 18TH FRUCTIDOR

Pichegru.—The Elections.—The 18th Fructidor.—Narrative of M. de Larue.—Deputies condemned to Transportation.—Imprisoned in the Temple.—Prisoners removed to Rochefort.—Paul Hyde de Neuville and the son of Lafon-Ladébat convey presents to the Exiles.—The Voyage.—M. Hyde de Neuville narrowly escapes Arrest.—Mme. Hyde de Neuville as Madame Roger.—Two Detectives.—Guests of the Baroness de Montchenu.—Hyde de Neuville as M. de Vaux.—The Proscription withdrawn.

Ever since the beginning of 1797, all eyes had been turned towards the elections which were to take place in May. Public opinion had become more and more opposed to the Directory. This counter-revolutionary tendency was not wholly in favour of the Monarchy; but on the question of overthrowing the existing government, opinion was unanimous. The result of the elections was to bring out this tendency more strongly, by placing men of distinctly moderate views in the two Councils . . . Pichegru, returned by the Jura, was placed at the head of the Five Hundred.

A sincere Republican, Pichegru had been brought to monarchical ideas solely by his own reflections. High principled, uncompromising, and somewhat austere, he had passed without hesitation from one conviction to another. He was, thus, entirely converted to Royalism at the time when the Prince de Condé made overtures to him, in August 1795. Pichegru, as is well-known, was then in command of the Army of the Rhine. He was of all men the least accessible to persuasion or influence, and any attempt to win him over would inevitably have failed, if he had not already adopted Royalist ideas. He agreed, at once, to the proposals made to him, but refused all personal advantages. Enthusiasts for the Revolution have dwelt on the *treason* of Pichegru. As a citizen, he was opposed to the government, but, as a general, he never paltered, even in thought, with the requirements of duty, military honour, and patriotism ; which admit of no weakness or concession to the foreigner, even though it would further your own designs.

His entire plan of conspiracy consisted in seizing a favourable moment to join Condé's army—a wholly French army, be it remembered ; in facilitating its passage of the Rhine at a point which he judged most advantageous ; in proclaiming, at once, the re-establishment of the monarchy, and marching upon the capital. The two armies entering Paris *arm in arm*, as he expressed it, would have given rise to a decisive movement against the Directory.

In a word, Pichegru proposed to do, in order to restore the ancient throne, what Buonaparte actually did, five years later, to the advantage of his own personal ambition ; neither more nor less. The enemies of Pichegru have even accused him of voluntarily allowing himself to be defeated by the Austrians, a charge contrary, not only to justice, but to common sense. If a general, under such circumstances, were not deterred by the clearest duty, would he not have been deterred by his own honour and interest ? Pichegru was no more to blame for the surrender of Manheim, than Jourdan for the reverse of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse under the walls of Mentz. The fortune of war alone decided it. Pichegru was incapable of any cowardly connivance ; it is said that, if he had consented to deliver up Huningue, or Strasbourg, to the Austrians, they would have proclaimed Louis XVIII as they entered the city ; but it was not by such methods that Pichegru sought to attain his end.

The Foreign Courts, although favourable to the Bourbons, gave the question of the Restoration a very secondary place in their plans. Hence, they prolonged the life of the Directory by proposing an armistice on the Rhine, a step as impolitic on their part, as it was disastrous to the projects of Condé. This armistice paralysed Pichegru for the moment, and in the result, changed the whole position of affairs.

The Directors had long regarded him with suspicion, and indeed, he had taken little pains to conceal his contempt for them. M. de Montgaillard, who was deep in the confidence of the Prince de Condé, and had been also in communication with Pichegru, became a bitter informer against him. The government decided to deprive Pichegru of the command, but durst not suddenly remove him from an army that was devoted to him. They, therefore, recalled him to Paris, under pretext of asking his advice. He tried to evade the order, but was obliged to comply. The Directory, at once, showed its distrust, and not daring openly to crush him, offered him the post of Ambassador to Sweden.

He refused this disguised banishment, and after having himself invested Moreau with the command, retired to his native place, Arbois, hoping some day to be able to make use of his influence with the Army of the Rhine, which was at no great distance.

But this Army, having again got the upper hand of the Austrians, the Princes were obliged to withdraw their troops to Bavaria ; and Pichegru's hopes being indefinitely postponed, he remained at Arbois until elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred. It is well-known what a high position he held in that Assembly when the 18th Fructidor included him in a Coup d'Etat, which was, in fact, especially directed against him.

[The arrest of the newly-appointed Director Barthélemy, and the attempted arrest of his colleague, Carnot, were followed, the same night, by that of a great number of Deputies, among whom was M. de Larue, who thus describes the final scene :]

I had gone to my home in the I. of Saint-Louis, opposite the Pont de la Tournelle. At four o'clock in the morning, a servant came to tell me that there were troops all around my house, and in fact, I saw more than fifty fusileers at the door, and two pieces of cannon about four yards away. I no longer doubted that I was the object of these military precautions, but were they for, or against, my safety? Was I in the presence of the defenders of the Corps Législatif, or of the satellites of the Directory? In order to find out, I tore myself away from the entreaties of my family, and went out, armed with two pistols concealed in the pockets of my riding-coat.

I pass unopposed through the midst of this military display, and feel encouraged. I reach the Place du Carrousel, and find it covered with troops. I force my way through the crowd, and reach the foot of the staircase, leading to the fatal Chamber; one of our grenadiers, who was still on duty, recognises me, and advises me to go no further. 'All is lost,' he says. 'No,' I reply, 'not if all the grenadiers are, like you, faithful to their duty and their honour.' Saying these words, I run up the stairs, and find a troop of soldiers guarding the door of our Chamber. At the same moment, twenty bayonets are pointed at my breast to prevent my entrance; I give my name, but the soldiers, who are nearly all foreigners, do not understand. They call an officer, who, much more polite than they, looks at his list, and then himself takes me into the Chamber, all the more willingly as I am one of the first on the list of the proscribed. My colleagues, twenty in number, had given up all hope, and blame my devotion. 'What have you come here for, my dear friend?' exclaims Pichegru. I answer: 'To share your glory, or your honourable misfortunes, and to prove to France that we are still worthy of her confidence.'

At this moment a General enters, and signifies to us, on behalf of the Directory, that we are to follow him to the Temple. We remonstrate, appealing to the

Constitution, and showing it to him; he retires, a little disconcerted, and no doubt reports our refusal, and receives new orders, for, in less than half-an-hour, he returns to the charge with a more decided mien. The same answer, the same refusal on our part.

All at once, two hundred half-drunken soldiers surround the table where we were sitting. Pichegru springs up, and bares his breast: 'Strike! We will not leave this room alive! Assassinate the man whom you felt it a duty, an honour, to follow on the battlefield! Stain with blood the laurels, you and he have reaped together!' This outburst, has its effect upon the soldiers, they hesitate. . . But an officer, observing it, urges them on, seizing one of us by the collar with such violence that he tears the coat in two. A score of others imitate him, and the mob overpowers us.

I am about to fire on the officer who is holding me by the throat, when two of his comrades, seeing my pistol, wrench it out of my hand, tearing my finger.

They drag us to the carriages that are awaiting us, and we are taken to the Temple between two lines of soldiers, who seem hardly to realise what is going on. Many members of the Council of the Ancients are arrested at the house of their President, Lafon-Ladébat, where they had met for deliberation.

Ladébat tries to save his colleagues by presenting himself, alone, before the armed force surrounding his house. But his self-sacrifice is of no avail, and all are arrested. Ladébat tears himself from the arms of his six children, with the noble words: 'Do not cry, my children, your father is not guilty.'

The vengeance of the Directory was not limited to the Deputies arrested at the Councils. Fifty-two members of the Five Hundred, or of the Ancients, were involved in the same sentence of transportation. Among them, amid a wide divergence of political opinion, were the greatest talents, the purest characters, and the most distinguished statesmen that the country possessed:

Portalis, Boissey d'Anglas, Barbé-Marbois, Tronçon Ducoudray, Siméon, Saladin, Villaret-Joyeuse, Camille-Jordan, Pastoret, Pichegru, Willot, Ramel, Rovère, Bourdon de l'Oise. Several journalists were also *fructidorised*: Michaud, La Harpe, Suard, the Abbé Sicard[1]; but they, like many others, succeeded in evading arrest.

The Directory took credit to itself for great gentleness and humanity in limiting its vengeance to transportation; the question whether the imprisoned Deputies should be condemned to be shot, had been warmly discussed. It was Barras who opposed it. Their fate was, indeed, sufficiently hard as it was; we knew that a slower, but almost equally certain, death awaited them under the unhealthy climate of Guiana. Most of the members of the Directory were gorged with the gold of the Republic; the outlaws, after having filled the highest posts in the State, went out poor. The sword and uniform of the Conqueror of Holland[2] had to be sold to pay his trifling debts. Barthélemy, until recently Ambassador, and Director, had only twenty thousand francs of capital.

I have heard my brother-in-law relate the profound impression made upon the condemned Deputies by finding themselves in the Temple, in the very place which had served as a prison to the King and his family; for the Deputies also were placed in the Tower. Inscriptions had been traced on the walls, quite recently, by the august daughter of Louis XVI, who had just been exchanged with Austria for some French prisoners. . . . On reading the touching words: 'O my God, pardon those who have caused the death of my parents,' Rovère raised his eyes to Heaven, smote his forehead, and retired into the darkest corner of the prison. Bourdon de l'Oise shuddered as he entered the King's cell.

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[1] The teacher of the deaf-mutes. [Tr.]

[2] Pichegru.

No one knew when, or to what part of the world, the Deputies would be transported; but, on the 22nd Fructidor, they were awakened in the middle of the night, and told that they were to set out. The prisoners, who at that time numbered sixteen, were crowded into carriages, with barred doors, and sent away at once, without being allowed time to take leave of their friends, or to provide themselves with the necessaries for their journey. . . .

On their way, they were treated with the utmost cruelty. They travelled slowly, from prison to prison, and at last reached Rochefort; only then, did they learn definitely that they were to cross the ocean.

They were crowded into *La Vaillante*, a corvet, that by a strange reverse of fortune, had been christened by the very Willot, whom she now bore into exile!

Rough weather detained the vessel in the roadstead for three days, thus giving my brother[1] an opportunity of carrying out a dangerous enterprise.

Having been informed by the Directory that the prisoners would remain for a time at Rochefort, their families hastily gathered together the things most necessary for them during their exile. The son of Lafon-Ladébat, my brother, and Madame Rovère, undertook to deliver them. Although they made all possible speed, they only reached Rochefort after the prisoners had sailed, and the corvet was already out of sight. The two young men, at once, resolve to try to overtake her. My brother hastens to La Rochelle to ask permission from the Naval Officer in command; it is refused, on the ground that it would be useless, the corvet being already far away. He persists, and at length, his request is granted.

He hastens back to Rochefort, but the storm has gathered, the danger is imminent; he and his friend cannot find anyone willing to take them. However, a sailor yields to their persuasions, and they get into his boat, which is loaded with presents from the friends of the exiles. All eyes follow them from the shore, and countless prayers accompany them. They succeed, at last, in reaching the corvet. The letters, money and provisions are taken on board, and a promise is given that they shall be handed over to the prisoners; but the two young men are ordered to re-embark at once. In vain, does young Lafon-Ladébat implore on his knees permission to see his father; he is roughly repulsed. My brother is no more fortunate, and cannot see poor de Larue. Amid many dangers, they return to Rochefort, broken-hearted.

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[1] M. Paul Hyde de Neuville. [Tr.]

The voyage was even more intolerable to the Deputies than the land journey had been. They were confined between-decks in two little cubicles, so small that their hammocks touched, and where they could not stand upright. This burning hole received no air or light except through a hatchway some two feet square. The food corresponded with the lodging; it consisted of biscuit, bad water, and dried vegetables that had been damaged by the sea. I shall return, later, to the sufferings of the exiles to Sinnamary.

It was inevitable that I should feel the vibration of these events. My connection with the outlaws furnished a plausible pretext; I was denounced as an accomplice, and my arrest resolved upon.

I escaped this danger, however: a devoted friend of mine, who had known Fouché in the Nièvre, happened, one day, to be at his house, together with several men whom I may justly call my persecutors. My name was mentioned, and they spoke of the warrant that was about to be issued against me. Early the next morning, my generous friend ran to tell me what he had heard. I had only just time to escape; the police arrived a few moments after I had left the house. It may give some idea of the military force employed by the Directory in carrying out its designs, to reflect that, in order to arrest so unimportant a man as myself—for I was then only twenty-one—five houses were surrounded that morning.

Such was the first serious beginning of my outlawry. I was destined to be, for nine months, the object of most diligent search. I ought to have hidden myself with a care equal to the gravity of the charge; but prudence is not always commensurate with danger when the culprit is twenty-one. Paris had great attractions for me; and I could not bring myself to live in the strict seclusion that my safety required.

We had left the Nivernais—my wife and I—and settled in Paris, where it was more easy to remain unknown. We took a humble room, belonging to an ironmonger, on the fourth floor of a house in the Rue de la Verrerie; it was suited alike to our slender purse, and to my safety. I lived entirely concealed; my wife called herself Madame Roger, and was supposed to be a poor widow, giving lessons in the town. In spite of all our care, some laundresses, whose rooms were near Mme. Hyde de Neuville's, caught an occasional glimpse of a mysterious neighbour, in the garb of a working man, and they did not form a favourable opinion of Madame Roger. I often joked about it, and my poor wife laughed with me, not wishing to add to my troubles; but she has since owned that the position was painful to her, and that she could never meet one of these women without feeling embarrassed.

One day, as we were returning home, my wife noticed that we were being 'shadowed' by two suspicious looking men, whom—with the unerring instinct of those who are hunted by the police—we soon recognised for what they were. We had still a long way to go, but our two men did not leave our track. We consulted together how to avoid them, and extended our walk a little, coming out at the Pont Saint-Michel. The two spies reached the bridge on the opposite side, and hastening their steps, got in front of us. If we had had any doubt as to their intention, it vanished when we saw them cross over, and then turn back to meet us. There was no hope of escape, except by a bold stroke. My good wife, whose courage and presence of mind never left her, seconded my project admirably. We let the agents of the police approach, and then, as they were about to speak, and probably arrest me, Mme. Hyde de Neuville suddenly opened her large umbrella, and thrust it almost in their faces. While they were contending with this unexpected obstacle, I took to my heels, and my great swiftness soon put me out of reach.

By dint of braving dangers and escaping them, one begins to look upon oneself as invulnerable. I often neglected the most elementary precautions. We were frequent guests at the house of the Baroness de Montchenu; never had the friends who met there been more merry, and a continual interchange of verses went on between the poets of this little circle and myself; the fertility of my muse was its greatest—perhaps its only—merit. Our visits were often prolonged until very late. One evening, when we had stayed longer than usual, in spite of the remonstrances of the good Baroness, who feared for my safety, but could not drive us from her house, it was so late that the guests had a difficulty in finding cabs to take them home. Several were obliged to crowd into the same carriage; and my wife and I offered to see Madame de Rochemore and her daughter to their house.

The danger with which my hostess had always been threatening me, met us that night. We had scarcely reached the top of the Rue Royale, when the carriage was stopped by a patrol. My companions were much concerned, knowing that I had not the *carte de sûreté* that was, at once, demanded. To say that I had forgotten it, only saved the situation for a moment; they immediately enquired my name. It was impossible to pass myself off, under these circumstances, as the working man, Roger, for, as ill-luck would have it, the full light of a lamp fell upon the high-born and elegantly dressed women beside me. There was no time for reflection, and I boldly gave my name as M. de Vaux, a gentleman who lived at the Hôtel Montchenu, from which I had just come away.

It was objected that I was turning my back upon my house, to which I replied that I was seeing these ladies home. They seemed only half convinced, and were consulting together as to my identity, when one of the patrol came up to them, and said : 'Yes, he is M. de Vaux ; let him pass ; I belong to his district and know him well.' 'Are you sure ?' asked the leader of the patrol. '*Parbleu !*' exclaimed the other with assurance.

This intervention clinched the matter, and they prepared to let us pass. The friend, who had arrived so opportunely, came forward to shut the carriage door ; as he did so, he said in a low voice : 'The devil take me, M. de Vaux, if I know you !' He probably only thought he was shielding respectable people from annoyance, and had no idea that he had saved one of them from the gravest consequences.

Madame Hyde de Neuville trembled for me, although she conquered her fears ; it was not her nature to give way to useless anxiety. She induced her family to use their influence with the Minister Lambrecht, and at the end of nine months, my proscription was withdrawn.

At last, I could breathe again, although not entirely out of danger ; we gave up our room in the Rue de la Verrerie, and the name of Roger, and took rather better quarters in the Rue de l'Université.

# CHAPTER VIII

## THE EXILES IN SINNAMARY

Arrival at Cayenne.—Transferred to Sinnamary.—Death of de Murinais Tronçon-Ducoudray, Bourdon de l'Oise, Rovère, Brottier and Laville-Heurnois.—Project of flight.—The Indian Chief.—The German Settler.—Captain Tilly.—Lafon-Ladébat left behind. Voyage in the Pirogue.—Landing between Fort Orange and Monte Krick.—Barthélemy and de Larue go to the garrison of Fort Orange.—Kindness of the Governor.—Boat repaired, and Voyage to Monte Krick.—Message to the Governor of Surinam at Paramaribo.—He sends for them.—Kindness of the Dutch.—M. Barthélemy and his Servant wait for a Danish vessel.—The other Exiles set sail for the I. of St Thomas.—Captured by an English Privateer.—Pursued by another Corsair.—It proves to be commanded by an English Captain.—They are pursued by a French Vessel.—They take shelter at Berbice.—They sail for Demerara.—Thence for England.—Tilly.—Sir Sidney Smith.—The King and the Comte d'Artois.—Hyde de Neuville and the Priests at Sinnamary.

The persecution that had befallen me, and which, to say the truth, I shook off with a good deal of philosophy, did not render me insensible to the far harder lot of my brother-in-law, de Larue. The exiles had reached Cayenne after a terrible voyage, and were nearly all of them ill. There, they were detained in the Military Hospital, and, it must be owned, were nursed by the good Sisters with the most touching care, and received many tokens of sympathy from the Colonists.

At the end of a fortnight, in spite of their remonstrances, they were transferred to Sinnamary, twelve leagues further on. Here, they occupied some low damp cabins that had been abandoned on account of the unhealthiness of the climate; and were placed under the supervision of a score of negro soldiers, commanded by a French officer. They suffered every conceivable privation from the scarcity of food, and owing to the insufficiency of their rations, had recourse to shooting to support life; they also made friends with the Indians, who supplied them with fish.

Sinnamary had evidently been chosen as the place most likely to rid the Directory quickly of their dangerous prisoners. Noxious vapours, exhaled from the shallows and stagnant water after the long rains, brought on fever every year. M. de Murinais was the first to fall a victim to the deadly climate. His last words were: 'Better die stainless in Sinnamary, than live guilty in Paris.' Tronçon-Ducoudray followed soon after. In vain, did the medical officer repeatedly urge the French Agent at Cayenne to remove Tronçon-Ducoudray to that town, as the only hope of saving his life. An absolute refusal, twice repeated, left the unhappy man to certain death.

Bourdon de l'Oise died the same day; and Rovère, at the very moment when his heroic wife landed at Cayenne with her children to join him. Brottier and Laville-Heurnois only survived him a short time. Six exiles had succumbed in less than ten months; all had been stricken, and would inevitably have perished, if the extreme danger had not inspired some of them with a desperate resolution, the success of which seems almost miraculous. Pichegru, Willot, Barthélemy, de Larue, Aubry, Dessonville and Ramel, had from the first contemplated flight, in spite of well-nigh insuperable obstacles.

[We here interrupt the narrative in order to give the account in M. de Larue's own words.]

'We knew that we should be kindly received in the Dutch Colony of Surinam, if we could escape thither, but it was one hundred and twenty leagues away. All our hopes turned towards the sea, and towards the Indians, whose trade with Surinam had made them familiar with the coast. They carried on a kind of traffic in *pirogues*,[1] which they made themselves. We resolved to treat with them for the purchase of one of the largest of these boats, under pretext of using it for fishing, and for excursions up the river.

'The Indian Chief received us coldly, saying: "You wicked men! To drink the blood of your Captain!" Pichegru, to whom he spoke, was greatly astonished, but reflected that the Chief was confusing us with Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud-Varennes, transported shortly before, who had been described to him as *Assassins of the King and bloodthirsty men.* Pichegru succeeded in convincing him that we, on the contrary, were being persecuted as friends of our Captain; and the Indian promised to deliver the boat we asked for within a month. In his zeal, he nearly betrayed us. There was a Mayor at Sinnamary, created on our account; the good Indian went to him, and asked if he would allow us to have a pirogue which he was making for him, and which was already partly built, so that we might have it the more quickly. The Mayor was rather suspicious, but as he was on friendly terms with us, and often went to see Pichegru, he offered us his boat, pointing out that it might serve our purpose better.

'The little skiff was to be ready within three days, but at the end of three weeks, we found it in the same state as at first. This led us to suspect an understanding between the Mayor and the Agent of the Directory to lure us on with this false hope, and prevent our making any other attempt; thus, causing us to drag on until the hot weather, which would be fatal to us; we must fly within a month, or be buried at Sinnamary.

'On the opposite bank of the river, was a small house with land attached, the only land that gave the impression of any attempt at cultivation. It belonged to a retired German soldier, who grew cotton with the help of four or five negroes. We exchanged frequent visits with him. He carried on a kind of coasting trade with Cayenne and Surinam, and was thus able to render us many services. The zeal and prudence with which he had done this, left no doubt of his kindly feeling towards us; moreover, in his voyages he used a pirogue large enough to hold us all, and he was in the habit of employing Indians on his coasting expeditions, and would thus be able to procure them for us, to man the boat.

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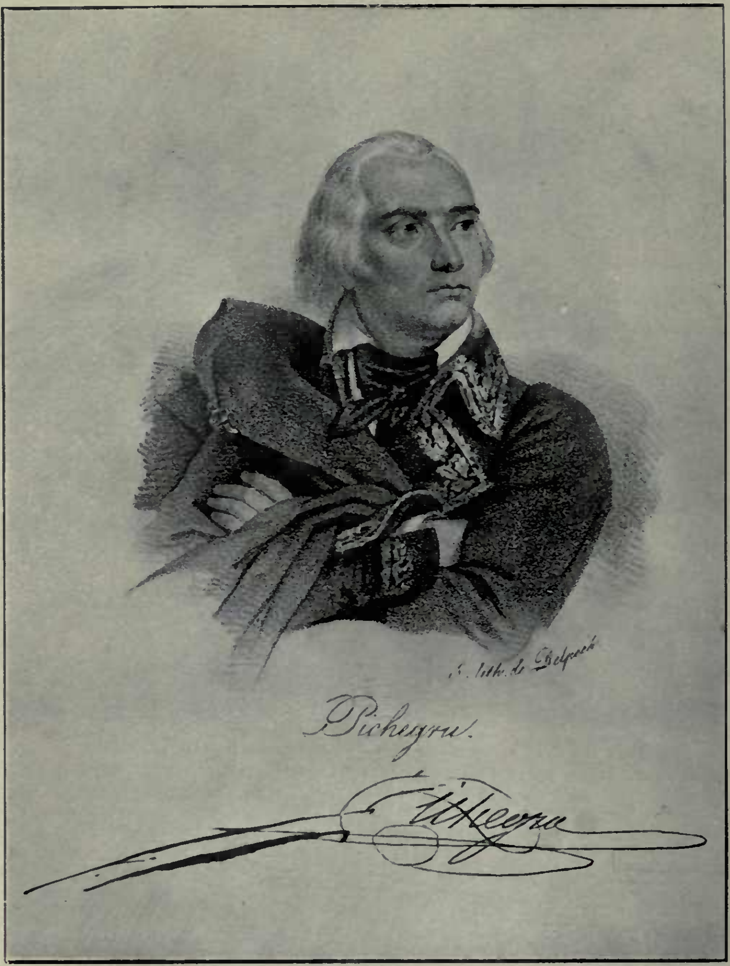
[1] A kind of boat; from the Spanish *piragua*.

'All this was very tempting, but how could we think of exposing the worthy man to the vengeance of the Directory! A new incident removed our scruples, and conquered our fears. The Agent of the Directory, astonished that the climate told so slowly upon the health of the Generals Pichegru, Willot, and Aubry, who had been especially *recommended* to him, sent the Commandant of the garrison to obtain for himself exact information with regard to our moral and physical condition. He soon perceived that the inhabitants, the Indians, even the negroes, were favourable to us. "They will be here forever!" he exclaimed, "They have corrupted everybody; send them to the other side of Guiana, towards the Vincent-Pinson River. Nothing would please the Government better. . . ."

'We were quickly informed of this new plot against the wretched remnant of our lives, and no longer hesitated to risk everything. We broached the great question with our good neighbour; he was not so much surprised as we expected. We insisted on his accepting the full price of his pirogue, and even fixed it rather high, so as to include a barrel of biscuits, another of water, and some bottles of rum.

'Moreover, we authorised him to say we had stolen the boat; and by way of giving more probability to the theft, it was agreed that we should take the boat out a few times on the river, and that he should pretend to be extremely annoyed, and even complain to the military authorities.


Lith. de Delpech
Pichegru.
Pichegru

GENERAL PICHEGRU.

He had undertaken to provide us with two Indians as guides, under pretext of a voyage of two or three days up the river ; but, at the last moment, they drew back. How could we replace them? There was not a sailor amongst us. We should be rushing to certain death. " Never mind," exclaimed Pichegru, "better be devoured by sharks, than perish here ; as for me, nothing shall change my resolution, though I should have to escape by swimming." Not one of those who had formed the project of flight, hesitated to link his fortune with that of Pichegru.

'Our doubts were finally set at rest by an event which can only be attributed to the protection of Divine Providence. We had fixed the beginning of June for our departure. On the morning of the 1st, while shooting near the sea, we saw a privateer from Cayenne capture a large schooner, after a few cannon shot. The wind and currents were against the privateer, which was obliged to cast anchor at the mouth of the river. We thought no more of the incident, but, in the evening, we saw six strangers coming towards us. One of them advanced, and told us that he was the Captain of the schooner captured that morning, and that they had made him go on land with his crew until the wind changed ; then he asked if he were not speaking to the French exiles, and which of us was Pichegru. He, at once, threw himself into Pichegru's arms, and told him that he had come to this coast in order to carry him and his companions away ; and that he had brought with him letters from our relations to prove his words, but they were hidden on board the captured schooner.

'This generous man was an American, well known at Bordeaux, Captain Tilly. We could not recover from our surprise and admiration ; a foreigner daring to risk his fortune, his very life, to save us ! The Captain's disaster was a great benefit to us. It offered us the pilot we had been vainly seeking for two months. But we were terrified at the thought of the treatment

Tilly would undergo, if the letters intended for us should be found and he should be suspected of having aided our flight. We wished to do for him what he had tried to do for us ; we urged him to go with us ; he hesitated, and refused, in the generous fear that it might lead to our discovery ; his disappearance would be more quickly noticed than ours. At last, all is arranged ; and his faithful *Barrick* is to await us, hidden in the woods near the place where our pirogue lay. With what joy our thoughts already turned towards our native land ! Never had there been a more delightful moment for me ! And yet with what grief we parted from our companions ! Several, had been unwilling to incur the risk of flight ; others, were too ill to venture. M. Lafon-Ladébat was no longer opposed to the project, but his health rendered it impossible for him to accompany us. Stretched on his straw-mattress, he pressed our hands, without uttering a word ; but his sobs showed his distress.

'We had fixed to leave at four o'clock, the time when the sportsmen usually went out ; each took his own way separately. We were to meet in the wood, where Barrick was waiting for us, at eight o'clock. Never was a rendezvous more punctually kept ; when we reached the shore, and were about to enter our light skiff, we all, with one accord, fell on our knees, and offered to Heaven our deepest gratitude.

'At last, we embark, and the deadly coast flies behind us. Barrick takes charge of the sail, and Pichegru, of the tiller. We sail happily and peacefully all night ; but, at daybreak, when I look for land, it is nowhere to be seen. Barrick seems uneasy at finding himself in the open sea in a small flat boat, which was in danger every moment of filling ; so that we were continually bailing out the water with a calabash[1] and our hats.

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[1] The shell of the fruit of the calabash-tree which grows in tropical America. The fruit resembles a large melon, and the shell is used for holding liquids, etc. [Tr]

Barrick cuts to the right, where he thinks the land lies; he is not mistaken, but it is only after three anxious hours that it comes in sight.

'There was nothing to indicate that we were being pursued, but it was of the utmost importance that we should pass the French station of *Tracouba*, as it was possible that the news of our flight might have reached this post, and that we might be attacked. An engagement in a skiff like ours would have been extremely dangerous ; nevertheless we prepared to offer resistance. Our good star rendered our preparations needless. We were so far from the shore, when we passed the fort, that we could scarcely see it. The fear of again losing our way, led us to anchor for the night in a little bay, where Barrick thought we should be safe. The next day, we were becalmed, and compelled to remain there twenty-four hours. We were rather anxious, as we were evidently still on the French coast, not having yet passed the Maroni.

'At last, a light breeze took us out to sea again. We followed the coast-line and reached the mouth of the Maroni, where it required all Barrick's experience and skill to avoid the sand-banks. We doubled the second turning, Fort Orange, in order to reach the Fort of Monte-Krick, where we wished to land before a storm, which was threatening, should come on ; but the distance was much greater than we thought.

'The wind rose, the air became sultry, our pirogue could not withstand the violence of the waves ; she capsized and threw us into some soft mud, three or four feet deep. Happily, we were near the shore, and the tide was flowing. Our chief concern was for our pirogue : we succeeded in righting her, but the difficulty was to rescue her from the wind and waves, which drove her onwards with great violence ; we had only our hands, and we used them with superhuman strength. The struggle lasted two hours, and had a cruel ending.

The combined elements tore from us our last hope, and with our pirogue, we lost our arms and provisions.

'Where were we? Apparently, on a desert coast. How should we get away? How should we find anything to live upon? Such were our first reflections. We were aroused from them by the howling of tigers. We hastily surrounded the place with dry wood, to which we set fire, with a steel that Pichegru had saved from the wreck. But this necessary precaution exposed us to insupportable torture from the insects attracted by the light. They covered us from head to foot. There was no means of getting rid of them, and we were almost naked.

'The night had been terrible, the day was, if possible, even more so. It showed us the full horror of our position. Our boat lay, broken in pieces, a hundred yards from us; there was no trace of human inhabitant; hunger and thirst pressed upon us, and there was nothing to allay them, everything around us seemed condemned to an eternal barrenness. Some shell-fish left in the mud, and a little stagnant water were our only resource. In the midst of the sad thoughts which we could not shake off, we saw a vessel, but at a great distance; Barrick thought she was English. He made every possible signal of distress, but in vain. The ship sailed on, and was soon out of sight.

'Night closed in. Scarcely had we finished our preparations against the tigers, when a deluge of rain put out our fires, and we had great difficulty in lighting them again. Wet to the skin, we awaited—huddled together, surrounded with fires, and a prey alike to anxiety and to mosquitoes—the eighth day of our dangerous expedition. The sun shone forth at last.

'Barrick was always the first afoot, and set out to explore; scarcely had he gone a hundred yards, when he cried, 'Men! Men!' At the shout, we all sprang up, and saw two men at the end of a wood which reached down towards the sea. It is impossible to describe our joy; yet we did not show ourselves for fear of alarming them. It was a wise precaution, for although Barrick was alone, they levelled their guns at him, and it was only by kneeling down, and making many signs of distress, that he was able to reassure them. They drew near, and we saw that they were soldiers. One was a Frenchman, serving in the Dutch army. He told us that we were midway between Orange and Monte-Krick, four hours distance from either; that he was going to Orange, and he promised to return the next day, and show us the way to Monte-Krick.

'We represented ourselves as inhabitants of Cayenne, who had been wrecked, while making their way to Surinam on business. This fiction was borne out by some passports which we had procured. The soldier did not seem to place much confidence in our story, nor did we, in his promise. We resolved, therefore, to depute two of our party to go to Fort Orange, to counteract the effect of the soldiers' report, which we feared would be unfavourable.

'After great fatigue, we reached Orange—M. Barthélemy and I,—and were kindly received by the Commandant, who took us for shipwrecked colonists; he was touched by our pitiful plight, and sent us back with provisions, and some workmen to repair our boat. We rejoined our companions, and directed our course to Monte-Krick. Here again, the most cordial reception awaited us, and we shed tears of gratitude at the thought of the happy ending of our misfortunes. It was an embarrassing moment for us when we saw our names, and a description of our persons, on a printed notice hanging beside the mirror in the Commandant's room. It was a precaution that had been taken in case of escape; but sunburnt as we were, and disfigured by the stings of insects, we no longer resembled ourselves.

'It had been our purpose to reach Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam, and the residence of the Governor. We were still twenty leagues away; but these were quickly covered by the messenger we sent, with a letter to the Governor, informing him of the execution of the project that had long been known to him, and claiming the protection he had promised.

'On the fourth day, the Commander-in-Chief of the troops came to meet us in a beautiful gondola, laden with clothing and provisions. Along the entire route, we were welcomed and fêted by the colonists. The Governor, M. Frederizi, received us with open arms, and there were fêtes every day whilst we remained at Paramaribo.

'The tyranny of the Agents of the Directory again pursued us. The Proconsul of Cayenne informed the Governor of our escape, and demanded that a search should be made for us, and that we should be arrested; since there could be no doubt that we had taken refuge in the Colony. It was clear to us that we must leave, but some preparations were necessary.

'Several of the exiles, M. Barthélemy in particular, had not yet recovered their strength. With his faithful Letellier[1], whom he was soon to have the grief of losing, M. Barthélemy resolved to wait for a Danish vessel which was to sail shortly. Meanwhile, he remained indoors, and arranged to meet us at the Isle of St Thomas, whither we proposed to go, thinking we should be safer under the Danish flag. The fear of exposing the Colony, and especially the estimable Governor, to the vengeance of the Directory, whose terrible influence on Holland was well known, caused us to hasten our departure. We took leave of the good people of Paramaribo, and embarked on a little schooner that one of our friends had placed at our disposal.

'Scarcely had we put to sea, when we were attacked by a corsair that had approached us unperceived in the darkness; our pilot endeavoured to get out of the way. A bullet that pierced our sail, showed him that it was too late; we must lower the sails under pain of being fired at. Our fears were quickly allayed, we had to do with an English privateer; we were able to confide our secret to the trusty Captain, who apologised profusely. At daybreak, we were again greeted with cannon-shot; another corsair was chasing us. We tried to avoid it, but the bullets, whizzing over our heads, struck the helm, causing the pilot to loose his hold. We were about to capsize, and were obliged to stop. What was our terror when we saw only negroes on the bridge, and were hailed in French! All betokened French cruisers from Guadaloupe. We gave ourselves up for lost, and were preparing to make a desperate resistance, when these words fell on our ears: "Good morning, Captain Anderson, how are you?" It was our Captain greeting the Captain of the corsair as he was about to board our ship. He was, in fact, an Englishman, and, as soon as he knew who we were, he showed us much sympathy and consideration. The next day, we were again chased by a large vessel; she was evidently French, and pursued us hotly. Happily, we were able to put into the Berbice River[1] before she overtook us.

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[1] The arrest of Barthélemy, and the attempted arrest of Carnot, took place before that of the other Deputies. When Barthélemy was arrested, his faithful servant, Letellier, asked, and obtained, leave to accompany his master to the Temple.

'We anchored at Berbice, a Dutch colony that had been for two years in the possession of Great Britain. The Governor, M. de Badenbourg and his wife treated us with great kindness. Thence, we went to Demerara on a well-armed frigate that Admiral Harvey had sent to fetch us. The welcome we received at Demerara, was saddened by a new separation. Aubry and Willot became seriously ill with fever, and it was impossible for them to sail, while pressing orders had been given for our departure. Sorrowfully, we left them behind. . . . Aubry died the same evening; Willot rejoined us later, in London.

'Thus, out of the eight who had escaped from

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[1] In British Guiana. [Tr.]

Guiana, we were already reduced to four—Pichegru, Dassonville, Ramel and I. Ramel and Pichegru fell ill too, and gave us much anxiety during the rest of the voyage. At last, on the 21st September 1798, the anniversary of the day we embarked at Rochefort, we cast anchor at Deal, and on the 27th, a cutter arrived to take us to London. How many years seemed to have been crowded into that one year!

'In London we met again the brave Tilly. We had requested an audience of the Minister, in order to express our thanks for the assistance, which we had everywhere received from the Agents of the British Government. On our return, as we were passing through the first audience chamber, a tall thin man sprang from his chair and greeted me enthusiastically, exclaiming: "So you do not recognise Tilly!" At these words, tears of joy and gratitude came to our eyes. He had paid dearly for his generosity. Our flight had caused such general rejoicing at Cayenne, that the Agent of the Directory feared to go counter to public opinion by avowing his suspicions of Tilly. Some time after, he invited him to tea, and while talking with him, expressed his deep sympathy with us, and his satisfaction at our escape. Thereupon, Tilly unhesitatingly told him the truth; scarcely had he done so, when the Agent sprang up in great anger, knocking over the table, and threw himself upon him; he called the guard and had him arrested, and taken to the prison of the fort, threatening to have him shot. The unfortunate Tilly, loaded with chains, remained in prison for two months, at the end of which time he was placed, still in chains, on board the *Décade*, which was returning to France. As luck would have it, the frigate was captured on the voyage by Commodore Pécuel, who released Tilly, and took him to Portsmouth. When we met him, he was on the point of returning home to America, but he delayed his voyage a few days longer in order to be with us.

'Pichegru stayed in the country, eight miles from

London, on account of his health. I should have liked to remain near him, but I was obliged to be in London in order to keep in communication with the King's Commissioners.[1]

'As soon as our arrival became known, many eminent persons came to offer their congratulations, and among them was Commodore Sir Sidney Smith, whom we had left in the Temple.

'In gratitude for having been set free by the courage and ingenuity of Royalists, he had resolved to rescue us from the deserts of Guiana. His preparations were almost completed, when the British Government received news of our escape.

'The King charged his Commissioner in London to express his sympathy to us; the Comte d' Artois also showed his goodwill; moreover, he requested that one of us should go to Edinburgh to give him exact information about France; the political position of Pichegru, upon whom all eyes were turned, prevented his going, and I was chosen in his place. . . .'

[M. de Larue remained ten days in Edinburgh. Before taking leave of the unhappy exiles of Guiana, whose number had since been increased by the arrival of ninety-three men, nearly all of them priests, who had been transported for refusing to take the oath,[2] we insert the following passage from the writings of M. Hyde de Neuville.]

I had never ceased to take interest in the lot of the unhappy priests transported to Sinnamary, and did all in my power to draw attention to their terrible position. With this view, I devised an innocent *ruse* which was very successful. I published a letter under the following title: *Pierre Marie D—— priest, transported to Counonama, to his brother.* I filled in this imaginary outline with the all too accurate details of real misery;

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[1] The Commissioners of Louis XVIII.

[2] The Confirmation of the Decrees against the priests was one of the last acts of the Convention. The Directory availed themselves of it.

my letter was inserted in all the newspapers . . . and called forth deep sympathy with these pathetic victims of religion and duty. Journalists ventured to write strongly on the subject, and at last, compassionate eyes were turned towards Guiana, and its dreadful deserts became known.

Later on, I took more active measures ; and in order to hasten the despatch of a merchant vessel to these desolate coasts, I obtained from the English government a written pass, both general and special. I intended to devote myself to the enterprise, but on reaching France, I learned that the First Consul had sent two frigates to Guiana, on the same errand, three days before. Thus, it was not the will of Heaven that I should take part in this good deed.

# CHAPTER IX

## PROJECT OF A ROYALIST RISING

Preparations for a Royalist Rising.—Another Faction conspires.—Sémonville.—Joubert.—Moreau.—M. de Coigny.—M. Hyde de Neuville and M. de Crénolles leave for London.—They meet the Royalist leaders, Cadoudal and Frotté, in Normandy.—They set sail.—A French Corsair.—They Land.—The Coast-guard.—They set sail again.—Approval of the plan by the Comte d'Artois.—Return to France.—News of the 18th Brumaire received at sea.—Dangers of the journey from the coast of Normandy to Paris.—Safe arrival.

Ever since the 18th Fructidor, I had carefully followed the course of events, and, taking into account the weakness of the government, the disunion among the opposing factions, and the resources of the Royalists, I saw that a bold stroke might save France. For some months, I had been meditating an enterprise which presented little difficulty to me, owing to my connection with the Royalist leaders, the proscribed Deputies, and certain members of the two Councils on whom I could rely. I approached the malcontents among the generals and members of the government, and was able to construct a plan which, if not easy, was at least, possible.

Meanwhile, another faction was plotting—and plotting more successfully—owing to the inertia of the Royalists. Sémonville, Proconsul in Holland,—a skilful politician, whose ambition had led him, at the very outbreak of the Revolution, to declare himself in its favour,—was at the head of the movement. He alone, had devised the plan and assigned the parts, and if he were not to be the only one to benefit by its success, at least, he would derive great advantage from it. Sémonville had recognised the fact, that a government in the hands of men whose names recalled no great event, would not be able to maintain itself. All parties were wearied of the reign of lawyers ; the grand words 'mandatories of the people,' 'national representation,' no longer carried any weight ; the orators of the 'great nation' had lost the prestige given them by their dangerous eloquence. New men were needed for the new circumstances, and as it was mainly a question of concentrating power, of uniting all the government departments under one head, Sémonville felt that military glory alone could support the new system. He, therefore, sought among the Republican generals one capable of playing the important part to which he intended to call him, and at the same time, ready to second his own personal ambition.

Joubert, a brave and unassuming general, esteemed by all parties, and who had kept aloof from the intrigues of the Revolution, seemed the most suitable. The plan of the new Constitution was, therefore, drawn up. A great Elector, having authority somewhat similar to that which Buonaparte afterwards assumed, was to replace the Directory, none of the members of which had, as yet, entered into the plot. Joubert was to be the First Magistrate, and it was he who was to command the troops at the moment of attack. Sémonville, although obliged to work for another, did not wish altogether to lose the fruit of success ; he sought to attach Joubert more closely to himself, by arranging a marriage between him and his step-daughter, which took place within ten days. All the preparations had been made, but the decisive moment was yet far off, when the Directory appointed Joubert, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. He must now, either go to Italy, or lay himself open to suspicions which might lead to the failure of the enterprise. He set out, therefore, two days after his marriage, and elated at the prospect of success, he sought out the enemy, and offered battle ; but scarcely was the engagement begun, when he was struck by a cannon-ball, and died on the field of Novi.

The death of Joubert did not turn Sémonville from his project ; he sought another instrument, and thenceforth, his hopes centred on Moreau.

For several months past, as I have said, I had been meditating an enterprise, somewhat similar to the one I have just described ; the principle would have been the same, but the result different. I had been in communication with the Chevalier de Coigny, the same who was, at one time, so popular in society on account of his wit and good looks. He was now older, and had acquired a degree of judgment which, combined with his devotion to the Royal family, led me to confide part of my project to him. He could not deny the chances in our favour, and was the first to urge me to seek an interview with the Comte d'Artois, in London. As it was desirable that some distinguished man should be empowered to act in the King's name in France, M. de Coigny offered his services, and authorised me to ask for powers on his behalf. I was unwilling to make the journey alone, and M. de Durocher (the Marquis de Crénolles) agreed to accompany me, although he was a stranger to me : we both set out for London.

In passing through Normandy, where we were to embark, I saw Cadoudal, and also Frotté, who was in command of the Royalist insurrection that had just broken out in the Perche and Normandy. These events are too closely connected with my project, to be passed over in silence. It would seem that La Vendée too, had a presentiment of the change of government that was in the air. She would have belied her past, had she not made an effort to turn the course of events in the direction she had so courageously followed. A Council of the leaders, held at La Jonchère, had fixed the rising for the 15th October 1799. George Cadoudal had outlined the plan. They were to seize certain towns, and as far as possible, to spread the insurrection on the side nearest to Paris, in order to second the movement we hoped to arouse there, and especially, to enable us all to meet there in the event of success. A few impatient spirits anticipated the date, and thus, to some extent, destroyed unity of action ; nevertheless, by the end of September, every one was at his post ; and La Vendée, once more in arms, drew upon herself the respect, admiration, and fear of France, and of Europe. Brittany and Normandy now followed her example. It is true, La Vendée had no longer at her head those first martyrs whose blood had fertilised her soil ; she no longer numbered among her soldiers those peasants—as Christian as they were warlike—who, on the morning after the victory, would kneel down beside their fallen foe, and pray for him, before despoiling him of the arms, won by lawful conquest. But the peasant still crossed himself at the name of Cathelineau ; the tradition survived ; hearts still beat quickly, at the thought of Religion and Monarchy ; and the spirit of La Vendée lived again in her new warriors.

Almost on the same day, all parts of the West rise in arms. Châtillon and d'Andigné command in Anjou, and on the right bank of the Loire ; Bourmont in Maine and in the *pays chartrain* ; the Morbihan and Lower Brittany are under George Cadoudal, seconded by Lemercier and Limoëlan ; Upper Brittany, the cradle of the Chouan rising, follows the aged Marquis de la Prévalaye, whose years have not abated his zeal in the good cause. Frotté and Brulard organise Normandy and the Perche : Suzannet is still in Lower Poitou, the scene of the exploits of Charette.

All were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Comte d'Artois, which had been announced, for the third time ; he had just left Edinburgh for the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, in order to be near the place of embarkation. There seemed no doubt as to his intention, and his presence was indispensable before a decisive blow could be struck. Whilst waiting for him, the leaders did not remain inactive. Bourmont seized Le Mans; Châtillon penetrated into Nantes, and only withdrew after having released the Royalists imprisoned there; Vannes was held in check by Cadoudal; Angers, Saumur, Alençon and Rennes were practically blockaded by the Royalists; Laval, Ancenis, Châteaubriant, and many other towns, were in their power; and these brilliant exploits had only occupied one month.

Brulard and Frotté, who had recently returned from England, gave me valuable information with regard to the men by whom the Comte d' Artois was surrounded, and the difficulties I should meet with. Cadoudal expressed his annoyance at the Prince's delay. This brave man, whose bluntness was softened by his kind expression, always went straight to the point. The force of circumstances alone taught him, sometimes, that there were obstacles.

At this time, the crossing to England presented great difficulties to suspected persons, like ourselves. It was not till some months later, that we were able to establish, by way of Boulogne, a more or less regular service for conveying despatches to the Princes. Safe means of transport were rare on the coast of Normandy; however, passages were taken for us on board a strong decked barque, early in October 1799, and we left Caen—Crênolles and I—for the place of embarkation.

We had been some hours at sea, without making much headway, the wind being against us; it was growing dark, when we sighted three luggers, and were the more alarmed as they carried the Republican flag. The master of the boat, with his experience as a sea-wolf, at once recognised them as French corsairs. We were hoping he might be mistaken, when they removed all doubt by giving chase to us. Our situation was critical in the extreme, for we carried compromising despatches. Finding ourselves hard-pressed, we took the course of throwing our portfolio, and all that it contained, into the sea. Still, our position was not much better, for having no passports or papers, we should be looked upon with suspicion, and probably be arrested, and thus hindered from continuing our journey to England. As, up to this time, we had been skirting the coast, we resolved to swim ashore ; in this, we acted on the advice of the master of the boat, who had noticed our anxiety, and was nothing loath to be rid of such compromising passengers. We gained the shore without much difficulty, the water being only up to our shoulders, —fortunately for me, as I was a poor swimmer. Favoured by the darkness, we were not observed by the corsairs ; but on reaching the cliffs which ran along the coast, we found they were steeper than we had thought ; and after following for a long way the strip of land which separates them from the sea, we gave up the attempt to climb them in the darkness that had now set in ; and passed the night on the damp sand in our wet clothes. This brought on rheumatism, to which I have ever since been subject.

When morning dawned, we began to explore the rocks, and found a point where we could scale them ; but it was not without danger, for we often slipped on the wet stones, and fell. At last, we reached the top, and saw a plain lying before us ; we had no idea how far we were from the place where we had embarked, and did not know which way to go. We walked on, and came to a small house, which might have been a fisherman's cottage. We hastened to it, and knocked, but what were our feelings, when we found it occupied by the coast-guards ! As soon as they were awake, they enquired what we wanted. One of us had the presence of mind to say, we had gone out fishing, our boat had sunk, and we had passed the night on the rocks. They said, there was an inn not far off, and it occurred to me to send to it for some wine and brandy, under pretext of restoring our circulation, and to treat the guards with it, to help them to believe our rather improbable story. The innkeeper brought his wares himself. He was a worthy fellow, called Big Rougeot, and agreed to take us, in a wretched fly, to M. de Vaux' house, which we found was only a few leagues away. Our friends were greatly surprised to see us again ; two days later, thanks to the help of the indefatigable M. de Brulard, we were able to embark anew, and reached England safely.

After a first interview, the Comte d' Artois asked me to furnish him with a detailed account of my project ; and he was so much pleased with the report which I drew up, and with the offers of service I had brought him from very influential people, that he, at once, went to London to consult with his Council ; after deliberating for some hours, they gave their approval to the plan as it stood, and only raised a few objections, which I was easily able to meet.

If we consider the attitude of a number of the provinces, it must be owned that our chances were great. The rising in the West, although the most striking, was not the only insurrection. The South was ready to take up arms under General Willot, who was remembered for his firm and wise action during the most troubled times of the Revolution. Bordeaux had been completely enrolled under General Pépin, and was in touch with La Vendée, ready to rally to it at any time. Thus, the Royalist Association formed a great network, covering the whole of France ; it extended from the South to Lyons, which had lost nothing of the loyalty that had inspired resistance to the first tyrants of the Revolution. Lastly, Pichegru was able to count upon the devoted support of the entire population of the Jura and Franche-Comté. The persecutions to which he had been subject, and his brave and romantic escape, had enhanced the prestige of his name. Since his return from Sinnamary, he had been living in Switzerland, on the borders of his own country, the Jura, and but a step from the army he had so gloriously commanded. It was not too much to hope, that these disaffected troops would gladly call back their old leader, and place him at their head. It will be seen, this plan fought the Revolution on its own ground, and it was French arms alone, that were to raise the fallen throne.

I left England, taking with me the powers for M. de Coigny, tokens of gratitude for Pichegru, and special instructions for my own correspondence.

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I was returning to France, my thoughts fully occupied with the final organisation of the Royalist party, when news of the 18th Brumaire reached me at sea. M. Duplessis-Pascault had been sent after us, by the Comte d'Artois, to inform us of the great news. He left Portsmouth two days after we sailed, and only reached the Island of Saint-Marcouf, where we had put into harbour, to find we had gone; he, however, overtook us at sea.

This event, the consequences of which I foresaw only too clearly, and which I had been dreading ever since I heard of Buonaparte's landing at Fréjus, overthrew all my projects. As soon as I reached France, I wrote to *Monsieur*, informing him that, our plans being frustrated, I was going to Paris to make a careful study of the situation.

Need I recount the difficulties we met with on our journey from the coast of Normandy to Paris? Descriptions of M. de Crénolles and me (under other names it is true) had been circulated along the entire route, and we were, thus, unable to use our passports which bore these names.

We were obliged to remain for several days at Evreux, now threatened by Hingaut de St Maur and a band of Chouans, encamped in the Forest of Dreux, who kept the authorities in a state of alarm. We were living in one of those hospitable houses which were always open to the defenders of the Royal cause, when it was searched by gendarmes; whether the search were made on our account, or not, I do not know. M. de Crenolles and I were awakened in the morning by a disturbance in the house, the meaning of which was unmistakable in those days; we found ourselves, so to speak, blockaded in the room we occupied together. Flight was impossible; and a little cupboard near the alcove was our only resource, and a very feeble one. We had hurriedly taken refuge in it, when a young soldier came into the room. After glancing around, he naturally opened the cupboard door. It occurred to me to confide in him, and I exclaimed: 'Do not betray us; our lives are at stake!' Quickly shutting the door, he stopped the gendarmes as they were coming in, saying: 'It is of no use, there is no one here, this room is unoccupied.' A few minutes later, when we were able to leave our hiding-place, we could not help laughing at the sight of M. de Crenolles' wig displayed on the chest of drawers, and we thought how easily this innocent disguise might have cost us our lives.

Two days later, we left by the diligence, the only safe way for us to go to Paris.

We placed in the hands of M. de Coigny the powers conferred upon him by the Comte d'Artois, which he loyally and gratefully received; but the circumstances were no longer the same.

# CHAPTER X

## BUONAPARTE BECOMES FIRST CONSUL. HIS INTERVIEWS WITH M. HYDE DE NEUVILLE

Siéyès becomes one of the Directors.—Return of Buonaparte from Egypt.—Talleyrand and Fouché.—The Coup d'Etat.—The Vendée—Hingaut de St Maur.—Armistice arranged by Bourmont.—Conference of Pouancé.—The Comte d'Artois forbids any further attempt.—M. de Crénolles sent to London.—M. Hyde de Neuville desires negotiations with Buonaparte.—Talleyrand arranges two Interviews.—First Interview, Buonaparte and Hyde de Neuville alone.—Second Interview, Talleyrand present.—M. Hyde de Neuville and General d'Andigné.—Interview fruitless.—Buonaparte's Proclamation.—Conference at Pcuancé broken off.

I MUST here relate how the way had been smoothed for the triumph of Buonaparte.

After the death of Joubert, Sémonville had resolved to support Moreau; but this general, more inclined to hesitation, and perhaps less enterprising than Joubert, waited, and compelled the others to wait, without coming to a decision. Meanwhile, Siéyès had, at last, consented to become a member of the Directory. Since his return from Prussia, where he had been Ambassador, he had joined Sémonville's party, hoping to obtain control of the movement, and to direct it, at will, in the interests of France.

His integrity, and the high position he had acquired, justified him in this hope, which was soon to be realised.

At this juncture, Buonaparte arrived from Egypt; no one expected him; his almost miraculous return impressed all parties. He counted many supporters in Siéyès' party, and must, therefore, have been quickly informed of all that was taking place; and his well-known ambition made it evident that he would not consent to work for another. Siéyès, a clever politician, quickly decided to suggest to Buonaparte, that the proposed attempt should have reference to himself alone.

The General felt reluctant to adopt Siéyès' plan; it would bring him into assocation with a man whom he disliked, whose great name had been acquired apart from his own. Buonaparte was beginning to brook no rival; he grudged Siéyès his political influence; but here was a project ready to hand, which would hasten the fulfilment of his wishes. Talleyrand easily succeeded in reconciling the two men, who each felt the need of the other. He had not neglected the interests of Buonaparte while he was in Egypt; with his keenness of perception, he had recognised that the future lay with the young general, and devoted himself unreservedly to his cause. A common aim drew together these men so different in character; the strength of Buonaparte seemed to find its counterpart in the subtilty of Talleyrand.

There was another, who had, as yet, taken no side; who was kept informed of all the projects, but waited until success should show more clearly, towards which side he should lean; this was Fouché, Minister of Police. With characteristic sagacity, he noticed the way of the wind; but his course of action was hampered by his position with regard to Barras, to whom he owed the office which he held. Buonaparte, on the other hand, treated Barras with contempt and aversion. Thus, it was impossible for Fouché to unite the old master to the new, as he would have liked to do, and to maintain his own influence over them both. Eventually, Barras offended Buonaparte. He offered a high military command to the triumphant General. Buonaparte refused with a shrug of the shoulders. It was the last blow to Barras; in his extremity, he sought to strengthen himself on every side, and by every means; it is certain that he lent an ear to Royalist overtures. His offer to Buonaparte was the last effort of a personality soon to be effaced.

Fouché was not a man to link his fortune indefinitely to one whose day was over, . . . but Buonaparte always regarded him as a creature of Barras, and made little response to his advances. Fouché was not in the secret of the 18th Brumaire; but he foresaw it, and rendered assistance to the plot, the success of which he regarded as certain; hence, on the eventful day, he found himself as deeply implicated as those who had prepared it, and became, immediately, one of the most useful conspirators.

In the group around Buonaparte, who worked, almost openly, for his elevation, and urged him on to the boldest action, there were two men whose talent and subtilty must have reacted upon him. Rœderer and Réal had both played a striking part in the Revolution; and Buonaparte must have regarded their encouragement as a willingness on their part to accept defeat. But what need had he of encouragement or counsel? Born for Revolutions, incapable of those delays that are so disastrous to conspirators, he attacked, and the 18th Brumaire assured him of victory. With such men, events march quickly; we had no Buonaparte on our side.

The Coup d'Etat was a rude check to our hopes. It did not destroy them, however; after the first shock, caused by the sudden change of government, the men who had taken no part in the movement, began to examine its scope, its future, and what chances were left to its opponents. As a matter of fact, there was nothing unlooked for in what had taken place. Opportunity and initiative, then as ever, had brought success to the man who was clever enough to forestall his rivals: but the question of the Monarchy appeared still unsolved. No one foresaw the astounding fortune of Buonaparte. After so many centuries of hereditary Monarchy, the idea of the throne being scaled did not readily take root in men's minds. The Consulship of Buonaparte appeared, rather as a new phase of the Republic than as its end,—a decisive phase it is true, surpassing in importance the memories of the 18th Fructidor; still, the very number of times that power had changed hands within recent years, had lessened the importance of each. Any thought of the rôle of Cromwell had not entered the wildest imagination. Many, and I was among them, dreamed of that of Monk.

There is no question, that the 18th Brumaire was received with feelings of relief and approbation. The longing for order and stability was so general, that the nation congratulated herself on the reins of power being in a firm hand, even though the new order of things were but a transition. The general feeling was rather contempt for the fallen government, than sympathy with the new. . . . . Comparatively little attention was paid to the man who had brought about the event. Any firm, concentrated authority, no matter what, would have been equally well received. Taking all this into account, the Royalists could not look upon their cause as lost, as far as the general position was concerned. They had soon to learn that unexpected resources may be met with in individuals.

Buonaparte was personally little known at this time. He had stood aside on the rare occasions when he was away from the army, and had shut himself up within the narrow circle gathered around him. Probably, he did this of set purpose, rather than from inclination; he wished to keep aloof from all parties. Whatever the motive, this reserve stimulated curiosity, and gave free course to conjecture.

If it had been known, at that time, that he was so ambitious as he afterwards proved himself to be, it would have been more than chimerical to place a shadow of hope upon him. But, I repeat, nothing was then known of Buonaparte, except his military glory. His character had even received a severe blow on the 18th Brumaire. The faint-heartedness that he had then shown, for a moment, was no secret, and only the courage of Lucien[1] saved the situation. This fact passed unnoticed by the multitude, or at least, they paid little attention to it; but it was carefully noted by those who were studying the position.

A great task lay before Buonaparte; to restore immense ruins, and strengthen ground that had been deeply shaken; but everything concurred to render it easy to him. All stretched out their hands to a liberator, no matter whom, and prepared to second his efforts. The miseries which weighed down the country, were so many helps to the government that sought to remedy them. It is always an advantage, for a new order of things to begin with acts of justice and reparation. Buonaparte, at once, abolished the forced loan, and law of hostages, and recalled those who had been transported after the 18th Fructidor. This last measure was a natural consequence of the fall of the Directory; but the act of justice was incomplete,—Pichegru was excluded. This exception, in the case of a fellow-student and comrade-at-arms, showed a want of magnanimity full of rancour and suspicion, that was very significant.

It was a happy chance for Buonaparte, that his fellow-consul Siéyès possessed the knowledge of administration that Buonaparte then lacked, although it must be owned that he acquired it with marvellous facility. It would be difficult, indeed, to say what favourable chances were wanting to him. Men, hitherto the most hostile, were carried away by the stream. Even Moreau, who had been chosen as the future Dictator, became, in a manner, his lieutenant; it was an act of renunciation that did Moreau honour.

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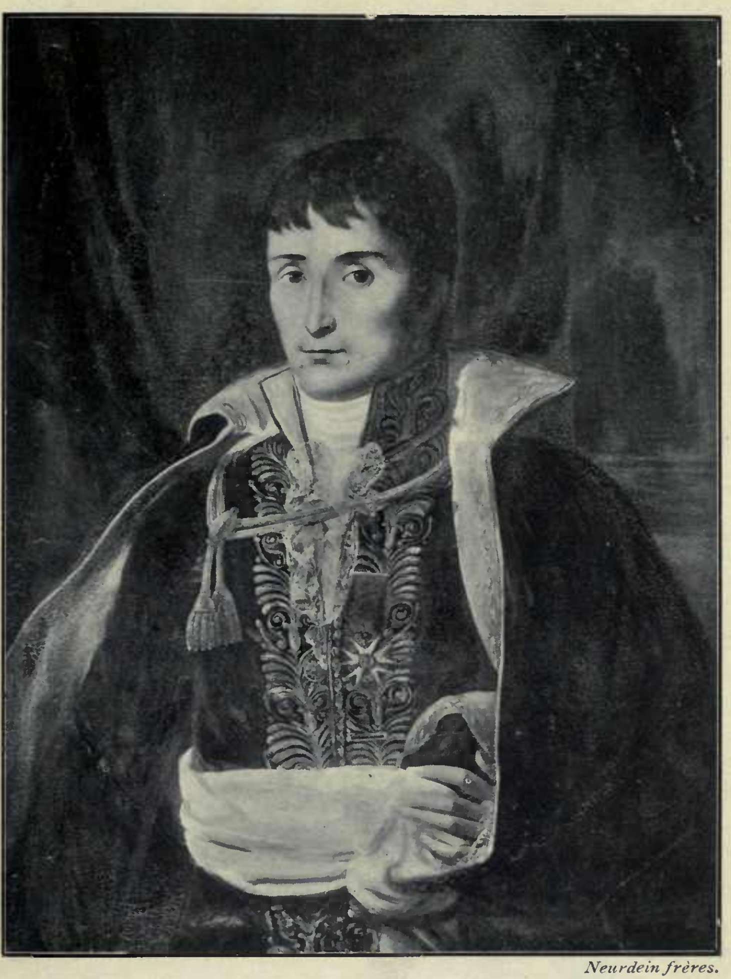
[1] Lucien was presiding over the Council of the Five Hundred, and when Napoleon retreated before the vociferations of the Assembly, Lucien braved the storm, and prevented the decree of outlawry being passed. Buonaparte reappeared, with an escort of soldiers under Murat and Leclerc, and the Council melted away, some of the members escaping through the windows. Compare *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. 1, p. 144.



*Neurdein frères.*

LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

*By Lefèvre (Musée de Versailles).*

The 18th Brumaire made little change in the Vendée, where Buonaparte was not so well known as in other parts of France . . . He had, however, set his heart on bringing peace to the Vendée ; and commissioned General Hédouville, who was in command at Nantes, to open negotiations with the Vendéan leaders. It was a wise choice. Hédouville was clever, patient and conciliating, and an armistice proposed by him was signed by Bourmont, de Châtillon, and d'Autichamp ; it was but a preliminary to the Conferences to be opened at Pouancé. Bourmont, who conducted the negotiations, obtained so many concessions that the armistice became a moral victory for La Vendée.

At this time, a bold enterprise had brought the Chouans almost to the gates of Paris.[1] Hingaut-de-Saint-Maur, after forcibly releasing Le Chandelier from prison at Caen, had marched towards Paris and seized Pacy-sur-Eure ; while Le Chandelier, after having invested Ferté-Vidame and Montfort-l'Amaury, reached the very gates of Versailles. This bold stroke strengthened the hands of Bourmont. The mere fact of a government offering to treat with it, shows the greatness of an insurrection ; the other half of the leaders, recognising the importance which the First Consul attached to them, were the less inclined for peace ; Cadoudal and Frotté would not hear of it . . . .

The 18th Brumaire had necessitated a new study of the ground. My correspondence with London became more active ; for now, it was more than ever important to ensure unity of action between London, La Vendée, and Paris. We had organised a regular transmission of secret despatches, by way of Amiens, Boulogne, and the Marcouf Isles. We—M. de Coigny and I—corresponded most regularly with M. Duthiel,[2] but often with the Count d'Artois himself ; we wrote under feigned names[1] and used several cyphers alternately. MM. de Vauxnoir and d'Andreville crossed the Channel by turns, and we often employed other safe persons for conveying our messages.[2]

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[1] This was shortly before M. Hyde de Neuville's return to Paris with M. de Crénolles. [Tr.]

[2] The Agent of Louis XVIII in London. [Tr.]

Immediately after the 18th Brumaire, *Monsieur* enjoined on us to make no further attempt for the present, but to supply him with full information with regard to the situation. With this view, we sent M. de Crénolles back to London. We, ourselves, were of one mind as to the necessity of temporising. A vague hope had taken possession of me, which inclined me towards delay. I thought, it might be possible to enter into negotiations with the real head of the government. Viewed in the light of history, this hope seems chimerical. But, at that time of moral crisis, when enthusiasm was so quickly aroused—enthusiasm to which my youth predisposed me[3],—the part that the First Consul might play, seemed to me so noble, that I could scarcely doubt its possibility.

Circumstances favoured my dream. I accidentally became acquainted with M. de Talleyrand, and we had several conversations together, which I reported to *Monsieur* in cypher[4] . . . In this letter, so far from exaggerating, I rather understated the half-hopes that Talleyrand held out to me ; hence, the Comte d'Artois, and his advisers, did not relish the project of direct overtures to Buonaparte, from which they expected nothing. But I could not lay aside this chance without sounding it to its depths ; and as it was urgent that the interview with Buonaparte should take place before the proposed Peace was concluded, I resolved—without waiting for M. de Crénolles' return—to ask for the audience that had been promised, almost suggested, to me.

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[1] M. Hyde de Neuville was 'Paul Berry,' the Comte d'Artois 'Honoré'. [Tr.]

[2] How can we forget the brave women who took part in this exchange of despatches,—Mme. de Croixmare, a friend of the de Vaux, Madame Williams, who had married an English merchant, and to whom we gave the name of 'the little sailor,' because one day she crossed the straits disguised as a midshipman, in order to deliver some important papers into the hands of the Comte d'Artois ! Above all, Rose de Banville, of whom I shall speak later, and who was called the 'Joan of Arc of Normandy.' [from the *Mémoires*].

[3] He was then 23. [Tr.]

[4] Passages from this letter together with the key to the cypher are given in the *Mémoires*, vol. 1, ch. vii, pp. 263-265.

On looking back, I am convinced that the First Consul was not sorry to allow the Royalists to entertain the hope that he might restore the Bourbon throne ; the illusion would further the pacification which he desired above all things. Many circumstances pointed this way, both in our interview with him, and in the hints thrown out at the Conference in La Vendée—hints which led the Vendéan generals to send d'Andigné to Paris, in the hope of learning the real intentions of the First Consul . . . .

Before speaking of the interviews we had—General d'Andigné and I,—with Buonaparte, I ought to mention the guarantees that were offered by M. de Talleyrand with regard to our personal safety. As I was liable at any time to arrest, it was arranged that a safe-conduct should be given to me ; and with singular delicacy of thought, the Prince de Talleyrand offered to take me up into his carriage on the Place Vendôme, in order to avoid knowing where I lived ; accordingly, on two occasions, I met him there, and he drove me to the Luxembourg.

The high position of General d'Andigné necessitated special precautions ; the safe-conduct was sent to him in La Vendée, with the promise that he should be allowed to return thither, whatever might be the issue of the negotiations.

I saw Buonaparte twice at the Luxembourg. The first interview was short, and intended to prepare for the second, which was of a more official character ; as I was then accompanied by M. d'Andigné, who had been entrusted with a letter to Buonaparte from the Royalist leaders.

I was deeply moved, at the thought of finding myself face to face with the man who held in his hand the destiny of the cause to which I had devoted my life; although, considering the distinction which the General had as yet attained, this secret agitation was excessive. M. de Talleyrand left me at the door of a small room, saying, he would tell the First Consul that I was there. I waited a long time. Entirely preoccupied with the responsibility I was about to incur, anxious that no word should escape me that might compromise the position of affairs in La Vendée, or that of the individual leaders, I was not so much thinking of the personage I was about to see, as going over in my mind what I was to say to him.

The door opened. Instinctively, I looked at the man who came in, short, thin, his hair plastered on his temples, his step hesitating; he was not in the least what I had pictured to myself.

I was so much wanting in perception, that I took him for a servant; a mistake which was confirmed, when he walked across the room without taking any notice of me. He leaned his back against the chimney-piece, raised his head, and looked at me with such an expressive, such a penetrating glance, that I lost all my assurance under the fire of that questioning eye. To me, he had suddenly grown taller by a hundred cubits. I have since asked myself, whether my emotion had not been an instinctive presentiment of the future.

The General received me coldly; his manner, almost stern in its penetration, nevertheless expressed good-will towards me. I think he guessed the emotion I had passed through, and was flattered by it. He had not yet become indifferent to the impression he produced, but, on the contrary, seemed to try to excite it. The audience I had come to ask for, was fixed for the next day, the 27th December. Only a few words were said with reference to the object of this conference ; and they were marked by a moderation which almost amounted to admiration for La Vendée : Buonaparte owned that the war was great and noble ; he said, the Vendéans were right in fighting, but that, now he was at the head of the government, his word ought to be a sufficient guarantee to everyone. The questions involved were scarcely touched upon, not one was fully discussed, and everything was adjourned until the next day.

While under the favourable impression of this first conversation, I wrote the same day to Bourmont : 'The Government is resolved, at any cost, to make concessions ; it desires peace with the Royalists, and looks upon you as its most dangerous enemy. It would, therefore, be well to treat directly with Buonaparte. . . .'

At our second interview with the First Consul, M. de Talleyrand was present. It took place at the Luxembourg, at ten o'clock in the evening ; Buonaparte seemed more nervous than the day before, but received us well. Nearly all the time we were there, he stood with his arms crossed behind his back ; sometimes, when more animated, he would stride rapidly up and down the room. He spoke first to M. d'Andigné of his brother, whom he had known in his 1st Regiment of Artillery, at La Fère, and had met again at Malta, and in Egypt. He praised him, and enquired the relationship between them. Then, he read the letter we had just handed to him, and at once, entered upon the subject of our mission. Afterwards, we came to an understanding with regard to the conditions on which peace could be treated.

The restoration of such of the property of the *émigré* officers as remained unsold, and the exemption of all the insurgent districts from conscription, presented no difficulty. With regard to the re-establishment of religion, the First Consul raised a few objections in detail, but yielded, as soon as M. de Talleyrand had expressed himself in favour of our views. Important as they were, these various points only served to conceal the real subjects which each side had at heart. A more burning question must be entered upon.

It is not true that Napoleon made the brutal proposals to us that have been attributed to him. This would have been a want of respect; on the contrary, he treated us, personally, with every mark of consideration and courtesy, even when he gave way to violent outbursts. His hot temper seemed to me the sort of anger that gives an opportunity of saying anything; an anger, almost voluntary, and under control, if not altogether assumed. I have always thought, since, that there was as much policy, as nature, in Napoleon's anger.

General Gourgaud, speaking of our interview with the First Consul, says: 'Hyde de Neuville seemed an intelligent young man, ardent without being passionate; d'Andigné was in a fury.'[1]

Napoleon should have been more just to d'Andigné; he was not in a fury, but acted as a man of spirit and courage. Perhaps, I showed more moderation, but we were both, as in duty bound, firm in our convictions and unshaken by Buonaparte's seductions; for the great man left nothing unsaid to persuade us to come over to his side: 'The Bourbons have no longer a chance; you have done your duty to them; you are brave, take your stand on the side of glory.' Then, turning to me, he added: 'Yes, come under my flag; my government will be the government of youth and talent.' M. d'Andigné interposed, exclaiming: 'Our place is elsewhere.' Then the First Consul answered proudly: 'Would you be ashamed to wear the same uniform as Buonaparte?'

General Gourgaud says: 'This conference lasted half-an-hour, and each side became convinced that there was no possibility of an understanding.'[2] The conference lasted much longer.

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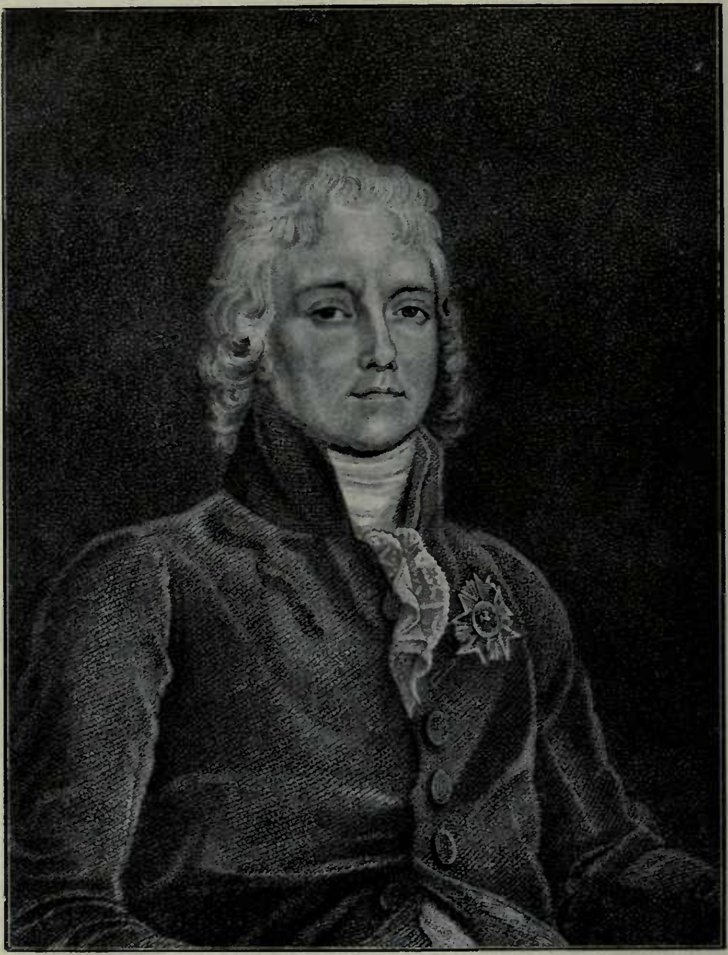
[1] *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France sous Napoléon, écrits à Sainte Hélène par les généraux qui ont partagé sa captivité*, t. 1$^{er}$ écrit par le general Gourgaud, p. 127.

[2] *Idem.*



CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD,
PRINCE DE BENEVENTE.
*By Gérard.*

Buonaparte admitted that he had himself thought of the Bourbons under that 'blackguardly Directory,'—it was the expression he used,—but he had come to the conclusion that France had rejected them, and that Europe did not wish them back. Then, he allowed himself to speak insultingly of that august family; he reproached *Monsieur*, and the young Princes with their inaction: 'Why have they not come to fight!' he exclaimed. We replied that we could not listen to such remarks; that our Princes were brave, and had only been detained by considerations of great importance, and that he himself must feel that his words placed us in a very painful position. D'Andigné took up his hat, and spoke strongly. Buonaparte calmed down, and a moment later, he said: 'But, to come to the point, what do you want to bring the Civil War to an end?' 'Two things,' I answered, 'Louis XVIII to reign by right over France, and Buonaparte to cover her with glory.'

Far from being annoyed at my words, he seemed pleased, he smiled. The thought of glory made him overlook hereditary monarchy. He protested, however, that he would not restore the Bourbons, and repeated several times that, if the Royalists did not come over to him, they would be exterminated. 'I shall burn your towns and cottages!' he exclaimed. Still, he continued to speak well of the Royalists, and with great respect of the priests who had been faithful to religion. He said: 'I too desire good priests.' (And M. de Talleyrand was standing by him.) 'I would have religion honoured and protected, for the sake of the country, and for my own sake; on this point we shall soon come to an understanding.' We parted, without having treated for peace, but the main point was only too clearly decided as the result of this conversation.

The Prince of Benevento[1] has been most unjustly accused of want of good faith towards me; he did not deceive me; he did not try to entangle me. He went so far as to speak to me with the utmost frankness, and continually proved to me, that in the heart that has gone astray, there still remains esteem for those who have followed the path of duty. As he was driving with me in his carriage, the first time I saw Buonaparte, he referred to the Comte d'Artois almost in terms of affection.

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[1] Talleyrand. [Tr.]

Speaking of the First Consul, he said: 'If he can get over one year, he will make his way. He is a man who thinks himself master of fortune, and his amazing confidence in his star, inspires his followers with equal confidence.' 'But do you think,' I rejoined, 'that the present can uproot the future!' 'No one has the secret of the future,' said M. de Talleyrand. He added that only Buonaparte himself, could support the edifice he was raising. 'His coat only fits his figure; and therein lies the danger of your present position.' We returned to the subject of *Monsieur*. 'Let him be assured,' said M. de Talleyrand, 'that while unable to serve the Prince, I am none the less devoted to his person; there does not exist a more amiable man, more worthy to be loved.' We readily understood one another on this point.

Another time, M. de Talleyrand spoke of his youth, and of the infirmity which had so greatly influenced his destiny. 'But for this leg, I should most likely have followed a military career. Who knows,' he added laughing, 'I might have been now an *émigré*, or like you, an envoy of the Bourbons.' All through these negotiations, I have nothing but good to say of M. de Talleyrand.

It will be seen what an impression had been made upon me by the marvellous man, the giant, with whom I had just been speaking. When one is very young, there is some merit in not being shaken by a new Hercules. I would gladly have saluted the High Constable, and followed the hero against the enemies of France. From every point of view, I was sorry to read, only too plainly, through the words of the First Consul, what were his real intentions towards us; but it was impossible any longer to deceive ourselves; he would never be on our side.

Our interview was fruitless; still, it served to show each party, what might be expected of the other. Just as we could no longer entertain any doubt with regard to Buonaparte, so he had learned that we, and those who were on our side, were not to be gained over as cheaply as, perhaps, he had hoped.

The day after our audience, a Proclamation from the First Consul appeared in the *Moniteur*; it had evidently been inspired by what had passed between us.

It was like a final challenge before the combat, but it breathed the secret desire to win over his enemies, rather than to be forced to conquer them. It contained promises and concessions in abundance, side by side with the severest threats; and this very violence, showed his eagerness to reach a goal which he despaired of attaining. At the close of the Proclamation, an amnesty was granted to the rebels, the lists of proscription against the *émigrés* cancelled, and liberty of worship restored, on condition of laying down arms. Possibly, the insulting words of the Proclamation were intended to mask the extent of the concessions; they were, however, of such a nature, that acceptance was impossible. The promises and the insults of the First Consul must be rejected together.

'The authors of these troubles,' he said, 'are the senseless partisans of two men who have neither done honour to their rank by virtues, nor to their misfortunes by exploits. Despised by the foreigner, whose hatred they have aroused, without inspiring his sympathy, they are, nevertheless, traitors, sold to England, and tools of her fury. . . . To such men, the government owes neither consideration, nor a declaration of its principles; but there are citizens dear to their country, who have been led astray by their artifices : it is to these citizens, that enlightenment and truth are due. . . .'

The Vendéan leaders, even those who were inclined towards peace, recognised the impossibility of accepting these terms, which at once flattered the masses, and calumniated the Bourbon Princes in the most outrageous way. The Conference at Pouancé was immediately brought to an end.

# CHAPTER XI

## CLOSE OF THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE

New Proclamation.—Toustain.—Royalist Preparations in Paris.—Counter-Police.—Waiting for the landing of a Prince.—M. Hyde de Neuville and his brother drape the Portico of the Madeleine.—M. Hyde de Neuville placards the Statue of Liberty.—War in La Vendée.—The Abbé Bernier.—Peace of Montfaucon.—Cadoudal, d'Andigné, and Bourmont, successively yield.—Frotté yields, at last.—Violation of Safe-conduct.—Frotté shot.

AFTER our check with the First Consul, the active measures, strongly urged upon us by our Committee in London, became our sole resource. We were bound by no tie of duty to the new government; and should have had no more scruple in overthrowing it, than in overthrowing the Directory. Buonaparte had just set us an example in this, which we were free to follow; only our difficulties had increased. Moreover, the First Consul had issued a new Proclamation[1] which removed any hesitation we may have felt. In place of the concessions of his first Proclamation, he announced the most violent measures in the most insulting language: 'Let me soon hear that the lives of the rebel leaders are ended! Be inexorable towards the brigands!' and these orders were supported by a decree, that all persons taken with arms in their hands should be put to the sword; that everyone inciting to rebellion should be shot down on the spot; and that every commune that offered asylum or protection to the brigands, should be treated as in revolt.

Buonaparte was not a man to be content with idle words, or mere threats; what he said, he did. The victim chosen to furnish an example of his policy towards La Vendée, was Toustain, a young officer belonging to the little army of Maine and Anjou. He had come to Paris, under protection of the armistice, in order to see his brother, the Comte de Toustain, who was imprisoned in the Temple. He was accused of having come to purchase arms and munitions of war for the Royalists; the finding of a few white cockades in his rooms, was all the evidence against him; but less than this was enough for the barbarous vengeance that was to be gratified by the death of this boy,—he was not yet nineteen. A Council of War condemned poor Toustain, and a few hours later, he was shot on the plain of Grenelle, in spite of the murmurs and sympathy of the crowd, who, carried away by the sight of his youth and beauty, were indignant at this murder, cloaked with the lying semblance of justice. Toustain was a friend of mine, and his death filled me with grief and anger, bordering on frenzy.

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[1] 8th January 1800.

By such acts, Buonaparte showed that he had not departed from the revolutionary deeds of the preceding governments; besides, he had thrown down the gauntlet, it behoved us to take it up. Bourmont wrote to me, on the 17th January, that he was no longer thinking of anything but war, and counted upon our help. For our part, we redoubled our efforts. Even while we still hoped to come to an agreement with the First Consul, it had appeared so uncertain that we continued our preparations. In addition to having secretly enrolled a body of troops at Paris, which, with the authorisation of the Comte d'Artois, I had placed under one of Frotté's officers,[1] we had established a counter-police. It was of the first importance, to keep ourselves informed of any measures the Government might take against us. This difficult task demanded ability, intelligence, and prudence, and we found them in M. Duperron (Marchand), who had been recommended to us by our Committee in London. It would seem an impossible enterprise to outwit the police by discovering their secrets, while we were ourselves compelled to work in concealment; yet, we received, every day, a report which kept us in touch with those presented to the government by the central Bureau of Police. We were informed of all the denunciations made against the Royalists, of the warrants about to be issued against them, and we knew which of the Royalists had been placed under the observation of the real police. The information always proved correct.

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[1] The Chevalier de Margadel; he was arrested and shot on 19th December 1800.

We could not restrict ourselves to purely defensive measures. The recent suppression of the greater number of the newspapers, led us to establish a secret paper the *Invisible.* It appeared twice a week, and was circulated all over France, in spite of the efforts of the government to prevent it; the mystery attached to this paper increased its popularity; we also published a great number of pamphlets. Our efforts were impeded by the want of funds; the sums received, at rare intervals, from the Comte d'Artois, were far below the requirements of the most disinterested conspiracy. Thus, our Committee was obliged to advance ten thousand francs to Bourmont for the purchase of arms, before they had received anything from London.

Foremost among the active measures to be taken, I placed the presence of *Monsieur* in La Vendée. Quite a number of projects, of which the most important was the capture of Brest, turned on the landing of one of the Princes.[1] My brother, who was studying for the Navy at Brest, and our other correspondents, constantly spoke of the disaffection of this town towards the government; and what was quite as much in our favour, Brest was almost without garrison. A similar state of things prevailed at Paris, where the troops only numbered three thousand men, so completely had the armies on the frontier left the capital without means of defence. The First Consul, indeed, boasted of this absence of military force, hoping to inspire confidence by being the first to show it; it was, however, a coincidence favourable to our plans, and it behoved us to take advantage of it. Our overtures were received in a friendly manner by several generals, who were secretly annoyed because their equal had become their leader; although unwilling to be active agents in the cause, they were ready to second the project when once the impulse was given. Others, among them were, not only Moreau, but Bernadotte, Macdonald, Beurnonville, Berthier even, and Augereau, were openly known to be dissatisfied; although their Revolutionary opinions did not lead them to our side, their hostility to Buonaparte rendered it unlikely that he would find in them warm defenders. The Vicomte de Viomesnil was to command the Vendéan attack. We asked nothing from England; not a single Englishman was to land, although, after our project was discovered, it was held up to public obloquy as an English conspiracy. The noble soil of La Vendée has never been trodden by the foreigner; it has been watered only by the blood of her own sons.

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[1] Hédouville had written to the two Consuls during the negotiations: 'If a Bourbon Prince had had the courage to throw himself into the midst of these thousands of insurgents . . . . the Republic would to-day be seriously endangered. They are always waiting for a Prince, the sea is open to them, for George on the one side, and Frotté on the other, have swept the coast.'

Time went on, *Monsieur* did not come, and every day was worth a century; every day lessened our hopes and our chances. Inaction is disastrous to a party that seeks to recover its rights; it is only by the vigour with which it manifests its existence, that it is able to obtain recognition. While awaiting the decisive blow we hoped to strike, we strove to keep the Royalist cause before the public mind. In dealing with the populace, great results are often produced, by apparently trifling means, and it is seldom that boldness fails to evoke sympathy. The press had to a great extent been silenced, and it is, under such circumstances, that the voice of the people recovers its full strength.

On the 21st January, the anniversary of the death of the King, my brother and I arranged to drape the portico of the Madeleine with a long black curtain, upon which we fastened the Testament of Louis XVI. This touching memorial of the Royal Martyr's clemency towards his executioners, was then hardly known, and had never been printed. We carried out the bold enterprise during the night, regardless alike of the night-watchmen, who might at any moment have surprised us, and of the passers-by, who might have denounced us. There were six of us, all too few for the work in hand ; the long ladders we were obliged to use, were difficult to conceal from the police. We succeeded, however, and I even carried out a yet more daring attempt. The Testament of Louis XVI was accompanied by a Proclamation from the Comte d'Artois. We thought the effect would be too restricted if these documents were merely placed on the Madeleine ; and we, therefore, placarded them, the same night, through the whole town. I, myself, undertook to paste them on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty which stood in the Place de La Révolution. A sentinel was always on guard there ; but while he was going round the four sides of the Statue, I followed him, and as I did not keep step with him, but purposely quickened or slackened my pace, I contrived to obtain a few moments while the soldier was inspecting the other three sides. The work required agility, and was soon over.

When it is remembered that the National Festival to commemorate the 'Death of the Tyrant,' had scarcely been abolished, it is easy to imagine the sensation in Paris, the next morning, at the sight of all these placards, and especially of the black curtain over the Madeleine ; the Testament of Louis XVI would have produced much less effect without this funereal back-ground ; crowds are like children, they must be appealed to through the eye. A few days later, I wrote to *Monsieur*, 'The Madeleine was still draped in black at nine o'clock in the morning ; people flocked to it from all parts, and a great number of soldiers assembled there ; the remarks we heard show the trend of public opinion. The soldiers only said : "The men who did that are no cowards ; they were not afraid of the guards ; Louis XVIII ought to give them the Cross of St Louis" ; and similar remarks, but nothing opprobious to the Royalists. The people spoke openly of the return of the Monarchy, and of the happiness that would follow. The government ordered the curtain to be taken down, and this was done by the soldiers in an orderly and respectful manner. In several quarters, the people opposed the removal of the Proclamations. The government caused a search to be made for the authors of the attempt, but nothing transpired.'

An active search was, in fact, made for us, but without result ; the warning we received, some time later, from our counter-police had nothing to do with this incident. M. Duperron warned me, on the 1st February, that I had been denounced to the Central Bureau ; but two days later, he informed me that no denunciation had been made, but that the Minister of Police had, of his own accord, placed me under observation, without assigning any reason. I recognised in this the malevolence of Fouché ; it was not the first time it had been exercised with regard to me ; there was an old acquaintanceship between us, kept up by similar polite attentions. M. de Coigny was also placed under observation, and we were obliged to redouble our precautions.

Our cause was faring badly. The noble Vendée was bending beneath the weight of numbers. She was compelled to recognise that courage and heroism have their limits, and to cease that gigantic struggle, which has been the marvel of history,—a struggle only rendered possible by those two words, God and the

King. In those words lay the secret of the victories, gained by a handful of inexperienced men over the greatest generals of that age of military glory.

A new government had arisen under a firm hand, holding a victorious sword. This hand appeared severe, but, at least, it bade fair to wipe out the shame of the Directory. While rejecting one of the two great principles of La Vendée, Buonaparte had already begun to show favour to the other ; and sure signs foretold that the Altars would be raised up again. Thoughts such as these, filled the minds of the Royalist leaders, and were skilfully promulgated among them by the famous *curé* of Saint-Laud. It is impossible to say to what extent the Abbé Bernier was actuated by conviction, friendliness to the government, or personal ambition, but it is certain that his intervention was decisive. He succeeded in wresting from the Royalist leaders, almost by surprise, the Peace of Montfaucon, concluded within a few hours, and signed by d' Autichamp, La Prévalaye, Suzannet and Châtillon. The Abbé Bernier had skilfully arranged the Conference without the presence of Bourmont, Frotté, and Cadoudal, who were known to be opposed to peace. Only four generals had signed the Treaty, but the work was more than half done by the moral impression produced.

Brilliant exploits, it is true, still marked the last days of the Army of the West. George Cadoudal, Bourmont, and Frotté continued the struggle ; but General Brune was sent against them with thirty-five thousand experienced troops, and in spite of the battles of Granchamp, Hennebon, and Pont-du-Lac, where the victory was either indecisive, or on the side of the Chouans, Cadoudal was compelled to follow the example of the generals on the left bank of the Loire. After an interview with General Brune, in which the most honourable terms were conceded, he signed, in his turn, the Treaty of Peace. Two days later, d'Andigné found himself drawn into the pacification by the submission of Châtillon, their troops forming one corps. Bourmont carried on the war until after the Battle of Meslay, where he was wounded, and then signed. La Vendée, Maine, Anjou, and Brittany had yielded, one after another. Thanks to the intrepid valour of Frotté, Normandy had the honour of being the last to lay down arms. Seconded by lieutenants like Boisgny, Hingaut de Saint-Maur, and Le Chandelier, Frotté sustained the war fifteen days longer than the other leaders; they were like fifteen centuries, so dangerous was his position after their submission, his own forces weakened, and all hope lost of reinforcements, or of a diversion in his favour. But to those who knew Frotté, it was evident that he would yield only when every resource had been exhausted. Circumstances had drawn me closer to him, than to the other Royalist leaders; we had been on more intimate terms, and I had myself seen the intrepid champions of the Royal cause in Normandy. Overwhelmed, on all sides, by forces a hundredfold superior to their own, they showed such constancy that even defeat was glorious. Success was declared for Frotté, for the last time, at Cossé; all his subsequent encounters were fatal, and decimated his troops. At length, he consented to treat; but his long resistance had exasperated the First Consul, who gave the barbarous order to burn the insurgent communes.

A rumour was spread abroad at the time, that Frotté's fate was influenced by the memory of a quarrel between the two young soldiers, Buonaparte and Frotté, when they were fellow-students at the Ecole Militaire. However this may be, if his death were not a mean revenge, it was, at least, inexcusable, and evidence of that imperious nature which refused to brook opposition, and would make an example of Frotté, in defiance of all laws of equity and honour.

It has been vainly attempted to throw the odium of his death upon General Chamberlac, and a misunderstanding of orders; but Chamberlac was only a pliant tool of premeditated rigour. In view of the vengeance he proposed to take, the First Consul had placed Normandy under the orders of General Lefèvre, Commandant at Paris, removing Hédouville, whose equity and moderation had been shown in the Treaties signed with the Vendéan leaders. Hédouville would never have consented to receive the order, sent by the First Consul, to give no quarter to Frotté. Buonaparte, therefore, sent three of his lieutenants to Chamberlac and Guidal, and Chamberlac perpetrated an odious act of treachery. He insisted on treating with Frotté directly, at Alençon, and sent him a safe-conduct. Disregarding, alike his own presentiments and the advice of his friends, Frotté complied ; and on his arrival at Alençon, was at once arrested, together with his six companions, who had been included in the safe-conduct. They were transferred immediately to Verneuil, where they found a Military Commission already formed ; we might expect a summary verdict from this kind of tribunal when the First Consul's wish was known. It has been alleged against Frotté that he had written letters to his principal lieutenants, enjoining them to treat, if necessary, but without laying down their arms. The insurgents had a right to stipulate such and such conditions, since the government was not pardoning the vanquished, but negotiating with them, as one power with another. Frotté never denied having counselled this precaution, and when he was before his judges, he added, that it had been justified by the conduct of the First Consul towards himself. Then, having asked for some refreshment, he raised his glass, saying : 'To the King of France !' A few hours later, he was shot in the midst of his companions at arms; and a crime brought the noble War of La Vendée to an end.

The news of the arrest of Frotté had quickly spread to Paris, where it aroused such general reprobation, that petitions were, at once, addressed to the First Consul on his behalf. Buonaparte found means to escape, in part, the odium of the verdict, without rendering it less sure.

He despatched a reprieve, by a courier who was timed to arrive, and did in fact arrive, too late. I was attached to Frotté; and his death, added to that of Toustain, opened my eyes forever to the character of the Ruler, the glamour of whose exploits, increased by the hopes I had entertained of him, had for a moment fascinated me.

The war being over in La Vendée, our projects of action in Paris had received an almost final check; for it was only in concert with the operations in La Vendée, that we could hope to attempt ours.

# CHAPTER XII

## JOURNEY TO ENGLAND WITH GEORGE CADOUDAL

The Royalist generals come to Paris.—Buonaparte fails to win them over—Cadoudal.—He goes to England with M. Hyde de Neuville.—The Court of the Princes.—Impatience of Cadoudal.—M. Hyde de Neuville appointed the King's Commissioner in Brittany.—Arrest of the Royalist Agents in Paris.—The Abbé Godard.—Silence of M. Hyde de Neuville.—He goes to Jersey.—The Duc de Coigny after the Restoration.—Cadoudal in Brittany.—Battle of Marengo.—M. Hyde de Neuville returns to London to report to the Count d'Artois.—He asks leave to go to France.—Mme. Hyde de Neuville and M. Paul Hyde de Neuville are released from prison.—M. de Larue evades arrest.

When treating with the Royalist leaders, Buonaparte had looked beyond the mere pacification of the insurgent provinces; he wished to win over to himself the men whose noble conduct would enhance the brilliancy of his new-born power. In nearly every treaty, it was stipulated that the leaders should come to Paris, and in fact, nearly all of them did so.

Even Cadoudal, in spite of his invincible repugnance, felt bound to keep his word on this point, The indignation caused by Frotté's death, did, it is true, nearly lead him to evade his promise; it taught him what was to be expected from the good faith of Buonaparte. But the thought of seeming to fly from danger, decided him.

I saw a great deal of the Royalist generals while they were in Paris, and became greatly attached to George Cadoudal, whose rugged nature and brusque manners concealed, not only an uprightness and frankness that called forth sympathy, but a heart open to every noble feeling. I had never met with such force of character, and it excited my enthusiasm.

The interviews of these distinguished men with Buonaparte, were worthy of them all ; on the one side, overtures were lavished, with the consideration due to their well-known merits ; the First Consul seeking to draw them to the new government, by reminding them of glory and of their country. Not one allowed himself to be gained over by these brilliant offers, or by the pressure which Buonaparte brought to bear upon some of them. The loyalty of the King's servants, less difficult to maintain on the battle fields of La Vendée, than in the Palace of the Tuileries, never failed. Those who do not shrink from danger often succumb to allurements, but the noble Vendéans remained true to themselves, and retired to their devastated homesteads, after an interchange of courtesies with Buonaparte, but without having accepted any of his favours.

George Cadoudal saw him last of all, and alone, having purposely delayed an interview that was painful to him. It was not a very peaceful one. The offers of Buonaparte were listened to with discouraging coldness ; George refused them, with scarcely concealed contempt. The First Consul, who desired to know the reason of his resistance, talked with him for a long time, restraining his growing anger ; but Cadoudal came away unconquered. These two men, whose iron natures had kept up a perpetual challenge during the interview, parted with hatred for one another. I saw Cadoudal, as he was leaving the Tuileries ; he was agitated, but only from long self-repression. Holding out his arms, he exclaimed : 'How I should have liked to crush him with these strong arms !'

Buonaparte was not in the mood to bear this resistance patiently. The memory of Frotté's fate was not calculated to reassure us ; and after some warnings had been conveyed to us, we thought it prudent for George to leave France as soon as possible ; and I decided to accompany him to London.

Denunciations against me had been renewed. Our counter-police informed us, that Fouché had just announced to the Central Bureau the existence of a conspiracy to restore the Monarchy; that warrants were about to be issued for the arrest of some of the conspirators; the Bureau was urged to redoubled vigilance. It is true, as Duperron assured us, the Minister of Police had no precise information with regard to our Agency. M. de Coigny and I, recognised the need of increased precaution; and as the Comte d'Artois had commanded the presence of one of us in London, in order to receive the new instructions necessitated by the recent events in La Vendée, it was decided that I should go; and that during my absence, M. de Coigny should keep out of the reach of Fouché's agents.

We left for Boulogne—Cadoudal and I—accompanied by La Carrière, one of our political friends. We were detained for a while at Boulogne by bad weather; and Bourmont, who was anxious about our fate, sent young Sourdat to hasten our departure. We embarked the same night, although the weather was still threatening. It was Sunday; the Breton was firm in all his convictions; for him, duty under any form must be done. Religion was not yet openly practised; in most places it was surrounded with mystery, or at least, with precautions. A midnight Mass was the only delay to our flight, for our departure had taken that character. Although the philosophical ideas in vogue at that time, had never been able to outweigh the lessons I had learned at my mother's knee, I had not, in the same degree, the living faith of the Breton; and I was touched by the sight of this well-nigh ferocious soldier, kneeling with deep religious reverence,—this soldier, whom a war, calling for unparalleled sacrifices, might well have hardened, rather than prepared for gentle and pious emotions.

The recollection of my crossing with George, remains most vividly in my memory. We had entrusted our lives to a strong boat, but the rough weather and heavy sea, at every moment, seemed ready to swallow it up.

The night was dark, huge clouds rolled across the sky, revealing, now and then, a few stars, quickly blotted out again. We could not refrain from looking for omens, and comparing this stormy nature with our yet more stormy destiny. Instinctively, we confided our lot to one of the stars, and according as it shone, or disappeared, we drew omens, favourable, or the reverse. Soon, however, despite the cold and the wild motion of the waves, we were overcome by fatigue, and slept, rolled in our cloaks, at the bottom of the boat. Every moment, our sleep was broken. George was more restless than I, my youth making up for what was wanting to our repose. Suddenly, George raises himself on his elbow, and calls out in his loud voice : 'Hyde de Neuville, do you know what we ought to advise the king to do if he comes back to the throne?' 'No, my friend,' I replied. 'Well ! we will tell him he would do well to have us both shot, for we shall never be anything but conspirators ; we have taken the bent.'

We reached London safely, and I was detained there longer than I had anticipated . . . .

The advisers of the Comte d'Artois had been but little influenced by the recent events in France ; in fact, a reaction in favour of La Vendée had set in, at the very moment when she yielded to force. The *émigrés* regretted the pacification, without going so far as to blame it. Cadoudal, who grieved over it, felt, nevertheless, that it was necessary ; he was exasperated at meeting with murmurs, instead of sympathy. But, if the Royalists did not receive the hero with the enthusiasm due to his deeds, there was no lack of gratitude on the part of the Princes. The Comte d'Artois treated him with great consideration, while the King wrote him a most gracious letter from Mittau, and sent him the *Cordon Rouge* . . . The Cross of St Louis and the brevet of Colonel were also offered to me, as well as to M. de Crénolles, who was then in London ; but an unfortunate step on the part of the latter, seemed to suggest that a price might be set on our devotion, and that we might be compensated for the material losses we had sustained. The moment M. Dutheil mentioned the subject to me, I was indignant, and expressed myself warmly. In vain, I was reminded of the example of George Cadoudal, who had accepted the King's favours. I resolutely refused, and my touchiness on this point, made me also shrink from accepting the brevet and the Cross of St Louis ; it was not till long afterwards that I received them at Hartwell.[1]

The blind hostility to George of which I have spoken, became more and more pronounced, and contributed, I am convinced, to urge him forward on his bold but rash enterprises. His energy and courage found no outlet within the circle of the little Court. He felt a growing disgust for his life of inaction. The views he heard expressed, clashed with his own, and embittered his regrets ; he dreamed of his Brittany, of his Chouans, and the thought of rejoining them began to take possession of his mind.

I saw him constantly, and tried to calm him ; but I was, myself, only too much inclined towards adventurous projects, and more often needed to curb my own impetuosity than that of others. Still, I took adverse circumstances into account, and without giving up my hopes and plans, I felt that the present moment was not favourable to putting them into execution. To say the truth, I was neither in agreement with Cadoudal, who wished to go too far, nor with the Council of the Princes who would not go far enough ; and being on friendly terms with both, I often acted as mediator, not to say, peacemaker, between them.

The project of seizing Brest was that which had appealed most to the Princes and their Council, and even now, in spite of the pacification, we continued in communication with many devoted partisans within the town. Still, in order to capture Brest, and profit by the capture, an army was needed.

[1] On 1st Jan. 1814

Cadoudal undertook to gather it together anew, and with his indomitable courage, that knew no obstacles, or at least, took no account of them, he proposed to march on Paris as soon as the First Consul should have left to join the Army of Italy. For my part, I was in favour of merely holding ourselves in readiness for the possibility of Buonaparte being defeated. Although this eventuality offered our sole chance of success, I cannot upbraid myself with entertaining desires contrary to the honour of my country. We may foresee an event, without desiring it.

With a view to investigate the real disposition of the provinces on the coast, I was appointed the King's Commissioner in Brittany; and was to leave at the end of May, for Jersey, in order to be able to communicate with France more readily.

Shortly before that time, however, grave events occurred, which affected me personally.

One morning, at dawn, I was awakened by a messenger with the following note from M. des Essarts.[1]

'As soon as you receive this letter, my dear Hyde de Neuville, rise and dress yourself, however tired you may be after the fatigues of yesterday. I must trouble you to come to me. I await you on a matter of importance,

'Your Servant and Friend,

'DES ESSARTS.'

I complied with his request in all haste; and he told me that the Royal Agency in Paris, of which I was the principal member, subject to the orders of M. de Coigny, had just been discovered, and all the papers seized by the police; the news was a thunderbolt to me, for I knew all the consequences it would entail. I felt, also, that the whole responsibility would fall upon me, as indeed, actually happened. At the same time, I knew that I had nothing to reproach myself with; and

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[1] One of the Agents of Louis XVIII. [Tr.].

I had already fixed upon the real culprit in my own mind, but I thought him only guilty of imprudence ; he was a man in every way worthy of honour, and I resolved to spare him ; it is one of the good actions of my life, and, even now, it does me honour in my own eyes. I was more than generous ; for I was young, and I set great store on proving myself older than my years, in order to direct the dangerous affairs that were entrusted to me. Still, I had no difficulty in overcoming the personal considerations, that urged me to justify myself. Everything becomes easy when we walk straight on, without turning aside from the path of rectitude . . . .

Among the secondary members of our Agency in Paris, there was an excellent man whom I liked very much, the Abbé Godard. He was with me when I was leaving Paris ; and was one of those who urged me strongly to set out with George Cadoudal, and thus, at once, encourage his flight, and place myself in shelter from the police measures that threatened me. I had given the Abbé Godard directions with regard to precautions, which my hurried journey prevented my taking myself ; I now concluded that he had neglected to follow them.

I had most earnestly begged him to place the principal cypher, that very day, in the hands of the Baroness de Montchenu ; and happily, this was done. With equal earnestness, I had urged him to take the papers relating to Duperron and his police, on the day following, to the Countess de Damas, at Livry, which is at the gates of Paris ; Madame de Damas had been previously informed that this would be done. The Abbé was to burn the other papers. Although an able and honourable man, he was incredibly careless.[1] The worthy Michaud had sent us *Les Adieux de Bonaparte*, a witty and clever pamphlet. We had it printed, and circulated; it made a sensation, and attracted the attention of the police; the Abbé was suspected, and followed. Instead of having recourse to our prompt and secret means of distribution, the Abbé himself hawked the pamphlet about. A spy saw him give two copies, in the open street, to a well-known Royalist. The spy followed the Abbé, and thus discovered the office of the Agency. Two or three parcels of pamphlets were seized; Madame de Montchenu was arrested; and the Abbé had great difficulty in effecting his escape.

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[1] Was this the Abbé Godard, Vicar-General of Toulouse, so frequently mentioned by Mgr. de Salamon in his account of the September Massacres ? The description of his character : 'an intelligent man and learned in ecclesiastical knowledge, but unsuspecting and rather timid,' might well apply to the aged priest mentioned here by M. Hyde de Neuville. Compare *A Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror*, Part I. [Tr.]

In consequence of this event, M. de Coigny and my wife and brother were arrested, and taken to the Temple.

I confided these sad details to the Countess de Boigne, of whom I saw a great deal, when I was in London. She urged me to tell the whole truth to the Comte d'Artois; but the fear of compromising the poor Abbé prevented me. I had just received a letter from him. 'My Friend, what a terrible event! Of course, you will be obliged to tell *Monsieur* about me, in order to justify yourself. What a dreadful thing for him to know of me!'

I said to the Countess: 'I have made up my mind. The Abbé is an old man with white hair, overwhelmed with grief; his character will but enhance the blame that will fall upon him; let the rashness be set down to my account; my loyalty, my future, will, I trust, wipe out the impression.'

I kept the most absolute silence, and *Monsieur* continued to treat me with great kindness.

The Abbé Godard, worn out with grief, fell dangerously ill. He learned what I had done, and died blessing me.

After the Restoration, the Duc de Coigny was still under the impression that his brother, the Chevalier de Coigny, had owed his arrest to my imprudence; there had even been fears for his life. I was dining with the Duke, and we had been talking about the Association of the Knights of St Louis, to which he belonged. We then passed into his study, and I said : '*Monsieur le Duc*, I am proud of your friendship, and yet you accuse me of having allowed suspicion to fall on your brother.'

'You were young, you were serving the good cause faithfully, I have forgotten it all.'

'And as for me,' I answered, 'I have forgotten nothing. Read this letter.' It was the letter of the Abbé Godard.

The Duke threw his arms around me. 'I did not need this new proof of your nobility of heart to make me value you.'

He regarded it as a point of duty to mention the incident to *Monsieur*. The Prince was deeply touched, and the next time he saw me, he clapped me on the shoulder, saying : 'In Paris, as in London, ever loyal.' I am convinced that this simple circumstance had much to do with the kind sympathy which Charles X always showed me.

The French Government gave the widest possible publicity to the discovery. The existence of our Agency was described as the *English Conspiracy*, in order to incite the populace against it ; and a Commission of four Councillors of State was appointed[1] to examine the papers, letters and pamphlets, seized at the office of the Agency, which was at the house of Madame Mercier.

This sad event happened in the beginning of May, and before the close of the month, I had left for Jersey.

Early in June, George Cadoudal, unable any longer to master his impatience, embarked for Brittany. The insurgent provinces had continued in an unsettled state ; dark deeds of violence were done by subordinate officials ; while the people, who had not yet unlearned the logic of arms, and the summary justice so often administered, retaliated by rough, but illegal, chastisement. Deprived of their brave leaders, bands of Chouans appeared now on one point, now on another, ready to give themselves over to acts of disorder. The presence of George had, at least, the instant effect of bringing them under discipline. Although in concealment, and unable to gather his followers around him, he quickly brought together again the skeleton of his little army, ready to rise anew at his call.

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[1] Council of State, Session of the 13 Floréal of the year VIII of the Republic. The First Consul announces that the Minister of Police has just seized the members and correspondence of the English Committee, long established in Paris ; he nominates citizens Chaptal, Hemmery, Brune and Champagny, to examine the documents seized, to mark those that appear important, and to write an historical abstract of them. . . .

I soon received reliable intelligence as to his movements, from messengers who arrived daily at Jersey; some of them sent by George himself. I employed all my influence to restrain him; and from having so impatiently awaited action, but a little while before, I had now reached a state of enforced calm, little in accordance with my character.

Before the end of June, my advice was justified by the news of the Battle of Marengo. The glory of France was dearly bought, in my eyes; it had placed a barrier between her and the only government capable of giving her real and lasting happiness; it had helped to build up another, which, as I already, in some measure, foresaw, would bring calamities upon the country. Still, as I have said, I was never insensible to the glory surrounding the flag which was not my own, which I did not love, but which had become, for the moment, the flag of my country. . . .

I returned to London, on the 8th July, and gave a report of my mission to the Comte d'Artois.

I was not deceived for a moment as to the consequences of the Battle of Marengo, and the brilliant campaign in Italy.

It was the baptism of the personal power of Napoleon. Henceforth, it was certain that, under one form or another, we must pass through the phase of his domination.

This was not sufficiently understood in London. . . .

It was objected that Peace had not been signed, and that, as long as the Courts of Europe had not recognised the new government, it could not be looked upon as stable ; the fact was overlooked that this Peace was imminent, and that by his victorious campaign Buonaparte had borne it away on the point of his sword. . . . It is difficult, however, to regard the hopes of the *émigrés* as chimerical, when we see, that the most influential members of the French Government followed Buonaparte with hesitation, and took care not to burn their boats. I speak of M. de Talleyrand and Fouché. . . .

These two ministers had fully resolved to devote themselves to him, only in proportion to his success. . . . My personal relations with Talleyrand leave no doubt upon this point, as far as he was concerned ; and information which reached us from Paris (and which came from reliable sources that had survived the destruction of our counter-police), as well as that which I have received since, prove that Fouché, even more than Talleyrand, had formed the same projects.

Common interests had drawn together these two men, who hated and feared one another. Certain analogies of character and position, where they do not form a ground of union, generally lead to reciprocal estrangement. These two apostate priests, whose intellects offered so many points of resemblance, seem to have been placed at Buonaparte's side, the one by the *Ancien Régime*, and the other by the Revolution, and they alternately approached, and repelled, each other, with equal facility. Extreme subtilty formed the basis of their character, but with both, their penetration did not make up for the want of elevation of thought ; and this defect kept their minds within the region of talent, and prevented their rising to genius. The subtility of the one, annoyed the other. Men who seek to read the motives of others, do not like to have their own read.

Notwithstanding these points of analogy, the two men were widely different. Fouché, formerly an extreme

Revolutionist, preserved as much of the Revolution as had not been crushed under the heel of the Conqueror. He attacked the Royalists the more willingly, because Talleyrand, true to his origin, defended them, as far as he could with safety to his own position. When Marengo had put an end to all uncertainty in favour of the First Consul, . . . Fouché hesitated no longer. He attached himself to the favourite of fortune, and set about serving him resolutely ; his one thought was to unveil the projects he himself had conceived ; and thus, draw down upon the other factions, the reprobation from which he had escaped. The Royalists were to pay dearly, I will not say for his remorse, but for his rash acts. This was to be impressed upon me, in an especial manner, a few months later.

After remaining some time in London, I applied to *Monsieur* for leave to return to France. I did not see that I could be of any further use in England ; and longed to rejoin my family, whom I had not seen since the persecution that had fallen upon them on the discovery of our Agency. Although blameless in this particular instance, I justly felt responsible for the troubles and dangers of all kinds, into which I had dragged them by the line of politics I had followed. I often thought of the privations to which I had exposed my poor wife,—destined, had she married any one else, to the tranquil enjoyment of a large fortune,—now almost ruined, leading a wandering life, imprisoned, and consumed with anxiety on account of the author of her misfortunes. Certainly, these reflections did not cause me remorse, but they filled me with admiration for her courage and self-renunciation, which far surpassed, and continually stimulated my own. I ought to add, that I never met with anything but encouragement in the path of integrity and honour from my own people, regardless of the sacrifices imposed.

Madame Hyde de Neuville and my brother were no longer in prison. My brother-in-law, de Larue, had escaped from his captors, thanks to the presence of mind of my mother. I was eager to be with them again, even at the price of the dangers which my temerity might involve.

My friends in England did their utmost to turn me from my purpose. In vain, they invoked the perils I should meet with; it only reminded me of those to which my family were exposed, and I could not bear the thought of not sharing their dangers.

Accordingly, I sailed, and landed safely in Normandy, where I was obliged to take unheard of precautions to avoid discovery; for this time, it was not a question of a few months' imprisonment; a grave charge hung over me, and like many of the Chouan leaders, I had received the honour of having a price set on my head.

[1] M. de Larue had returned to France, in 1800, taking advantage of the Amnesty, granted by the First Consul to the exiles of the 18th Fructidor. In vain, however, was his name placed on the list of those eligible to high offices of state; firm in his convictions, he withdrew to the house of his mother-in-law at La Charité. There, he was awaiting events, and especially the result of the Italian campaign, when the imprudence of the Abbé Godard led to the seizure of the papers of the Royalist Agency. M. de Larue had been frequently mentioned in those papers under the name of *Isaac*, and the key to the cypher was now in the hands of the police. A Commissary from Paris, accompanied by five gendarmes from La Charité, appeared at Madame Hyde's house, just as the family were sitting down to dinner. Believing that all the papers at the Agency had been destroyed, M. de Larue was taken by surprise, and escape seemed to him impossible; but Madame Hyde thought out a plan.

'Messieurs,' she said, 'You will, at least, allow my son-in-law to prepare for his journey in your presence;

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[1] The account of the escape of M. de Larue is not by M. Hyde de Neuville, but by his nieces, who edited the *Mémoires*. [Tr.]

and, probably, you yourselves, have not dined. Pray sit down to my table.' While the gendarmes dined at the now deserted table, the servants ran hither and thither preparing the prisoner's luggage. Mme. Hyde, who alone remained calm, continued to give orders ; she drew her distracted daughter into another room, and firmly shut her in, saying : 'My child, I need all my presence of mind, stay here, and leave everything to me.'

The dinner was over, and the time came to say farewell ; M. de Larue had been informed, by a secret sign, that some way of escape was being prepared. Suddenly, as if seized with a new idea, Madame Hyde exclaimed : 'My son, you are ill, and you are not sufficiently warmly clad. Let me fetch you another wrap.' She came back, and quite naturally placed herself between the gendarmes and her son-in-law, while she held out the wide cloak for him to put on, talking to him all the while with tender solicitude. Now Madame Hyde was very tall and strongly built, and completely hid the bending form of her son-in-law. Suddenly, letting the cloak fall, she turned quickly to the gendarmes, and pointed to the open door of the room into which M. de Larue had just disappeared. 'Messieurs,' she said, 'I have done my duty, do yours!' With an oath, the Commissary and his gendarmes rushed into the little room, only to find a second open door, showing the way the prisoner had fled. On they ran, through several rooms, whose open doors led them to think they were on the prisoner's track, till they came to one leading to the country, which they scoured in all directions. But this had only been, a ruse on the part of Madame Hyde ; for as soon as M. de Larue had entered the little room, a servant, posted there by her, had pushed him into one of the many little hiding-holes that had long ago been constructed in her house.

# CHAPTER XIII

## OUTLAWED

At the house of M. de Vaux at Bayeux.—The house is searched.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes to Paris with M. and Mlle de Banville.—Madame de Damas.—M. Roi and M. de Ternant.—M. Hyde de Neuville seeks shelter with Caron.—Spies.—A night in a porter's lodge.—A hiding-place at Caron's house.

ALTHOUGH impatient to reach Paris, I was obliged to remain for a time in Normandy, on account of the danger of the journey to an outlaw like me, and the difficulty of letting my friends, in Paris, know of my return, without our letters being intercepted ; it was also necessary to give them time to find a safe hiding-place for me on my arrival.

I sought refuge with the de Vaux, at Bayeux, and spent some weeks with them . . . The doors of my pleasant prison opened frequently, not only to admit the friends who were in my secret, but to let me go to them, as soon as nightfall covered my rashness. I was often scolded for this, by two kind women, my devoted friends, Mme. de Vaux, who called herself my jailor, and Rose de Banville, afterwards Marchioness de Balleroy, of whom I have already spoken. At length, the attention of the local police was drawn to certain comings and goings about the house of M. de Vaux ; his friends warned him of the suspicion hanging over him, although they did not, themselves, know if there were ground for it, or not.

Two days later, my attention was awakened to an unusual commotion in the house ; at the same time, I heard a noise in the street. My first impulse was to run to the window, but I quickly drew back, to avoid being seen by a detachment of soldiers, drawn up before the door. I knew now, the meaning of the excited conversation I had heard on the lower storey ; there was no mistaking the object of the visit ; they were looking for me.

For a moment, I was in great perplexity, and was troubled, not so much on account of my own danger, as of that which I might bring upon my friends. I saw that it would be impossible to hide in the little suite of rooms where I was ; but I had the presence of mind to put my room in order, so that it might not appear to have been recently occupied. Then, I ran to the staircase, without any definite idea of what I was going to do. As the danger was downstairs, I naturally went up ; and at the top, I found the door of a garret, which I pushed open with my knee. Inside, there was nothing that could conceal me from the search that would certainly be made. I was determined at any cost to avoid being taken, as my presence would have involved very serious consequences to my hosts. I saw only one way of escape, and quickly adopted it, dangerous though it was. An open window led directly on to the roof ; I climbed out cautiously, and crawled along the gutter until I came to a chimney, which I embraced most affectionately. It concealed me entirely from the view of any one looking out of the window on to the roof, but I saw, with horror, that I could be distinctly seen from the street ; and even as I made the discovery, a soldier saw me, as clearly as I saw him.

A little further on, was a chimney-stack where I should have been much better hidden ; but I was not at all accustomed to walking on roofs, and was liable to turn giddy ; besides I had been noticed. So I stayed where I was, entrusting myself to Providence.

Heaven had indeed sent me a secret protector in that good soldier, who did not betray me, although I could not doubt that he had seen me ; several times, I saw him look up at me, but there was no sign that he had denounced me to his comrades. After a delay of I know not how long,—it seemed an age to me,—I saw the police and soldiers go away. For the time, I was saved ! I went back much more cautiously than I had come, and returned to my room.

It was necessary for me, at all hazards, to go away. The secret kept by the unlooked-for kindness of a stranger, was only safe as long as he refrained from gossip and confidences ; we must not trust to it, and my departure was fixed for the next day. I was not to set out alone. M. de Banville and his daughter, in their affectionate solicitude, anticipated a journey that had been previously arranged, in order to accompany me ; their presence, especially that of the lady, gave to my flight the appearance of a family on a journey.

I shall never forget my arrival in Paris. . . . It was three o'clock in the morning : the happy country people were asleep, and everything betokened the calm that I felt ; yet I was drawing near to Paris, where vengeance was, perchance, on the watch for my return ; no anxiety assailed me, no presentiment made me pause ; I thought only of the happiness of once more seeing and embracing those whom I loved. We had reached the last stage, and had not enquired whether passports were still asked for at the gates of Paris. We had decided on the way, that I should stop at Saint-Germain, and my friends fetch me the next day, in order to avoid my entering Paris in a post-chaise. But the greatest difficulties become less formidable as we approach them. The darkness of the night reassured us, and we had reached the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne without any thought of separating. It was high time to come to a decision. My companions urged me to hide at the bottom of the carriage, but the postillion had seen me, and I preferred to get out, and go through the barrier on foot. A prey to this uncertainty, I called to the postillion to stop while I got out my passport, which I pretended was in my valise. 'You do not require it,' he replied: 'Passports are no longer asked for on entering Paris.' This reply removed all difficulty.

I had not dared to announce my arrival, and was obliged to accompany my companions to furnished rooms.

A harmless looking note, couched in terms that had been agreed upon, informed Mabille, my confidential agent, of my return; he hastened to some of my friends, among others to the Princess de St Maurice, Mme. de Durfort, and the Countess Charles de Damas. This kind and generous woman trembled at the bare idea of my being in furnished rooms. She soon came to see me herself; and I was only able to reassure her by promising to go, that very evening, to the hiding-place she had found for me.

My wife had not arrived; my friends not having dared to entrust my letters to her to the post; I greatly wished to see her, and was much troubled at not finding her in Paris. But Mme. de Damas who had just sent her a letter by a safe messenger, gave me good hopes that we should not be long separated. How delightful, nevertheless, were those first moments of my return! Once more, I saw my friends; neither time, absence, nor my misfortunes, had weakened that friendship, of which they have since given so many proofs.

It was on the 18th Brumaire, a memorable anniversary, that I re-entered Paris; although it was afterwards asserted, in a report that attained only too great notoriety, that in this very city from which I was then so far away, I had been seen, and had conferred with others, on the 11th of the previous month.

I arranged with Mme. de Damas that I should go, at dusk, with Mme. de Lasalle, a relation of hers, to a spot agreed upon in the Place Saint-Sulpice, where Mme. de Damas would meet me. She was obliged to take the greatest precautions in order to conceal her movements from her servants, whom she could not altogether trust; Madame de Pastoret, my wife's cousin, was with her.

In those days, it was only by having recourse to artifices, hitherto known only to rogues, that honest men could escape the observation of the police.

The evening was far advanced, when I set out with Mme. de Damas, who, in spite of my protests, would not trust any one else to accompany me . . . We drove to the entrance of the Faubourg Montmartre. The street we were seeking was not far off, and the driver pointed it out to us as we alighted . . . We walked on in the dark, and soon found the road, but there were no street-lamps; it was difficult to read the numbers, and there was no one from whom we could enquire; it is, in fact, the most deserted quarter of Paris. At every step, we plunged into the mire, and often durst neither go backward, nor forward; we knocked at every door, listened, then stopped, for fear of making too much noise. Beyond the houses, as we could see in spite of the darkness, there lay some swamps and waste land. To retrace our steps, would expose us to the danger of arrest by the guard, and besides, where could I pass the night? I could not return with Mme. de Damas to her house, without being seen by her servants. On the other hand, she could not remain longer, her coachman having orders to fetch her from Mme. de Pastoret's; having no idea of the loneliness of this part of Paris, we had hoped to find a cab, to take the Countess to Mme. de Pastoret's house, after she had seen me safely under the hospitable roof that had been offered me. It was growing late; the noble woman by my side—so weak, so delicate, so little accustomed to fatigue—found inexhaustible strength in her devotion to the cause we served; apart from her friendship for me, she knew I was the bearer of the orders of the Princes.

The guard-house of the Faubourg was not far off. It was impossible to avoid it, if we went back. Knowing that it was not usual to arrest a woman walking alone, . . . I consented, at last, in order to save the compromising papers that I was carrying, to entrust them to her. I had in my pocket some letters in cypher, and some guineas that I had not had time to change; they would have been quite sufficient to establish the charge of conspiracy.

I confess, I cannot think of this night without terror. I do not speak of the danger to myself; I have met with so many dangers, both before and after these events, that this would have been an unimportant incident in my life, if it had concerned myself alone; but I tremble still, to think of the consequences it might have involved, after the discovery of the papers, through the imprudence of the Abbé Godard. To be again accused, although innocent, of such a catastrophe, made me shudder. I trembled too, lest my companion should be placed in a position which she could not explain without drawing suspicion upon me. Her courage and self-possession saved the situation.

I passed the guards first; Madame de Damas followed, at a short distance. Happily, a cab had stopped a little way off; we got in quickly, and what was my horror and surprise to hear Madame de Damas give the driver her own address! Protests rose to my lips. 'Not another word,' she answered. 'I have thought out my plan, and it will neither compromise the precious interests entrusted to you, nor my honour, nor yours.' . . . We reach the Comtesse de Damas' house. She springs out, with the decision of a woman acting from the highest motives; the bell rings loudly; the door opens; the concierge appears, surprised to see her mistress accompained by a gentleman. The Countess says: 'Madame François, Monsieur is in great danger; we must save him. Take him up to the empty room on the second floor, and be careful that none of the servants see him.' 'Yes, Madame La Comtesse.' Thereupon, with a farewell wave of her hand, Mme. de Damas crosses the court-yard, goes up the steps leading to the main entrance, and is lost to my sight. I remain in the dark, while the portress fetches a bunch of keys. She returns, signs to me to follow her, which I do without a word. I notice that she keeps close to the wall of the house, and shades the lantern with her hand, no doubt wishing to avoid crossing the part of the courtyard which was in the moonlight. She goes cautiously up a servants' staircase, now and then slackening her pace, in order to tread more lightly. Thus, we reach the second storey. She opens the door of a room that looks like an ante-chamber, full of packing-cases ; and then, shows me into a large drawing-room, evidently long unused. She places the lantern on the table, points to a large easy-chair, and with her finger on her lips, goes silently away. I hear her close, and double lock, the outer door . . . .

As I have said, cheerfulness and hope are synonyms of youth ; sleep is no less kind. I had scarcely thrown myself into the easy-chair before I fell asleep.

I was awakened by the first streaks of sunlight, shining through the shutters. The peaceful surroundings, and the twittering of the birds, made me wonder where I was . . . Forgetting the unspoken warning that had been given me, I threw open one of the windows. The light of an autumn morning fell upon a beautiful garden, surrounded by others, which gave to this part of Paris almost the appearance of the country.

I looked at my watch. It was nine o'clock, an early hour on an October morning. The recollection of the events of the past night came to my mind. I drew back from the window, but lacked the courage to shut it, and return to the semi-darkness of my prison. I remained for a few moments lost in thought, when the sound of footsteps on the dried leaves, that were beginning to fall, recalled me to myself. Instinctively, I drew nearer to the window, while a voice that I seemed to know fell upon my ear. It was Mlle. de Damas.[1] She looked up, as if wishing to reassure me after the anxieties I had passed through . . . There was no doubt about it; the gentle 'Dolly'[1] was in the secret, and Heaven had given me two protecting angels instead of one!

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[1] Mlle. Josephine de Damas, then seventeen. She afterwards became Marquise de Voguë, and by a second marriage, Comtesse de Chastellux.

I had not long to wait for the proof. The breakfast bell rang; hunger reminded me that I had had nothing to eat since the evening before. I felt certain that my two guardian angels would not let me die of starvation. Yet the meal was prolonged beyond the time usually necessary to satisfy women's appetites. A second bell explained the mystery. No doubt, they mere waiting until the servants were at breakfast before sending me food. Accordingly, the door of my prison opened, and the mysterious portress appeared, with a basket containing more than all I needed. She was followed by the gentle Dolly, with a message from her mother, to reassure me as to the length of my imprisonment; it was to end towards evening. In truth, I was much more anxious about Mme. de Damas, after the events of the previous night, than about my own fate; and it was a real joy to hear that no harm had come to her.

I learned later, that my gracious caterer had brought me what she had stolen from the pantry, under the very eyes of the observant house-steward.

In the evening, the servants were all sent out of the way; visitors were not admitted; and about six o'clock, M. Roi, at whose house I was to remain in concealment, came with his daughter to fetch me. Thus, I was able to leave without difficulty, vowing never again to allow such generous friends to incur risk on my account. When would the day come when I could live for my family, and those I love, and enjoy their beneficent friendship, without drawing down upon them the danger that threatened me! I re-entered Paris[2] greatly disheartened by the trend of political affairs; and longing, more than ever, for the happiness of home and a peaceful country life.

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[1] A name given to Mlle. de Damas.

[2] The house of Mme. de Damas was at the gates of Paris.—[Tr.]

M. Roi had lived in my province, and might easily know me ; Mme. de Damas had not thought it necessary to conceal my name from him. He received me with great cordiality, but I soon began to dread his imprudence. Although he had been adjured by all that was sacred, to confide my secret to no one, he brought his cousin, a certain Abbé G—— with him in the carriage, and this for no other reason, than that the Abbé might offer me his services. To say the truth, the good-natured Abbé was the last man in the world whom I would have taken into my confidence. M. Roi seemed to me as little worthy of trust as the Abbé ; his tone was so positive, he expressed so little anxiety about the future, that I felt alarmed ; besides, before the end of our drive, he had told me the whole history of the people he knew, which was of little interest to me, and led me to think that he would be no more discreet about my own.

We reached our destination, and I handed Mlle. Roi out of the carriage ; her father followed, and whilst we walked up to the house, he told me, what he had taken good care not to mention to Mme. de Damas, that besides the members of the family I should find an *émigré*, who had lived with him *en pension* for a long time, and for whom he could answer, as for himself ; ‘ besides,’ he added, ‘ we will be careful not to mention your name.’ Although I was naturally annoyed, there was no other course for me to take, so I contented myself with urging strongly that my name should be kept secret, and they gave me the name of Justin. . . . These precautions proved of no avail. The *émigré* too, was introduced to me under another name than his own, but we recognised each other at once ! We were obliged, therefore, to lay aside all disguise. This incident did not, however, bring with it any new anxiety for me. M. de Ternant was a very honourable man, and much more capable than my hosts of realising the danger of my position.

I cannot speak of M. de Ternant, without recalling an event which excited great attention at the time. This brave officer had been arrested, and dragged to prison, by the revolutionary horde. His name was inscribed on the fatal list. The sentence of death was about to be executed. His son comes, and by his affectionate ingenuity eludes the guards; he enters the prison, and tries to persuade his father to change clothes with him. The father vainly resists; filial piety triumphs; and by means of this disguise, the father's life is saved. Who would have believed it, if our revolutionary executioners had not made everything credible? The devotion of this son was treated as a crime. A barbarous law was invoked; and those who would have assassinated the father, honoured the son with an imprisonment of four months.

Certain remarks made by M. Roi, during supper, added not a little to my uneasiness. His wife kept speaking to him of some custom house officers of the barrier, who had called twice during the day, to speak to him; she asked him in a low voice, if he would not go out during the night. I could not make anything of all this; but could not ask any questions; and waited, with great impatience, for an opportunity of talking to M. de Ternant, who several times, during supper, looked at me with a smile; thus, leading me to think there was some mystery connected with our hosts' conversation.

I had no opportunity of speaking to him in private that night; but the next morning, almost as soon as I was up, he suggested that we should go down into the garden. I had passed a wretched night; my truckle-bed was no better than my supper; but the desire to clear up certain suspicions I had formed, and upon which I feared to dwell, got the better of my weariness. The garden was a large one, and we went a good way from the house.

'Where do you think you are?' asked M. de Ternant.

'With honourable people, since you are here.'

'I must not hide anything from you,' he answered.

'I have too much sympathy with you to risk your safety, even for the sake of my obligations to these people. M. Roi was only thinking of his own interest when he agreed to receive you. He knows you will pay highly, and has taken care to conceal from you the dangers you run at his house. I noticed, yesterday evening, that his wife's questions embarrassed him. He is overburdened with debts, pursued by his creditors, and has taken this house near the Barrier, in order to give himself up to a way of life, as dangerous as it is dishonourable. In plain words, he carries on smuggling, in concert with some of the custom house officers. This renders his house liable to be frequently searched by the police ; he has already been arrested several times, but there was not sufficient evidence forthcoming. Still, he is kept under strict observation, and on the first opportunity, I doubt not, his house will be turned inside out, to discover the secret passages through which the goods are smuggled.' . . . M. de Ternant added, that he had only learned these facts, with certainty, a few days ago, and intended changing his place of retreat as soon as possible ; and I should do wisely not to delay.

The Baron de Montchenu came to see me the same day, as he had promised. Knowing his prudence and loyalty, I did not hesitate to tell him my difficulty. He was alarmed, and urged me to leave at once ; but where was I to go ? He could not receive me in his own house ; all my friends were closely watched. I must seek a retreat among strangers. I remembered that, during the Reign of Terror, M. de Pastoret, a member of the Constituent Assembly, had been concealed by a worthy tradesman, who, although he did not know him, had risked his life to save him : but I had not the man's address. By a happy chance, M. de Montchenu knew it, and suggested that we should go there at once. I made an appointment to meet him at 8 o'clock that same evening.[1]

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[1] At Mme. de Pastoret's house. [Tr.]

As it grew dark, I said I was going out. M. de Ternant and I had arranged, that I should ask M. de Damas to write to M. Roi, the next day, saying that I had been unexpectedly obliged to return to the Nivernais. This was done, and M. Roi, who knew that I was much mixed up with political affairs, readily accepted the explanation, and expressed a hope that I would stay with him on my return.

Not long afterwards, I learned from the newspapers that M. Roi, and all his family, had been arrested, and a quantity of contraband goods seized in his house. I might have been arrested there myself; and should have had no alternative, but either to pass myself off as a smuggler (an honourable profession !) or to reveal my identity, and expose myself to the gravest dangers. I learned, with great satisfaction, that the courteous M. de Ternant had not suffered any unpleasant consequences, having ceased to reside with the family a short time before the discovery.

As I had promised M. de Montchenu, I went, about seven o'clock, to the house of Madame de Pastoret; found her much alarmed, owing to some remarks made about me by the head of the Bureau of the Police. It seemed that my arrival in Paris was already known.

Mme. de Montchenu[1] arrived soon after, and we went together to M. Caron's, in the Rue du Four-Saint-Germain. He not only offered me shelter, the moment Mme. de Montchenu suggested it, but did not even ask my real name. . . . She[2] left me, after having placed me in the hands of the most honourable people imaginable, who from the very first showed what true friends they would prove to me. Thus, in a few moments, I had exchanged a retreat full of danger, for one of the greatest safety; truly Heaven protected me, and friendship, by removing all obstacles, became a second Providence.

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[1] Or M. de Montchenu. The author speaks twice of Mme. de Montchenu in this paragraph and the third time of M. de Montchenu. They may both have been there. [Tr.]

[2] In the original 'M. de Montchenu.' [Tr.]

The good Caron was not a very prosperous tradesman. His business in perfumery had gone down since the Revolution. I was not the first to whom he had rendered great services, but he never referred to them, or only as the most natural thing in the world; so true is it, that high principled men are more eager to do good, than to recall it.

The family consisted of M. Caron, his daughter, who was both pious and benevolent, and little Victoire, an orphan girl, now fifteen, whom they had brought up from her early years, and whose mirth and amiability gave life to the home. I must not forget an old shop assistant, who kept everybody in order, ruled the household, and only laid aside her habit of grumbling in my favour.

I had not been there two days, before my hosts became as devoted to me as if they had known me for a long time. Mme. de Damas, the Montchenus, M. and Mme. de Vaux, and my other friends, came to see me by turns, and it was a question, who should bring them in with the greatest precaution. One would come in suddenly from the alley; another would go into the shop, as if to make a purchase; or again, they would go up the stairs, and drop down upon me through a trapdoor. It was, and continued to be, a house of mystery; but all this was necessary in order to escape curious eyes, and to reassure my friends, who were afraid of drawing suspicion upon me by their visits. I was told that the quarter I was living in was under strict observation, and that, quite recently, the watch had been closer han ever.

I had only been there five days, and it seemed unlikely that I was the person for whom the police were searching; still, I yielded to my friends' entreaties, and resolved only to go out when it was dark, and to return before eleven. One evening, I noticed three men with batons, in the shop ; one was leaning against the counter apparently making enquiries from Mlle. Caron, the other two were questioning little Victoire. What increased my suspicion was that the second door of the room behind the shop was shut. I concluded from this that my hosts wished to warn me to fly ; not being able to convey a warning in any other way, on account of the spies who were questioning them.

I was quietly retiring, when I heard the shop-door open : it was my three men coming out, and I was obliged to hide in the alley. I confess, I thought I was caught as in a mouse-trap ; I durst neither go up the stairs, nor into the street, and armed myself cap à pié, like a knight preparing to make his last stand ; but the door of the room behind the shop opened ; I went in ; and they gave me an exact account of the visit, and of the suspicious conduct of the three men, who had not given their names, and had asked for information about the lodgers. What could be the meaning of a search begun so early ? My host made no doubt that the men were spies. We took counsel together, and decided that it would be wise for me to sleep out of the house, at least, for one night. But where could I go ? It was close upon midnight, and I had not the card which would allow me to move freely about Paris. M. Caron suggested taking me to his brother who lived in the same quarter. After sending Valentin, the shopman, to make sure the enemy were not lying in wait, we went there. M. Caron's brother had gone to bed, and we knocked at the door in vain. I had made up my mind to pass the night among the stones and timber of a house that was being built ; but M. Caron remembered having once found shelter for M. de Pastoret, under similar circumstances, at a porter's lodge, kept, as M. Caron said, by 'the best and kindest of men.'

It was quite near, and the door was opened at once. The good porter had two housemaids, and three or four lackeys, with him ; but M. Caron took him aside, and as soon as he had told him about me, the porter contrived to send all his visitors away. Then turning to me : ‘Welcome Monsieur,’ he said, ‘I would gladly do more for you than give you one nights’ lodging, but unfortunately my room is too small for anyone to remain hidden there.’ I expressed my gratitude, and as soon as M. Caron had left us, we went into a little bedroom adjoining the lodge, where my host prepared a bed for me.

I did not usually take supper, but the porter pressed me so earnestly, that I could not refuse. He did not fail to drink my health, and I drank his with a good heart. I shall never forget his frugal meal and his frank open face. He told me, several times, that his master must not see me ; he did not tell me his name, and spoke of him with proper respect, but very guardedly. I do not know why, but it occurred to me that there was more virtue in the lodge than on the first floor. I asked him if his master were persecuted and were on the fatal list. ‘His name is struck off,’ he replied.—‘What already !’ Very few names had as yet been erased. ‘Yes, indeed,’ said the porter, ‘everything is perfectly correct with regard to his affairs : he is very intimate with the Minister of Police, and goes to see him nearly every day.’ The porter noticed the impression made upon me by these last words, and whether to reassure me, or to excuse his master, he added : ‘He only goes there to render services to others ; so many people apply to him ; if you know him, Monsieur, perhaps, you would do well to write to him.’ Now, at last, he mentioned his name, M. X— ; and I shuddered as I remembered how, this very evening, my friends had taken particular care to prevent my meeting this man, at a house I had chanced to visit. They had talked to me for more than an hour about him, and in a way that filled me, at once, with indignation and contempt. What a contrast ! A persecuted Royalist afraid lest his secret should be discovered by one whose ancestors had been the first and most glorious defenders of the Monarchy, and whose name was power in the world; whilst an obscure man, a stranger to France, and still more a stranger to politics, in a word, the mere servant of this degraded lord, receives the outlaw into his little dwelling! Under the same roof, I found the pride of vice, and the simplicity of virtue; and I was grieved to the heart to think that a man—one single man—should be able, by his baseness and ingratitude, to dishonour twelve centuries of glory.

The experience of what happened that night, at Caron's, showed us the necessity of preparing, in the house itself, a hiding-place from the searches that might take us by surprise. It was not necessary to construct one; it was enough to take advantage of a structural arrangement that already existed. There was a large sign-board, adorned with flowers, in front of the shop; it was a retreat already made, and it was easy to slip into it; the blinds of the windows completely hid it from view; besides, in searching a house, one does not generally go to the window to look for anyone, especially when the window faces the street. I sought shelter there several times, when an alarm was given, and was never discovered.

# CHAPTER XIV

## THE 3RD NIVÔSE. M. HYDE DE NEUVILLE STILL AN OUTLAW

Plot against the life of Buonaparte.—Suspicion cast on the Marquis de Rivière and M. Hyde de Neuville.—M. Hyde de Neuville believes George Cadoudal was innocent.—Mlle. de Cicé.—M. Hyde de Neuville, although still in hiding, vindicates his own innocence.—Fouché and Buonaparte convinced.—Two incidents, whilst M. Hyde de Neuville was at Caron's house.—M. Hyde de Neuville takes no part in politics for many years.—He withdraws to La Charité and to Lestang.—He goes with his wife to La Rochelle.—Return to La Charité, March 1803.—Serious illness of M. Hyde de Neuville—He goes to Charbonnières near Lyons.—Anger of Napoleon and of Rovigo.—Mme. Hyde de Neuville's attempts to prove her husband's innocence.

OTHER adventures befell me at M. Caron's house. I was there on the 3rd Nivôse, and by an infamous calumny, my name was associated with the plot.

It will be remembered that, on the 24th December 1800, an infernal machine nearly cost the life of the First Consul, and killed many inoffensive citizens. At first, it was thought to be the work of the Jacobins,[1] and even Buonaparte did not hesitate to accuse them of it; but the event was destined, on the contrary, to gratify Fouché's hatred of the Royalists; for the blow came from their ranks. The purest principles could not protect the party from the excitement that engenders fanaticism, and sometimes leads to crime; yet the shame rests with the authors of the plot, and cannot be laid to the charge of the party itself. It was not thus, that Fouché regarded it. The attempt committed by a few obscure Chouans, was not enough for him; he must connect it more closely with the Royal cause, and if possible, trace it back still higher, to the best and noblest of Princes, *Monsieur*. It was with this view that the name of the honoured Marquis de Rivière, and my own, were mentioned in connection with the plot.

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[1] M. Pasquier says that Fouché was placed, for a few days, in a most critical position, on account of his connection with the Jacobins; and that it was said that Talleyrand had advised Buonaparte to have Fouché arrested, and shot within twenty-four hours. See *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. 1, p. 155. [Tr.]

Although the police did not know where I was, they knew that I had recently returned from England. The seizure of the papers of the Royalist Agency had aroused the anger of the government against me; I should, therefore, be a great prize to those who wished to profit by the discovery of the plot. Fouché had done too much harm to me and mine, not to want to do more.

Limoëlan,[1] Saint-Réjant, Carbon, and two, or three others, were alone concerned in the detestable villainy of the 3rd Nivôse. It was a profound grief to the Royalist party; but I still persist in thinking it was an isolated act. An attempt was made to include George Cadoudal, by representing the assassins as his agents; but of the only two conspirators arrested, Carbon and Saint-Réjant, the one did not know George, having served in the

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[1] M. Pasquier testifies to Limoëlan's innocence. When, ten years after this event, M. Pasquier became Prefect of Police, he found the papers relating to the plot, which showed the bold character of Saint-Réjant. In a letter found upon him (written, as was supposed to George Cadoudal) he complained of various circumstances which had led to the failure of the enterprise, but announced his intention of trying again. He complained especially of one person, whose name he did not mention, who had refused his assistance. Some years after the Restoration, M. Pasquier accidently discovered who this person was; it was M. Limoëlan who had afterwards retired to the wilds of Canada, and become a missionary. At the time of the plot, he was in Paris, and had been charged to remit money to the conspirators. But the project, when he understood it, filled him with horror and far from taking part in it, he tried to turn the others from it. From this time he was separated from the Royalist party. See *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. 1, p. 154. [Tr.]

Vendée, and not in the Morbihun, while the other, declared that he had quarrelled with him since the pacification. Could these two men, who revealed the names of their accomplices, have been influenced by a desire to spare George, when all the proceedings showed a determination to cast suspicion upon him? The evidence against him was limited to two letters, the one written by Saint-Réjant, and bearing neither the name nor address of the person to whom it was written, though it was alleged to be to Cadoudal; the other a note, signed 'Gédéon', couched in such obscure terms that it might not refer to the conspiracy at all; this note was attributed to George, but only one of the two witnesses called, was able to identify it as in his handwriting.

I never saw Cadoudal after this time; or I think his open countenance, and courageous bearing, would have borne some impress of the crime, if he had been guilty of it; and I should have read it in his eyes. But all I ever saw of him, and his almost brutal frankness, absolutely prevents my believing him capable of a crime based on cowardice. The best proof that he had no part in the attempt is that he was not among the conspirators; he was not a man to commit a crime in the shadow; he would have done it in the sight of all heaven, if he could have conceived it at all. Moreover, he showed a few years later, that if he could plot, it was by other means than shameful and cowardly assassination.

Several honourable persons were compromised in this attempt, or at least their names were mentioned at the trial,—Mlle. de Cicé, Mesdames de Gauyon-Beaufort, and some good nuns, all of them guilty only of charity; while believing that they were sheltering one who was in misfortune, they had unwittingly afforded refuge to a conspirator. Their stainless innocence was clearly brought out at the trial.

Although my own innocence had not been directly called in question, I resolved to reply to this absurd calumny, in spite of the dangers by which I was surrounded. I did this, not only for my own sake, but in order to vindicate the Princes. Accordingly, I drew up a statement, in which I demonstrated the grossness of the accusation so clearly, that Buonaparte, himself, was forced to admit that there had been a mistake with regard to me. It is a fact, that during my long persecution, neither Buonaparte, nor Rovigo, nor even Fouché himself, seriously thought of accusing me of having taken part in the attempt of the 3rd Nivôse. I might, after that event, have again lived free and happy in France ; it only rested with me to enter upon a career of honour and ambition. Napoleon wished to subjugate me, and attach me to his government ; I have the strongest proofs of it. Yet, I was pursued with frenzy, outlawed for eight years, exiled for seven. The entire police and gendarmerie of the country were, for a long time, on the watch for me. I do not say this, to give myself importance. I am the first to recognise that I in no way deserved this celebrity. I was a good, honest Royalist, devoted, faithful, but if the truth be told, a very indifferent conspirator. I have often smiled at the terror I excited.

What then, was the motive of my long persecution ? Fouché himself told me, years afterwards, when, by one of the most astounding changes of fortune, he had become a Minister of the King under the Bourbon Monarchy. He said :

'You were persecuted on account of your proud and noble spirit. Very few Royalists had your courage and loyalty. Your refusal to sign the Act of Fidelity irritated the Emperor to such a point, that he would bring you down at any cost. He never forgave your rejection of the offers he made to you, during your interview with him on the subject of the pacification. Your constancy provoked him to the last degree ; he could not get you out of his mind ; but with regard to the 3rd Nivôse, he did not accuse you, in any way, of taking part in it; while, as for me, you know that I hastened to bring out another Report, in order to counteract the effect of the bad Report, which seemed, for the moment, to cast suspicion upon you.'

Such were the exact words of the former Minister of Police. The circumstance he referred to was perfectly true. A few months after the time I have been speaking of, my wife's family took steps to obtain the withdrawal of the severe measures decreed against me, and to recover my property which had been sequestrated. All these requests were granted on the sole condition that I should sign that Act of Fidelity that had remained in Fouché's memory. I absolutely refused.

Thus, I was outlawed and exiled for fifteen years for that word, fidelity. I had agreed to submit; more was demanded of me, to swear fidelity; I did not think I ought to do it, and dared to refuse. It seemed to me that one might promise submission to an usurper, because he was the stronger; but that one ought to swear fidelity to no one but the rightful King, since fidelity carries with it the obligation to defend him. This was the view I took; I was persecuted for it, and I do not complain.

I have now reached a period of my life when my political activity was necessarily suspended for many years. My interest in the events which befell France never slackened for a moment; I was bound to her by too many ties of conviction and affection; but it was necessary to bend beneath the pressure of events, and to wait. I had said this in my memorial. Any effort tending towards a change of government, is only lawful, when it responds to a manifest need, to a general desire; otherwise, it is merely criminal rashness, and far from serving the country, becomes disastrous to her.

Everywhere resistance ceased. There was no longer any room for self-deception. France had voluntarily accepted the yoke of Buonparte. She had been captivated by the brilliant exploits of the new Power, which for the first time for many years, satisfied her secret instinct for order and preservation. Many wise measures, accompanied by military glory, had won over that nation, so ready to believe and to trust. Abroad, the Treaty of Amiens had secured the Peace so ardently desired; at home, the *émigrés* were returning in crowds, and many of them remained in the army; everywhere, the pact seemed to have been signed between France and her new Ruler.

I did not share these hopes, and still less these growing sympathies. The blood of Frotté lay between Napoleon and me, until that of the Duc d'Enghien should efface it by a yet deeper stain, and drive me further away from Buonaparte.

Early in the summer, I left Paris, and sought refuge among my own people in the Nivernais. I did not hope to escape more easily in the country, than in Paris; but it was clear that the necessity for concealment was likely to last a long time, and I wished to have the consolation of being with my family.

I remained with the good Caron until I left Paris, and two incidents, belonging to this time, have remained in my memory; one of them was rather amusing.

My excellent host had been importuned to give shelter to an émigré, whose position, owing to unusual circumstances—so far from being legalised—necessitated his remaining in concealment for some time longer. M. Caron hesitated, fearing to render my hiding-place less secure; but I did not wish to stand in the way of his kind action, and insisted on his giving his consent. Thus, the household was increased by the presence of a rather ordinary-looking man, whose little idiosyncracies did not take away from his real good nature. He was especially prone to overestimate his own importance; and make himself the hero of adventures in which truth bore no part, but honourable mention. These slight peculiarities were soon noticed, and added not a little to the merriment of the household, where both M. X—— and I were messmates; as he was very good-tempered, and more inclined to be satisfied with himself than distrustful of others, we were able to amuse ourselves at his expense, without his being hurt, or even aware of it. Anyone given to telling fibs, is somewhat of a gossip, and there is but a step from these two faults, to imprudence ; so it was thought wise to conceal my real name from the new guest. I was known to him as the Abbé X——. I forget at whose suggestion I was invested with this sacred character, in the hope of enlisting M. X——'s religious feelings in keeping my secret.

We were at breakfast, one morning, when the voice of the town-crier, under our windows, made us stop talking, and even silenced the clatter of knives and forks ; the anxious curiosity with which these proclamations were awaited, had come down to us from the troublous times we had passed through. After listening attentively to several unimportant items of news, we suddenly heard : 'Arrest and Sentence of Hyde de Neuville, tried by a court-martial, and shot within twenty-four hours.' However improbable the words might appear, we were too much startled, for the moment, to speak ; when M. X——, who was sitting next to me, fell into my arms, uttering inarticulate cries and lamentations.

I began to wonder if he were not really better informed as to my identity than I had supposed, when he exclaimed : 'Oh ! It is terrible ! terrible ! What a calamity ! The wretches ! Poor man ! He was a friend of mine, an intimate friend !' At these words, little Victoire fled from the table, with scarcely suppressed laughter. I found it difficult not to follow her example, and to keep grave enough to condole with M. X—— on the loss he felt so keenly.

Some time later, he fell ill, and, as he seemed to grow rather worse, the worthy man, who still took me for a priest, did all he could to induce me to hear his confession. It was the more difficult to offer a plausible excuse, as he pleaded the danger of our hiding-place becoming known, if a stranger were brought in. I have forgotten by what subterfuge I contrived to evade his confidences.

The other adventure was more dangerous. The seclusion in which I lived, and which had now become more rigorous, was so unnatural to my youthful energy, that I often felt it painful. M. Caron used to go, nearly every Sunday, to his little country house, on the outskirts of Paris. He took me with him once or twice. I greatly enjoyed breathing the fresh air, without the fear of my steps being dogged by an agent of the police. The only precaution necessary was to conceal me, on the way, at the bottom of the wide gig between M. and Mlle. Caron. We had to be especially careful at the Barrier, where the custom-house officials were often surrounded by gendarmes.

As we were returning to Paris, after one of these excursions, a custom-house officer came forward who was stricter than usual, and would have M. Caron and his daughter alight, in order that he might search the box-seat. During the colloquy, I was hidden at their feet, under the wide heavy apron of the gig. M. Caron objected, complained, then calmed down, and tried, by gentle means, to overcome the man's obstinacy. I could well imagine his anxiety, and that of his daughter. At last, the dispute rose so high that there seemed no hope of the man giving way, and several of his comrades had gathered round him, to support him in his demand. Then, yielding to one of those sudden inspirations which the presence of imminent danger calls forth, I threw up the apron, and sprang out so suddenly, that not one of the custom-house officers had time to catch me, although I had jumped into the midst of them. They all followed me, however, and a wild chase ensued. I had the start by a few yards, and danger increased my natural agility. I took the first cross road I saw, which happily, was soon intersected by another, and concealed for a few moments by these turnings, I plunged into a dark alley, which ended in a flight of steps. Up I ran, with the speed of thought; breathless and exhausted, I opened the first door I found, in which there was a key; it was on the third story, and not knowing where I was going, I burst into the room of some poor workwomen. I had only just time to say: 'I am an émigré; they are following me; hide me.' The good women, at once, pushed me into an alcove, and we all waited, terror-stricken, listening if anyone were coming up the stairs. No one came; they had lost the track. The women were lace-menders, and no longer young; it took them some time to recover from the fright I had given them; but they had not hesitated for a moment to shelter me, and would not let me go away until nightfall.

I found M. Caron and his family in a state of great alarm about me. As may readily be imagined, he had not waited for the custom-house officers to come back; but had decamped, at a good pace, as soon as they had started in pursuit of me. For a long time afterwards, he avoided going out of Paris by that barrier, fearing to awaken painful memories.

On leaving Paris, I took refuge at my mother's house, at La Charité. There, my liberty was even more restricted, for the anxiety of my relatives saw danger everywhere, and shut me up still more closely: but, at least, I was with them, and if their affection drew the cords of my captivity more tightly, I could not complain. Soon, however, custom, which familiarises us with everything, even with danger, relaxed my bonds. I had won many trustworthy confidants, and others to whom I had never revealed my secret, kept it religiously. Peasants, working-people, willing accomplices of my family, watched over my safety, and warned me at the slightest sign of danger. This applies equally to the people of Sancerre, for I went alternately into the Nivernais and into Berry, which was only separated from La Charité by the Loire.

My father-in-law, and one of his sisters who had brought up Madame Hyde de Neuville, had been living in Sancerre ever since the Revolution. Their presence drew us thither—my wife and me,—and I concealed myself on our little estate of Lestang, at the gates of the town : the same Lestang, where I am now writing these Memoirs, and which had already become so dear to me. Even then, I was dreaming of the improvements, I have since carried out, and of the calm and happy life that I have found here, after so many storms. These blessings that the poor outlaw longed for, have become his recompense. So true is it, that God holds Himself bound by a promise to one who never despairs of His help.

I often walked in the vineyards of Lestang while it was still daylight, but I was in the garb of a vine-dresser. Several times, I adopted this expedient to avoid a suspicious visitor—a spy or gendarme—who came to the house ; and I remember, once pointing out the way to some men, who were looking for my dwelling in order to question the servants, and draw from them the secret of my abode. But loyalty never belied itself, fidelity never gave way ! And, while the price set on my head promised a fortune to whomsoever should betray me, silence remained inviolable.

In recalling these touching memories, I cannot refrain from mentioning the most devoted of my servants, the faithful Derbier, who would have died for his master, rather than reveal the mystery that surrounded him. And thou too, my dog Pataut, poor servant of another kind, whose bark had a special note of menace and defence, at the sight of my enemies, whom thou didst scent so unerringly, I give thee too, a friendly and grateful remembrance !

More than a year passed in this way. In May 1802, Madame Hyde de Neuville lost her father, and during the following autumn, the state of my health rendered change of air absolutely necessary. We resolved to go to the seaside,—to La Rochelle. It may have been a very rash thing to do ; but I had come to the end of my patience, as well as of my strength, and felt the need of freedom, no less than of fresh air. We set out in November, and as we drove along the main roads, we felt like boys let out from school. The greatest difficulty was at the beginning of our journey. My wife thus describes it in a letter to her aunt: 'You will have heard how we set out boldly, at two o'clock in the afternoon, not wishing to arrive too late at Nevers. Besides, searches are generally made towards nightfall, as we had occasion to notice, the evening before, when our carriage was followed for a long distance, by certain gentlemen who never guessed who was inside. At Nevers, we met with our first adventure, which I must not omit to mention, as it caused us some merriment. We have so little to make us laugh in our position, that we welcome any diversion.

'A worthy man from Paris, had arrived unexpectedly to supper, at the house where we were to pass the night; it might have been done on purpose to interrupt the friendly gathering, our host had arranged in our honour. So, my poor companion[1] must remain in solitary confinement during supper, and this vexed us all. But you know his fertile imagination; he takes it into his head to play the part of an officer on a journey. My prudence gives way to his wild project; and behold him amongst us all, and we pretending not to know him, and each trying to outdo the other in questioning him about his campaigns and warlike exploits. He tells us, he has just returned from Egypt, and gives a thousand details, to which our Parisian listens with a good-humour, which would have made us reproach ourselves for the trick we were playing upon him, if we had been so scrupulous. Thus, we spent the evening in travelling from Memphis to Thebes, and in measuring the Pyramids, and the depth of Joseph's well, which, if it exist, was certainly no well of truth for us. At last, having found our way out of this labyrinth, we were about to pass into Arabia, when we thought it more prudent to retire for the night, which put an end to our traveller's tales. What nonsense, was it not? But ought we to be hard to please about our amusements, when we have so long been obliged to smuggle them?'

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[1] Her husband. [Tr.]

I only knew two people at Moulins, and it so happened, that I met one of them as I went into the town, and the other as I came out; but we had learned how to guard ourselves against being recognised by imprudent friends. I did not alight, the carriage blinds were half-closed, and we paid so liberally, that we were only kept waiting a short time, at each post-house. At Guéret, we took the diligence, there being no longer any danger of meeting people we knew, and we arrived, without mishap, at La Rochelle.

We spent several months there very pleasantly. Disguised under the name of Villaret, which excited no suspicion, and did not even attract attention; we made some friends, and enjoyed living freely in the light of day, after the seclusion to which I had been so long condemned; but it would not have been prudent to prolong this dangerous incognito indefinitely, and in the following March,[1] we returned to my mother's house.

Early in the summer of that year, I fell dangerously ill, and had no sooner recovered, than the doctor insisted on my going to a watering-place. A new and great difficulty for an outlaw! My life had been threatened, but it was necessary to meet the more pressing danger. We decided upon Charbonnières, near Lyons, a place little frequented by people from a distance, and where I could easily live unnoticed. I went there in July, and stayed six weeks, passing under the name of Villaret, which had concealed me so well at La Rochelle; it was the name of a little estate belonging to us. During this visit to Charbonnières, I formed some of the friendships which have lasted through life. I cannot speak of the

[1] 1803.

families of de Rosière and Valesque without feelings of gratitude.

My journeys to La Rochelle and Charbonnières were certainly very rash for one liable to arrest, like me ; but the days of those wise projects were over, and my return home was followed by events, destined to clip the outlaw's wings more closely.

Whilst I had been living quite apart from politics, events had passed rapidly. Buonaparte had been nominated Consul for life. It was the first step to the supreme power. One would have thought that such success would have opened his heart to gentler feelings ; that, having risen so high, he would no longer have cast a glance upon the poor atoms who had tried, for a moment, to arrest his triumphal march. Nothing of the kind. In the very act of climbing to the summit of power, he became more suspicious than ever, more anxious about anything that could place the least obstacle between him and the supreme dominion, he was about to seize. His soul could not rise to the height of his fortune, and all this glory and prosperity failed to awaken his feelings of generosity.

Thus, the first consequences which he sought to draw from the Peace with England, were the expulsion of the Princes and their partisans, who had taken refuge in London. His reiterated demands on this subject, were invariably rejected by the British Government.

Although I had kept completely aloof ; and the evident impossibility of rendering any useful service to my party, joined to the necessity of remaining hidden, had even broken off my political correspondence, I was included in the First Consul's recriminations. The *Moniteur* spoke of it as a crime on the part of the British Government, to have received me in London, together with George and Pichegru, in contravention of the Treaty of Amiens, that is to say, of a secret article of the Treaty, which, in fact, had never existed. I was represented as travelling from Varsovia to London, and from London to Varsovia, where Louis XVIII was then living; while in fact, I had not left France. The Declaration of War[1] was the signal for more active persecution, and I was compelled to hide myself more carefully than ever. On the 11th Fructidor (2nd Sept) of this year, 1803, a great search was made at Lestang; but this was not all. While Buonaparte was at the camp at Boulogne, Rovigo, as blundering as he was malicious, not being able to procure my arrest, as he had, in a manner, pledged himself to do, wrote to his master that I had just passed through Normandy and Brittany, and that the Royalist leaders were only waiting for the war to begin, to give the signal for several provinces to rise. On receiving this report, Napoleon, not only gave orders that I should be taken, living or dead; but, in his madness, and without consulting his Minister of Police, he despatched a courier with orders for the sequestration of the property of my whole family, and further that, if they failed to arrest me, they should arrest my wife and sister as hostages. A ridiculous measure, which was carried out,[2] and spread consternation through the whole province.

In vain, did my friends and relatives take active steps to prove my innocence, and to obtain justice for me. Mme. Hyde de Neuville made two journeys to Paris in this, and the following year, in order to add the weight of her entreaties to the efforts of my friends. It is certainly, one of the most touching marks of devotion that I have received from my good wife, for the rôle of petitioner was foreign to her reserved nature; yet, she assumed it on several occasions, and refused to be discouraged by the rebuffs she so often met with.

It is true, she found an affectionate supporter in her uncle, M. Rouillé de l'Etang, with whom she stayed at Paris. This kind and estimable old man devoted his immense fortune to relieving distress, patronising art, and gathering his nephews and nieces around him, to whom he was a second father. My wife accompanied her cousins, M. de Vaufreland, M. Pescatory and their sister Madame de Pastoret, from time to time, to Fleury, where they had been brought up together ; but nothing could turn her thoughts from her absent husband.

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[1] In May 1803. [Tr.]

[2] It would seem that Mme. Hyde de Neuville and Mme. de Larue were not detained long. [Tr.]

She came back, after each journey, without having obtained her request. On the second occasion, the question was raised, for the first time, that I should be exiled to the United States, as a condition to the removal of the proscription. Even this favour, was regarded as excessive, and was refused.

# CHAPTER XV

## CONSPIRACY OF PICHEGRU AND CADOUDAL

Buonaparte's information with regard to the Conspiracy.—General Savary watching the coast.—The Duc d'Enghien.—MM. de Polignac and de Rivière.—Pichegru.—Moreau.—George Cadoudal.—M. Hyde de Neuville at Couzon, near Lyons.—Dr Roland.—Efforts of the family of Madame Hyde de Neuville on behalf of her husband.—She resolves to seek an interview with Napoleon.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville journey to Constance.

As may readily be believed, the conspiracy of George and Pichegru, which broke out in February 1804, did not help to settle the affairs of the Royalists, even of those who, like me, had taken no part in it. The event was a great blow to me; it compromised my party to no purpose, and cost the lives of several of my friends. I foresaw from the first, the advantage that would be taken of it.

The conspiracy existed: this was an acknowledged fact; but the First Consul could never have dreamed of circumstances more calculated to further his ends. It would be so much easier to ascend the throne he longed for, after the appalling phantom of Conspiracy, which so readily impresses the people, had been invoked against the Princes.

Buonaparte had long been informed of every detail of the plot, by agents who were instructed, at once, to incite, and to denounce, the conspirators. All the threads were, so to speak, in his hands, and he guided them at will. He it was, who organised the strong, special, mission of Savary[1] to the coast of Normandy, in addition to the police measures of Réal, which he considered insufficient. All the windings of the affair were turned to account with consummate skill.

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[1] General Savary, afterwards Duc de Rovigo, who commanded the *gendarmerie d'élite*. [Tr.]

It is easy to trace in this the advice and ingenuity of Fouché, who had the Ministry of Police to regain. The various scenes of the drama—the successive arrests of Moreau, Pichegru, Armand and Jules de Polignac, and de Rivière—were presented to the public according to the rule of dramatic art, which requires that the interest should gradually increase; and during the intervals between the acts, nothing was left undone to strike terror into the pit; for George, the terrible George, was still at large, although it was known that he, like the others, had been for months concealed in Paris.

It seemed as if we had gone back to the evil days of the Revolution; for a law was wrested from the Chamber threatening with death anyone who should harbour the conspirators, or who, knowing where they were concealed, should fail to inform against them. A barbarous law, and anti-French, making denunciation a duty, and punishing hospitality with the scaffold. Even this was not enough, for the object was not to avert a danger—which had ceased to exist as soon as it was known—but to strike fear into the popular imagination, and paralyse public opinion. The gates of Paris were closed, and guarded with exaggerated precautions. No one might go out; the patrols—there had not been any to be seen for some years past—paraded the streets as ostentatiously as possible. The walls were placarded with a description of George. Thus entrapped, it was impossible for him long to escape arrest, although generous friends still dared to offer him shelter.

Pichegru had been betrayed by an officer to whom he had confided his secret. He was asleep when the men came to arrest him, on the 28th February. It was not until the 9th March, that they were able to arrest George, as he was passing from one hiding-place to another; for, owing to the searches by the police, he was obliged to change his retreat every night. As he was crossing Paris in a gig driven by Lérident, one of his Chouans, he was recognised, and followed ; the swiftness of the horse was powerless to save him ; he saw that he was overtaken, and was about to leap out and fly, when he was seized at the crossways of Bucy.

As a rule, governments seek, by a demonstration of power and popularity, to prove that they are unassailable ; they are inclined to make light of conspiracies, rather than to exaggerate them. But here, the future Emperor had other designs. George and Pichegru had supplied the prologue to the terrible drama that was being secretly prepared.

To Buonaparte's great regret, Savary had failed in his mission. Sent into Normandy to seize the Comte d'Artois[1] whose approaching arrival had been announced, Savary had in vain patrolled the coast, and guarded that rock of Biville[2], upon which I had leaped from the boat four years before, and which had become the usual route of the *émigrés* returning to France ; it was there that George had landed in August, followed, after a time, by Pichegru and the other accomplices. Buonaparte's plans were foiled by the check to Savary. He wanted the blood of a Bourbon ! To this day, it is impossible to understand to what rational policy he thought to sacrifice him, and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien has remained inexplicable to history. . . .

In nearly every reign, there is a moment when a downward course begins, when faults are followed

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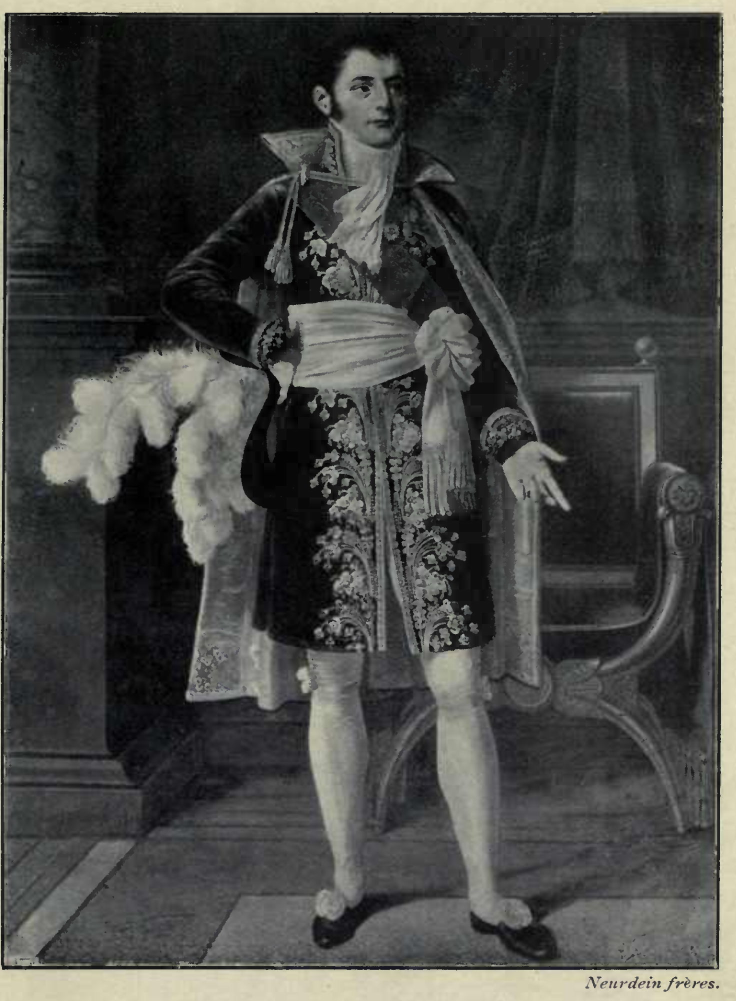
[1] Or perhaps, the Duc de Berry. See *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*. [Tr.]

[2] The landing did not take place, a warning of the events happening in Paris, having reached the coast in time. Savary held the secret of the Royalist signals agreed upon ; he made them himself, from the rock of Biville, and they were answered. Happily, for two days the wind was violent and contrary, and landing impossible ; meanwhile, a warning reached the captain of the brig, and he put to sea again. See *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. 1, p. 181. [Tr.]



*Neurdein frères.*

DUC DE ROVIGO.
*By Lefèvre (Musée de Versailles).*

by fatalities, which seem to be multiplied indefinitely. Such a moment, for Buonaparte, was that of the death of the Duc d'Enghien. The crown which was soon to surround Napoleon's brow, may well have dazzled his contemporaries; but all who study his history impartially, will see, at this time, the dawn of those political faults, that despotism and blindness, which prepared the way for the fall of the Empire, and place it, in spite of its false splendour, far below the Consulate. The first epoch of Napoleon's power, had, in many respects, a real greatness, which is admitted, even by those who refused to give the First Consul the confidence which is due only to institutions firmly established upon a principle.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien showed clearly enough, the fate which awaited George Cadoudal and his friends. The conspiracy had served as a pretext, it was now to serve as a justification! But the difficulties in the way of the government were great, for it was impossible to make the conspirators appear assassins. With that indomitable courage, that bold frankness, which could never yield or lie, even in the presence of death, George avowed everything. It is not easy to ascribe secret designs to those who unveil their own projects to the light of day, and George openly declared his intention of making an end of the First Consul,—but not by cowardly assassination, such as they had sought to lay to his charge on the 3rd Nivôse. In the interrogations to which he was subjected, he gave the most explicit answers. He made no attempt to defend his life, but only his honour. He was asked what was his object in coming to Paris. 'I came to attack the First Consul,' he replied, 'I wished to attack him openly, by armed force, and not to assassinate him.' 'What was your project?' 'To put a Bourbon in the place of the First Consul.'

Is it necessary to insist on the intentions of the conspirators, when we find among them such estimable men as MM. de Polignac, and M. de Rivière? Public opinion was not deceived, in spite of the efforts of the prosecution to lead it astray.

When the day of the Trial came, one of the accused was absent. The unhappy Pichegru was no more. On the 6th of April, the news was spread abroad, with all the publicity that it was within the power of the government to give, that General Pichegru had strangled himself in prison.[1] The public did not believe it. The circumstances attending the suicide, as described in the official reports, gave rise to more than one doubt ;[2] but to many of those who had known the true-hearted Pichegru, the doubt became a certainty. His high principles, and fortitude of soul, placed him far above the common weakness of suicide.[3] . . . It has been said, that he dreaded revelations which might be made, with regard to facts of an earlier date. I do not know how this may be, but the government may well have paused at the thought of trying the Conqueror of Holland ; one who had, for so long, been the rival of Buonaparte, and still retained great popularity and renown ; above all, of trying him on charges which raised such thorny points. Would they accuse him of seeking to overthrow the established government ? What had Buonaparte done to the Directory ? Would they charge him with attempted assassination, less than a month after the death of the Duc d'Enghien, which the public already designated by the word, murder? or again of conspiring against the liberty of the Republic. . . ? The calm courage and incisive words of Pichegru, might have produced a formidable effect at the trial.

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[1] He was in the Temple. [Tr.]

[2] M. Pasquier thinks Pichegru committed suicide. He says : 'J'ai lu avec le plus grand soin tous les procès-verbaux qui ont été dressés. J'ai parlé aux hommes principaux de la police de cette époque, et tous les renseignements que cette soigneuse investigation m'a procurés sont d'accord avec ceux que j' ai recueillis, sur le même point, du duc de Rovigo. Je me crois donc fondé à assurer que Pichegru s'est suicidé.' M. Pasquier adds, that it was said that the manner in which Pichegru strangled himself was impracticable, but that a Sieur Levaillant had committed suicide in the same way, in the Prison of the Prefecture of Police, when M. Pasquier was Prefect. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, vol. 1, p. 171. [Tr.]

[3] M. Pasquier thinks he was crushed by the weight of his misfortunes since the 18th Fructidor, and by the treachery of the man who gave him up. [Tr.]

There was not the same anxiety with regard to George; his well-known violence, and unmeasured language, were less dangerous; and might even confirm the reputation of 'ferocious' that the government sought to fasten on him, and to which the Emperor refers in his Memoirs.

The case of Moreau, the most distinguished of all, presented less difficulty. In placing the second personage in the State on the criminals' bench, the government degraded him forever, without the necessity of one of those harsh sentences, which often cause a reaction in public opinion. In reality, Moreau had not conspired. Some negotiations opened with him in the name of Pichegru, a few interviews with Pichegru and his friends, could not be called conspiracy. The rivalry between him and Buonaparte, their antipathy to one another, had led Moreau to listen to projects against the First Consul. He might be accused of tendencies, but not of a single act; on the contrary, it was his hesitation and refusal, that brought about the failure of the enterprise. Thus, he was only incriminated to a point that enabled Napoleon to show his magnanimity. There is no surer, or more complete, way of crushing a rival, than to be generous towards him; and with the same stroke, the Emperor caused him to disappear from the scene, where he might have been a formidable actor. All these results were attained by a sentence of two years' imprisonment, commuted into exile to the United States.

George perished, with eleven of his Chouans who were implicated in the plot. They were not allowed the honour of a soldier's death; they were not shot, but suffered on the scaffold. George showed to the last, that dauntless courage, with which he had so often before gone forward to meet death. Nothing could bring down this indomitable spirit, so justly called *Têtc de Fer.* He was offered pardon, on condition of submitting, openly and forever, to Napoleon. 'Does he want to abase me before he kills me?' was his only answer; and he repelled with disdain the petition for pardon that was offered him for signature. During the trial, he maintained a calmness and moderation that astonished his judges. He denied nothing, and took the whole responsibility upon himself. One of the members of the Special Commission, Thuriot, having raised some point of procedure, George rose, and called out in his loud ringing voice: 'You voted for the death of your King. If you had fallen into my hands, your trial would soon have been over. Do the same with me.'

Many of the prisoners were acquitted, and a few others pardoned. The penalty of death, which had been pronounced upon M. de Rivière, MM. de Polignac, d'Hozier, Lajolais, and four others, was commuted to imprisonment. The three first named, against whom, indeed, only secondary charges could be brought, owed their life to Josephine, whose kindness never failed, and who intervened between her husband and these comparatively innocent victims, whose chief crime was their intimate friendship with the Comte d'Artois. . . . The conspiracy of George Cadoudal had justified my anticipations only too well. Three years before, I had come to the conclusion, that there was nothing more to be done towards the return of the Bourbons, until time and events should have given their decision, regarding the great venture upon which France had entered. Yet, must we not rather pity than blame the unhappy men who paid so dearly for their rashness? The whole party was destined to suffer for it, for a long time to come; and even amidst his victories, the Emperor did not forget his vengeance. While de Rivière, and the two de Polignacs, began their imprisonment at the Temple, which was destined to last till the Restoration, d'Andigné, Suzannet and Bourmont were successively arrested, and placed in confinement, closely guarded.

Naturally, the search for me became more active than ever. . . Danger increased ; and my health again broke down, under the strict seclusion in which I was kept at my mother's house. We resolved—Mme. Hyde de Neuville and I—to go away again, and live somewhere unknown. The devoted friends I had met at Lyons, drew me towards them ; and it was in the pretty village of Couzon, near Lyons, where the Valesques lived, that we sought our retreat. We remained from May to September 1805, at Fonbonne, a small house that I rented, in order to be near these kindest and best of friends. Their society, together with that of the good Rosières, made this time of exile one of my happiest memories.

Inactivity was always contrary to my nature, and I created occupations around me ; one of the pleasantest, because it answered a need of my heart, as well as of my mind, was the study of medicine, to which I had always been attracted, and which enabled me to render little services to my poor neighbours. Besides, it was part of my disguise, as I had come to the district under the name of Dr Roland. The supposed doctor soon won the confidence of the good people of the place. The pleasure of relieving suffering humanity was too great for me not to take an interest in my new rôle ; so, I studied medicine seriously. One discovery, that was little known at the time, appealed to my imagination,—vaccination. I began with a few timid experiments, which were so completely successful, that I felt encouraged; and I brought over so many people to my views, that I had not time to attend to my patients, who came in crowds. My fame as a doctor, spread far and wide, and brought me great honour. I was in a fair way to become one of the lights of medical science, at least, within a radius of ten leagues around Couzon. Should I have gained or lost by following this vocation ? A wise man only weighs in the scales of his past life, the good he has been able to do. Thus, while Napoleon honoured me with his anger and suspicion, I was, for five months, plotting under a false name, to vaccinate the inhabitants of the humble village of Couzon ; and while all the forces of the gendarmerie were on the watch for me as a conspirator, there was some question of awarding a medal to Doctor Roland, for his services in spreading abroad, gratuitously, the benefits of vaccination. Shall we not say that, after all, Napoleon was but a man, and had skilful agents ! To be at one and the same time, the object of threats and rewards, on the part of the government, is one of the strange contrasts of my stormy life.

I had already left Couzon, when M. Goiran, the Mayor of the Commune, who had become my friend, and was in my secret, received the following letter from M. d'Herbouville, Prefect of the Rhone :

'Monsieur,

'His Excellency the Minister of the Interior, to whom I notified the state of vaccination in your commune, in 1806, informs me that he has forwarded these particulars to the Committee of the Central Vaccination Society who will refer to them in their next report.

'His Excellency regrets that he does not know the name of the honoured citizen, who has contributed so much to extend the benefits of this new method of treatment through the commune of Couzon ; and he desires me to write to him, and express his Excellency's appreciation of so much zeal and disinterestedness. I hope, Monsieur, you will not continue to leave me in ignorance of the name of this citizen ; but if you are not willing to reconsider your decision, I would ask you to be so kind as to convey to him this expression of the Minister's esteem.'

'Agreez, etc., (signed) d'HERBOUVILLE.'

M. Goiran, with excessive prudence and anxiety, persisted in declining to reveal even the false name of Dr Roland, and the medal referred to in a subsequent letter, could not be awarded.

Meanwhile, the Emperor was strengthening his position daily by new victories. The obstacles he had met with at first, were forgotten, and there seemed reason to hope that he himself, might have forgotten those who had raised them. So, my friends continued to flatter themselves that I had, at length, reached the limit of my persecution, which after five years of complete political inaction on my part, seemed too harsh an injustice ; they still exerted their influence on my behalf at Paris, but without result.

It was then, that Madame Hyde de Neuville was aroused, by the very refusals and evasive replies she invariably received, to make one supreme act of self-sacrifice. . . . This was nothing less than to appeal for justice to Napoleon himself; and in order to do so, she must cross the whole of Germany, where he was detained by a series of glorious battles. The very difficulties in the way of the plan were the means of success. Could the intrepid devotion of a woman fail to awaken the Emperor's generosity in return ? Being unable to deter my wife from her brave enterprise, I resolved, at least, to go with her as far as the German frontier of Switzerland, and remain there during her absence. We set out in September 1805, for Geneva, from which town our kind friend Pamphile de Rosière accompanied us as far as Lausanne, in order that we might use his passport, which bore the names of several members of his family. We were to part at Constance—Mme. Hyde de Neuville and I. We travelled, by short stages, across Switzerland, and this, and my wife's preparations for the journey through Germany, delayed her departure until the 3rd November. . . . I saw her off with feelings of mingled anxiety and gratitude, after having made a last effort to turn her from a resolution, the danger of which I realised more fully at the last moment. . . . She was accompanied only by a trustworthy and intelligent woman, who had already given proofs of her devotion to the family of Madame Hyde de Neuville.

# CHAPTER XVI

## MADAME HYDE DE NEUVILLE SEEKS AN INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON NOVEMBER 3RD 1805—MARCH 12TH 1806.

Mme. Hyde de Neuville's journey to Augsburg.—Munich.—Interview with Talleyrand.—Braunau.—She travels with some French officers.—Lintz.—Journey on the Danube.—Greyn.—A village on the right bank.—Melk.—On board the boat of the Imperial Guard.—Kreans.—Thoun.—Journey by land to Schönbrunn.—The Emperor had left.—Austerlitz.—Mme. Hyde de Neuville remains a month at Vienna.—Kindness of the Duc de Bassano, Murat, and Berthier.—Three interviews with Napoleon.—Exile to the United States.—Permission to pass through France and embark in Spain.—Return of Mme. Hyde de Neuville to Constance.

[In her letter to her husband Mme. Hyde de Neuville thus describes the difficulties she met with in passing through Germany :]

Five days travelling, and here we are at Augsburg ; but I am told the Emperor is a long way off, and by the 10th, he should be sixty leagues from here. How can I cover such a distance in the time, with my slow carriage ! The mail-coach no longer runs ; they fear I may have a difficulty in getting through. . . . We are at Munich, another twenty leagues covered, and still, they tell me, I must go on. With the slowness of my march, and the rapidity of his, there is great danger that I shall not overtake the Emperor before he reaches Vienna. Never mind. I will go on, as far as I can ; but provisions begin to run short, and already, they are giving bread to the horses, instead of oats ; our driver grieves over his poor exhausted jades, that can scarcely drag us along. On reaching Munich, I learned that M. de Talleyrand was still there. I resolved to go and see him.

I feared, at first, to be taken for an adventuress, but as soon as he knew my name, he showed me kindness and sympathy. He advised me to continue my way, and to apply to any of the Emperor's subordinates, who were likely to help me. I left him, feeling very grateful for advice so much in accordance with my own wishes.

After a very slow journey, we reached Braunau, where they had held out the hope that we might, at last, find the headquarters. I learn, at the gate of the town, that they have been removed to Lintz, that is to say, thirty-four leagues from here, and it is feared they will soon be still further off. I am informed, also, that on account of the frequent requisitions, it is almost certain that I shall not be able to find horses ; and moreover, that orders have been given, that no woman shall be allowed to pass through to headquarters. My grief was extreme, and my driver, who suggested retracing my steps as the only expedient, was not consoling. Night was drawing in, however, and it was necessary to come to a decision.

A French officer who had heard part of my questions, and noticed my anxiety, came up to the carriage, and offered his services to help me to continue my journey. I hesitated, but what could I do ? Besides, he was an elderly man who seemed to command the outpost, and his looks inspired confidence. He told me that a superior officer was on the point of leaving for headquarters, and if I would give this officer a seat in my carriage, we should be provided with horses, and be certain of obtaining others on the way.

I express vague thanks, which, doubtless, he interprets as consent, and my officer runs off. He seeks out the Commandant who makes all arrangements, and introduces the officer who is to accompany me, together with his secretary. The honest faces, and no less straightforward words, of these gentlemen lead me to accept the offer, which, indeed, was the only course open to me, if I would continue my journey. They harness four horses to our carriage, take a guide, light lamps for fear of accidents; a sapper, with a long beard, takes his seat on the box, to keep an eye on the postillions, and we set off.

We were talking very quietly, and calculating that in less than twenty-four hours we should be at Lintz, when, suddenly, in a sunken road, the carriage turns completely over into the ditch. We all cry out, the sapper hastens to us, the postillion, the cause of our disaster, runs away, and there we are, left to extricate ourselves as well as we can; the sapper pulls us out, one after another; we each exclaim that we are not much hurt, and now our only fear is for the carriage. Some one goes to seek help from the neighbouring houses; but, meanwhile, a wretched foot-warmer that we had forgotten, sets fire to the straw, and when they try to raise the carriage, it is all in flames.

The sapper jumps in, puts out the fire, which has not had time to do much harm; the carriage is set up again, and we find there is only a window broken. Our parcels, lying scattered about the ditch, are picked up; we pack ourselves in again, inveighing against the clumsiness of our postillion. Mlle. Gai, my maid, had not recovered from the shock, and my fellow-travellers were wondering that I was not more frightened, when a little further on, a rut plays us the same trick as the ditch.

One gets tired of this sort of travelling, and we did not come off so well the second time. One had a scratched face, another a bruised shoulder; I escaped with a blow on the head, and rather a severe sprain to my arm. I trembled lest the carriage should be broken, but the other window only was smashed; and the carriage was lifted up by some dragoons, who fortunately, were bivouacking near.

After a journey of twenty-six hours, we reach Lintz, without further accident, but very tired.

My companions suggest that we should take only three hours' rest, and then set off again. I gladly agree, but what is my distress when I learn that, once past Lintz, it will be impossible to procure horses at any price ; that the President of the Corps Legislatif himself, had come back, after trying in vain to obtain them. What is to be done? What will become of us? To complete our disappointment, my travelling companion, on whose credit I relied to find the means of continuing my journey, has received orders to await the arrival of his corps at Lintz. At last, I learn that the boats conveying bread and munitions to the army, are to leave the next day ; and that the journey down the Danube, although very unpleasant on account of the cold, is almost as rapid as by coach. Without hesitation, I adopt this, my only resource.

The next morning at six o'clock, we are on the Danube, in the midst of fifty thousand rations of bread, in a little cabin made of planks, covered only overhead, and letting in the cold air on every side. We suffered much from the cold on the first day, in spite of the straw with which the cabin was furnished. Towards noon, a contrary wind obliged us to land on the left bank of the Danube, that is to say, in the enemy's country ; for, we were told, there were still some Russians there, who committed horrible ravages. Happily, the village of Greyn, where we landed, was occupied, almost immediately after our arrival, by a regiment of French dragoons, who told us that it was quite true the Russians were not far away.

This unfortunate hamlet had been pillaged. The inn, where we took shelter, was the picture of desolation ; the furniture had been broken, or carried away, the windows shattered, and the unhappy inmates wore a look of depression and sorrow, that went to my heart. The landlord, an old man who seemed ill, was leaning on a table, his hands clasped, his head bowed, and his eyes fixed on the ground ; with his distracted looks, and almost utter disregard of what was going on around him, he was the image of despair. His wife was crying and seemed less unhappy. We all—my companions and I—hastened to console them, by telling them that peace would soon put an end to their troubles.

We left at three o'clock, after paying these poor people liberally for their hospitality; they showed us a few *kretchs* at the bottom of a pewter mug, and said, it was all they had left.

The wind continuing contrary, we landed at nightfall, at a village on the right bank of the river. It was a question of finding shelter for the night, and after a long search, my fellow-travellers, worthy people and very attentive, came to tell me we should be very well housed, as they had arranged for us to be billetted on the Castle. I confess, this was far from pleasant news to me; one can compensate poor people, with a few coins, for the trouble one gives them; but to take up one's abode at a house where one is sure to be a source of annoyance, this was a new and unheard of position for me, and repugnant to my sense of delicacy.

However, there was no possibility of drawing back; hunger and extreme cold drove us from the boat and, besides, it would have been neither modest nor safe, to remain with the Austrain boatmen, who were conveying us against their will, and only sought the first opportunity to escape. Mlle. Gai, noticing my reluctance, encouraged me in a low tone with the unanswerable argument: 'Oh! Madame, what else can we do?'

At last, we reached a fine large house. After crossing several courts, bridges and an extensive garden, and passing through some large rooms, a man half peasant, half *bourgeois*, who was styled M. l'Intendant, shows us to a beautiful room that had been prepared for me and my maid, Mlle. Gai. I look with interest at this house to which chance has led me, and reflect that if I should ever meet the owner in society, he would find it difficult to believe, and I to tell him, that I had come, thus, to occupy his house against his will. I slept badly in my castle; I felt ill at ease, although the next morning, I tried to compensate the servants for the inconvenience caused to their masters.

We re-embarked at daybreak, with a favourable wind, and arrived without mishap at Melk, a little town remarkable for a rich Abbey; the façade of this magnificent building is ornamented with doric pilasters, and you can count no fewer than fifty-nine traceried windows in front. We could find neither food nor lodgings in Melk, which was full of troops; a broken bridge, camps where soldiers had bivouacked, and a deserted and neglected look about the houses, brought sad thoughts to the mind; a number of dead horses lined the roads, and the blows falling upon those that were yet living, made one wish that they might soon share the fate of their comrades. We found a bridge of boats built for the passage of the mails.

Our boat had stopped at Melk to land bread, and was to go on for another five or six leagues that day. I hastened back to it, only to learn that the boatmen, who had been left unguarded, had fled during our absence, and there was no possibility, at the moment, of replacing them. Everyone was distressed, and I, more so than anyone. At last, two of my fellow-passengers suggested that I should go, with them, on board the boat of the Imperial Guard, which was just starting.

The impossibility of continuing my way that evening, the certainty of being unable to find a resting-place for the night, and above all, fear lest the headquarters should be still further removed during all these delays, decided me to avail myself of this offer, very courteously made to me by the officer. Besides, I was reassured by the presence of my two fellow-travellers; Mlle. Gai, always in favour of going forward, gathered up my parcels; one of the gentlemen gave me his arm; and there we were, in the midst of some sixty soldiers, and a number of chests full of military cloaks, boots, and other necessaries for the equipment of the army.

The commanding officer received me with as much consideration and politeness as if we had met in society. He took me to a cabin made of boards, where I sat down on some straw, thanking him, just as I should have done if he had handed me into a carriage;[1] and indeed, what gratitude did I not owe to men who were so kind and courteous, as to think well of me in spite of the eccentricity of my proceedings! I felt bound to tell them the object I had in view, after which they were even more considerate than before.

This experience, and many others, have taught me that there is a certain air of truthfulness which always carries conviction; it would, indeed, be impossible to imagine anything more polite and obliging than the behaviour of all around us. We arrived at Kreans, where we saw a division of the army pass, under Field-Marshal Bernadotte, who, as we afterwards learned at Vienna, defeated the Russians on the following day.

'Do not be frightened,' the officer said to me, 'if some shots are fired at our boat, for we are in the enemy's country.' Several shots were fired, in fact, but happily, no one was wounded. A Bavarian sentinel, also, took it into his head to fire upon us, mistaking us for Russians, but his aim was no better than his eyesight. The officer, at whom he levelled his gun, did not stir, though the bullet whizzed close past him, but merely laughed by way of revenge, advising him to put on his spectacles another time before firing.

Night was closing in, however, and it was necessary to find lodgings; for the navigation of the Danube, dangerous enough by day, becomes impossible at night. We were the more anxious to land as we had found no provisions at Melk, and had had nothing to eat but bread, for a day and a half. Fortunately, I had saved some white bread, which, hard though it was, served us as food in our destitute condition; we shared it with one of our travelling-companions who was ill, to whom it gave great pleasure.

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[1] *Une berline*—a carriage then in vogue, and first used in Berlin. [Tr.]

At last, we reached a village where we could put up for the night. We had to pass through a street where there were houses still burning. The sight produced a painful impression. A few moments later, the fire burst forth anew, and the French officers, without hesitation, left the supper they greatly needed, to go to the help of the unfortunate people, who begged them to have pity on them.

The next day brought no remarkable event, beyond the sight—happily rather distant—of several dead bodies upon the river-bank. At Thoun, a little town seven leagues from Vienna, we left the Danube; the lieutenant, justly fearing to incur the risk to himself and those in his charge, of continuing his way by water, decided to seek vehicles to convey them by land.

This courteous officer kindly procured an open, but very comfortable, carriage for us. We got in with two of our travelling-companions, one of whom, a married man, and very gentlemanly, was rather ill; the other, whom I had also seen before, had just come out of the military hospital. We had now almost reached our journey's end. I indulged in hope more than I had ever done hitherto. I looked upon the difficulties I had encountered as, so to speak, a pledge of success. I do not know whence this confidence came to me, but doubtless, it was another blessing from Providence, that has always supported us both—you and me, my friend! I seemed to feel that it would soon reunite us, never to be separated any more! This word *never* is too long for feeble creatures; it saddens, because it shows us our powerlessness; it is no more reasonable to say *always*, but the word is very sweet when spoken to those we love.

At last, we drew near Schönbrun, the Royal Palace, two leagues from Vienna, where, I was told, the Emperor had fixed his headquarters. Already, I could see the smoke rising from the Castle chimneys. I wished to alight at an inn opposite the Imperial residence.

One of the officers, called a dragoon, and asked for news of the Emperor. 'The Emperor,' replied the man, 'Ah! he is a long way off; he left yesterday to join the army, and judging by this cannonade we have been hearing all day, he is just now fighting the Russians.' I cannot describe the effect of the news upon me! After so many troubles, fatigues and anxieties, to arrive at last—just a few moments too late! . . . . His return was uncertain, and besides, my mind was filled with the one thought: 'He is gone, and yesterday, I might have found him; perhaps, I might have had the happiness of obtaining an end to my poor husband's proscription!' Ah! what are physical troubles compared with those of the mind? I had borne the first easily, and in a manner cheerfully, because I looked beyond them to the goal of my hopes; I had no strength left to bear this last misfortune. . . . I let my kind travelling companions take me to Vienna, and install me there; to the last they were full of sympathy and care for me.

The next day, I received more consoling news; I was assured that the Emperor would probably return. I learned also, that several persons, who usually follow the Court, were still in Vienna. So I decided to wait. . . .

*Dec. 5th.* I have had good news. We have defeated the Russians at Austerlitz; the Emperor himself was at the head of the army, and gave all the orders to charge. As yet, there are no details. How happy it would be if he should come here now, to rest upon so many laurels! Truly, he ought to be satisfied with such a brilliant campaign, to which history scarcely furnishes a parallel; it should be the very moment to hope, at last, for his justice.

[The painful suspense was prolonged, and it was only after a month's residence in Vienna, that Madame Hyde de Neuville was, at last, permitted to see the Emperor; not that his return had been delayed, but that he had remained shut up at Schönbrun, and inaccessible to anyone.

The brave and devoted woman had won the sympathy of all to whom she had recourse, among others of the Duc de Bassano, Prince Murat, and especially Maréchal Berthier. Through their mediation, she was able, at last, to have three interviews with the Emperor; but the only terms to which he would consent, were those which had been discussed at Paris the year before, that her husband should be exiled to the United States. Only on this condition, could the sequestration on his property be removed, and then only from the day they sailed for America. She was more successful with regard to her brother-in-law, M. de Larue. She obtained permission for him to live openly in France, under the surveillance of the Government; and the department of the Cher was assigned to him as his place of residence.

The petition of M. and Madame Hyde de Neuville was not, however, entirely rejected. They both regarded it as of the utmost importance to clear M. Hyde de Neuville forever, from an odious accusation which had been several times brought up against him. His wife, therefore, insisted that he should be allowed to pass through France, and embark in Spain, instead of Italy. He was willing to suffer for his political convictions. He accepted exile as a Royalist; but he was unwilling that the least suspicion should hang over him, of having taken part in the event of the 3rd Nivôse. Passports granted by the government, and permission to pass freely through France, would disarm, and put an end forever to the calumny, if any attempt should, hereafter, be made to revive it. On hearing from Maréchal Berthier, the motive which led Madame Hyde de Neuville to press for this authorisation, the Emperor replied: 'That is right, that is French.' Although the measure of his generosity towards her was restricted, he appreciated her conduct, and said: 'You are a worthy woman, I am sorry I cannot grant you more.'

Faithful to her husband's instructions, she had not compromised his dignity by persisting in her petition. She writes: 'You charged me to speak the truth always, down to the smallest detail, and to preserve to the full the dignity of your honourable life. Your advice, which is so much in accordance with my own feelings, has been followed. Maréchal Berthier handed me your passport this morning; he tells me he has just written to the Minister of Police about your brother-in-law. Ah! my friend, if you had signed that Act, drawn up by honourable men, we too should have been restored to our home; but you did right, one cannot carry scruples of honour too far; do not worry about me, I will follow you everywhere with joy, where could I find it without you!'

The Act referred to in this letter had been drawn up by the Abbé de Montesquiou, M. de Pastoret, and M. de Damas. The outlaw was quite ready to sign an Act of *Submission*, but the word *Fidelity* wounded his conscience.

Madame Hyde de Neuville met with fewer difficulties on her return journey; but there was much delay, all the means of transport having been absorbed by the Emperor's suite, for Napoleon was returning to France at the same time. She joined her husband at Constance, on the 6th Jan. 1806, after an absence of two months.]

# CHAPTER XVII

## ON THE WAY TO EXILE: BARCELONA

Return of Mme. Hyde de Neuville to Constance.—Journey to Lyons.—Last words of Mme. Hyde to her son.—Journey to Barcelona.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville remain there six months, waiting for M. Paul Hyde de Neuville.—Customs in Barcelona.—Monastery of Mont-Serrat.—M. Viot, Consul at Barcelona.—The Gros Family.—The Duchesse de Bourbon.—The Prince de Conti.—Voyage to Algéciras.—The Vessel narrowly escapes the rocks between Majorca and Spain.—She is boarded by Pirates.—Tempest.—Driven to the coast of Barbary.—Puts into the Bay of Gibraltar.—Journey from Algéciras to Cadiz by land.

My poor wife returned, much wearied and changed, but her courage was unshaken. She would not let me tell her how greatly I was touched by her conduct; she thought of nothing but the happiness of our being reunited forever, even in exile, without the necessity of those precautions for my safety which had separated us so often. . . .

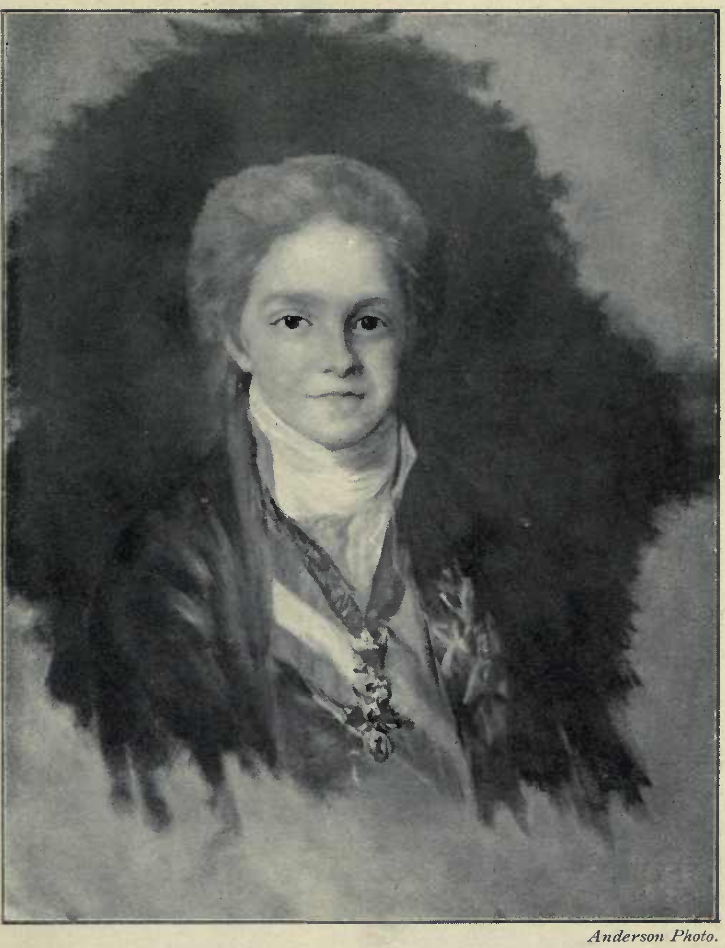
There was no longer any reason for our remaining in Switzerland; and we made our way to Lyons, where we were allowed to remain a fortnight. Many of our friends came to bid us good-bye, and my mother—my good mother—also wished to see me once more. Alas! Although we did not know it, it was for the last time. Exile and separation were, however, grief enough, and weighed heavily upon us during the short time we were together. My revered mother offered to God the sacrifice of her purest and warmest affections. Her parting words were: 'We shall meet again, my son, either in this world or the other. If you continue outlawed, your old mother will seek you out at the furthest end of the earth; but do not let time, weariness, or sad memories, wear out your courage. Die, in exile, if God so will, but never trifle with your conscience. I would rather think of you as in misery in exile, than loaded with riches and honours in France at such a price.'

On the 12th March 1806, we trod the soil of France for the last time before going to America. Heaven did not forsake us in our trial, and veiled from our eyes the length of our banishment; and hope tempered our regrets. We were young, full of confidence; misfortunes had taught us courage and patience; we looked forward trustfully, to ample compensation in the future for the sorrows of the present.

Spain seemed to us a refuge from ourselves; it was the first halting place in our exile, and we settled at Barcelona for a considerable time. No definite date had been fixed for our departure, and it seemed good to linger on the road to final exile. Later, my brother decided to accompany us, my mother wishing him to see us settled in America, so that he might tell her how we fared when he returned. His arrival having been delayed by various causes, we remained at Barcelona, from the middle of March till the end of September.

Our manner of life had accustomed us to nomadic habits, and we easily adapted ourselves to our surroundings. Barcelona offered us resources that we were unwilling to forego. It was an interesting study for us—this Spanish society, that had kept up, in great measure, the customs of the time of Philip II, and the strict etiquette, which contrasted so strongly with the comfort, cheerfulness, and facility of intercourse in France.

Spain, at this time—Barcelona at least—seemed to have gone back several centuries. A foreigner, arriving there without previous warning, might have thought that, by some magic wand, he had been transported to the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Naturally indolent and somewhat vain, the Spaniards seem to have remained lost in contemplation of the age of Charles V, the day of



*Anderson Photo.*

THE INFANTE DON CARLO-MARIE-ISIDOR.
*By Goya y Lucientes (Gall. del Prado, Madrid).*

their greatest power in Europe. Manners, civilisation, literature, had almost stood still, and beneath a grave and dignified exterior, was concealed a very general incapacity.

The education of the women was more than neglected. Their toilet, their guitar—to which they were faithful, as to all old-world customs—their drives, in antiquated coaches, from which they never alighted, such were the sole occupations of the pretty señoras, who naturally were dull, and inclined to seek refuge in diversions less hedged around by prejudices. Nothing can be imagined more attractive than these beautiful Spanish women, from the simple Catalan to the rich señora, whom it was sometimes difficult to distinguish the one from the other, under the national costume worn by all classes,—the mantilla which so greatly enhances beauty, and the *basquine*, a short tight skirt, showing the prettiest of feet.

Even amusements, bore the stamp of the general strictness. *Tertulias*, or evening receptions, were few in number. We went, in great state, to the house where the assembly was to be held. The ladies were received, by the hostess, in one drawing-room, and the gentlemen, by the host, in another ; for, at least, an hour we went on saying : 'How do you do,' politeness requiring that each guest, on his arrival, should take the hand of everybody in the room, and enquire individually after each member of his family. Then the *rafreisio*, consisting of chocolate and cakes, was brought in ; only after this repast was over, did the two circles unite, with renewed salutations and ceremonies. It is easy to understand, that such customs would lead to a reaction in the form of balcony intrigues, to which the Spanish ladies are much given.

While at Barcelona, we made an excursion to the renowned Abbey of Mont-Serrat, situated in the midst of almost inaccessible rocks. It takes seven hours to get there, along a narrow path, between abysses of frightful depth, into which we might have been thrown by the least false step on the part of our donkeys. We were received by the entire community with the greatest respect and kindness ; they took us to the majestic church, which contains the statue of the Madonna, to which pilgrimages are made from France, and from the heart of Germany.

I visited, in the monastery, a venerable old man of ninety, Mgr. de Lastic, who was formerly a bishop in France, and having escaped the storm of the Revolution, was ending a long and holy life far away from men. As a rule, he saw no one, but he kindly made an exception in our favour. He could not refrain from asking us questions which went back to forty years ago, and which we could not answer.[1] I did not then know the tie which was destined to bind our family to that of de Lastic.[2] This noble old man was treated with the greatest consideration ; but few of those around him understood his language, so while revered for his virtues, he was none the less isolated.

During our stay in Barcelona, we met with rather an alarming instance of the medieval manners still existing in Spain. I had accepted an invitation for the evening, and Madame Hyde de Neuville had retired to rest early. She was awakened from her first sleep by two men, who burst into the room, and threw themselves at the foot of the bed, exclaiming : 'Save us, we are lost ! We have just killed a man.' Recovering a little from the shock, my wife recognised our servants, one of whom had only been in our service two days ; he thought the *alguazils* were after him. But the police were not very effective at that time in Barcelona, besides, it is against the law to search the house of a Frenchman under any pretext, except in the presence of the Consul. The affair did not prove so serious as we feared. Three stabs with a knife had been given in a quarrel, but they had not proved mortal ; and the chief criminal, who was under twenty, escaped the gallows, though rather narrowly. We resolved to be more careful in future whom we took into our service.

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[1] M. Hyde de Neuville was then only thirty. [Tr.]

[2] The eldest of M. Hyde de Neuville's nieces married the Count Romain de Lastic Saint-Jal. She died in 1848 leaving two sons, the Counts Guillaume and Jehan de Lastic.

We made many pleasant acquaintances at Barcelona, not only among the natives, but among the French, who, like ourselves, had been driven thither by the ill-wind of political events. We saw a good deal of the French Consul, M. Viot. He looked back on Paris with regret, and was unhappy because he could not get his verses published ; all the same, he went on making them by the thousand, and read them to everyone who came near, whether they would, or no. His life bored him, he merely vegetated there, and would have died of consumption, if he had not, eventually, been recalled.

Among our friendships, I would place in the very front that of the Gros family, who had come to Barcelona in the suite of the Duchesse de Bourbon. Madame Gros[1] presented me to the Duchess, by whom she had been brought up, and adopted, almost as a daughter. This Princess often received me, although she lived in strict seclusion, her tastes, no less than her misfortunes, having led her to withdraw from society. At the time when I knew her, she was under the influence of mystical ideas, which she carried to the point of illuminism. I ventured to combat some of her theories, and she not only tolerated my controversy, but encouraged it, her sincerity leading her to seek out, and welcome, objections. She wrote a great deal, and did me the honour to entrust several manuscripts to me, with the following lines : ‘ I add a note here of all the writings which I entrust to one who has expressed a wish to have them, hoping he will make no other use of them than would be in accordance with the feelings that dictated them, and which it seems to me his soul is capable of experiencing. . . .'

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[1] The mother of Baron Gros, who began his diplomatic career with Baron Hyde de Neuville, as Secretary to the Embassy, and was afterwards Ambassador in China, and in England. He remained intimately bound to M. Hyde de Neuville up to the time of his death, and showed him almost filial affection.

I have preserved all the papers of the Duchesse de Bourbon, but I shall not make even the restricted use of them that she authorised. The aim which she then set before herself, would be no longer hers if she were now living. On returning to France, she ceased to retain, at least to the same extent, the mystical ideas that had filled her mind in Spain. She no longer spoke of reforming the Church, and recognised that God did not require from the great ones of the earth, that they should carry humility to the point of forgetting what is due to their station.

God rewarded her by an enviable death; she died, suddenly, at the foot of the Cross. She was praying before the shrine of St Geneviève, when heaven opened for her; and by a singular coincidence, the Duchess, who was apparently in good health, had made her will again that morning.

The last time that we saw her—Madame Hyde de Neuville and I—when we were leaving for America, she made us promise to come and dine with her, without waiting for an invitation, on the day after our return to Paris. We were all, indeed, destined to see France once more; but, on our return, this good Princess was no longer living, and I never saw the mother of the last Condé again.

The Prince de Conti was also at Barcelona while we were there. He could not understand how any one could risk a sea voyage, and decided to remain in Spain, instead of going to Italy as he wished. This good old man took no part in politics, but occupied himself in works of charity and in going to the theatre; he went to sleep at the play regularly every night. His life was happy though monotonous; he had faithful friends, and old servants, who anticipated all his wishes, and even his whims. He spent his, not very large, income in relieving distress, and his generosity reduced him to a very moderate, if not to an embarrassed, position.

At last, the time drew near for us to leave. My brother had joined us, and the sequestration of our property was only to be removed when we sailed. We had obtained leave to embark at a port in Catalonia, without going to Cadiz; this would have saved us much fatigue and expense. But the delay in receiving a reply from Paris, to our letter on the subject, caused us to lose an opportunity that did not return; and we found no vessel sailing direct to the United States. We decided, therefore, to embark at Tarragona on board an American frigate, bound for Algéciras, where we should find vessels leaving for America.

Accordingly, we left Barcelona, on the 31st September 1806, accompanied by a Spanish officer, who had been appointed Governor of the Fortunate Islands,[1] and his wife, who were to sail with us . . . .

We waited two days for a favourable wind; on the third, we arrived at the port, expecting to embark at once; but our captain was late, and kept us waiting on the shore until nightfall. It began to rain, the sea became rough, and we had only a small boat, not large enough to take us all to the vessel at once. A worthy Danish captain noticed our difficulty; he brought his sloop; and a negro rowed Mme. Hyde de Neuville across, together with some women, who, like us, had been waiting on the beach.

A violent gust of wind carried the sloop out to sea, and she had barely time to reach the ship, when the waves became really threatening. The other men and I were unable to launch our ship's boat, the sea was so strong. She was overloaded with our baggage, and after five or six strokes of the oar, a wave came over her, filling her with water, and she began to sink.

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[1] The Canaries. [Tr.]

I regained the shore with difficulty, the water being up to my shoulders; twenty paces further, and I should have been drowned. Part of our baggage was lost, and the rest drenched and spoiled. We found it difficult to raise the boat again; meanwhile, the Danish captain came back, placed his own, at our disposal, and at length, we reached the ship, wet to the skin.

These early adventures were neither the last, nor the worst, that befell us. During the second night, the Spanish sailor at the helm, nearly ran us upon the celebrated rocks that lie between Majorca and the coast of Spain. Happily, the captain was not asleep; he and my brother, who was a bit of a sailor, were looking at the chart, and noticed in time, that the unskilful pilot was steering straight for the rocks.

As if each day were destined to be marked by some misfortune, we were attacked, and boarded, on the following day, by a Corsair manned by forty-five pirates.

It was night, and we could not distinguish their flag, but they fired as they approached, and thus compelled our captain to go alongside. Soon after, the brigands, armed with sabres and daggers, boarded our vessel. It was difficult to offer any resistance; our mate tried to seize one of them, and the useless struggle only increased their fury. They struck out, indiscriminately, on all sides, swearing, and threatening to throw the crew and passengers overboard. An attempt was made to come to an agreement; but the pirates were so exorbitant in their demands, that our captain, who showed a good deal of courage, became angry in his turn, treated them as brigands, and seemed inclined to offer resistance.

The leader, hoping to intimidate us, ordered his band to transfer all the men among the passengers to his ship. Imagine the terror of the poor women! However, it seemed as if the pirate were beginning to fear the consequences of his violence, especially after he had seen our papers, and the captain had given him an exaggerated idea of the importance of his passengers. A corsair who deliberates, is half vanquished! The scene was really alarming, and lasted five hours, ending only at daybreak, by the departure of the pirates. Not being able to obtain all the money they demanded, or the promises they tried to extort, they carried off wine, pipes of brandy, a quantity of clothing, our compass, our boat; in a word, whatever they could lay their hands on. They cut our ropes, and carried away a sail, which delayed us greatly.

This adventure was not the gravest danger we were to meet with. A violent tempest, the remains of the equinoctial gales, fell upon us the next day. The wind was furious, and the sea so rough that, although all our sails were lowered, we were driven from the Gulf of Alicante, to the coast of Barbary, where we remained for eight days, close to the foreland. During the first three days, we were in great danger, as being so near the land, our vessel might, at any moment, have been dashed to pieces. At last, the storm abated, and after a passage of twenty-two days, which ought to have been only eight, we found ourselves in the Straits, and were obliged to put into harbour in the Bay of Gibraltar.

From Algéciras we went to Cadiz by land, a journey of several hours, which was rather fatiguing, as it had to be made on mules, the roads being impassable for carriages.

# CHAPTER XVIII

## ON THE WAY TO EXILE—CADIZ

Cadiz.—Admiral Rosily.—Trafalgar.—Admiral de Villeneuve. Instances of Spanish apathy.—The Spanish Court.—The Prince de la Paix.—Arrival of an American ship.—Madame de Noailles.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville accompany her to Seville.—Return to Cadiz.—Vessel damaged by storm.—Chateaubriand lands.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville sail for America.—Letter of M. Hyde de Neuville.

Cadiz is a fine town, and its cleanliness offers a contrast to the rest of Spain ; the climate, however, is extremely hot, and there is no vegetation to afford shade. Cadiz has not such a distinctively Spanish character as Barcelona. She owed her origin and position to her commerce, which drew foreigners to her ; but when we were there, the European War, and still more the bad administration, had paralysed her prosperity. The town offered few resources as regards society, and was a melancholy place to live in ; but we found a pleasant house, overlooking the roadstead, and after so many fatigues, repose was welcome.

Circumstances prolonged our stay beyond what we had intended ; we had determined never again to embark except in a good, seaworthy ship, and the opportunities of going to America were few. Thus, we remained at Cadiz from the early days of November until May. . . .

There was a French squadron there, the remnant of that commanded by Admiral de Villeneuve until the unhappy battle of Trafalgar. It consisted of five warships and a frigate, and had long remained inactive in the port. Admiral Rosily waited, full of impatience, and seemed inclined to take advantage of the first favourable wind to make a sortie; but the attempt, dangerous in any case, must not be rash; meanwhile, the English redoubled their guard, and blockaded the port.

We were on the scene of that great disaster[1] of which everyone was still talking, and we saw the wreckage on all sides. I was able to obtain most accurate information on the subject. Admiral de Villeneuve was generally blamed for having gone out in rather unfavourable weather, but everyone exonerated him from many of the charges brought against him. So far from having acted without foresight, he had given the most precise instructions to all the Captains, especially ordering them to join in the battle wherever there was firing. Unfortunately, his incontestable bravery was not generously seconded.

The chief-of-the-staff was especially blamed for having left the line, with four ships, without firing a shot, and gone away, only to be captured off Cape St Vincent. While a Spanish captain, M. de Valdey, commanding under him, returned to the attack, sending him word that the Admiral's orders were superior to his, and that in a battle, the only route he saw, was the one that led to the fight. This brave officer performed prodigies of valour, and it was generally admitted that the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Gravina, seconded M. de Villeneuve to the utmost of their power. Admiral de Villeneuve was perhaps too brave; he was constantly seen under fire. Three times, he got into a boat to go, himself, on board the other ships to give orders, the smoke preventing their being signalled; and three times, all his men were killed. In short, he only surrendered at the last extremity; or rather, his vessel, the *Bucentaure*, completely disabled, fell into the hands of the enemy. The result of the battle was the almost total loss of the allied squadrons.

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[1] The battle of Trafalgar, regarded from a French point of view. [Tr.]

This disaster had immense political importance ; not only did it cast a gloom over the triumphant success of Napoleon, but it put an end to his projects against England, to which the way would have been laid open by a victorious naval engagement ; especially if M. de Villeneuve had offered battle in waters nearer the English Channel, as the Emperor wished.

As if everything had conspired against the unhappy squadrons, a terrible storm arose the next day ; and nearly all the vessels that had escaped the first disaster, were run aground on the coast. Several, even slipped their anchors, although already in the roadstead ; among these, was the *Indomptable*, which had received the crew of the *Bucentaure*, and was manned by about 1500 men, of whom scarcely 200 were saved. Never had the waves appeared more furious, and I am told, it was a terrible sight. Nothing could be seen upon the shore but wreckage, dead bodies, and wounded men, whose groans implored pity,—pity, which active though it was, could not succour all the victims quickly enough.

The storm lasted more than a week, with the result that several vessels were captured, and recaptured, three or four times. Our flagship, the *Bucentaure*, was taken possession of by the French crew, who were prisoners on their own ship ; the English marines who were guarding them, surrendered the vessel, so great was their terror of the storm and the state of destitution in which it left them ; but the *Bucentaure* sank, a little way from the roadstead, and we could still see the top of her mainmast at low tide.

The *Algéciras* owed her safety and liberty to the courage of M. de la Bretonnière, who was left in command after the death of the other officers. The imprisoned crew were superior in numbers, but completely disarmed ; they consulted together, and resolved to take advantage of the common danger, to free themselves and their ship. As honourable men they challenged the English to defend themselves, but the English, thinking of nothing but the almost certain death that awaited them, surrendered ; and in the morning, the *Algéciras*, spared by the storm, returned free to Cadiz.

The following are the motives which led Admiral de Villeneuve to offer battle. He had heard from his friends that he was about to be removed from the command, and that his successor, Admiral Rosily, was on his way. Moreover, M. de Villeneuve had experienced much unpleasantness ; many of his officers considered that he had carried prudence too far ; and he had heard, from Paris, that his courage had been called in question in high quarters. Such circumstances were more than enough to exasperate an irritable and brave man. Perhaps, he was influenced less by prudence, than by the desire to vindicate his honour. He was heard to say angrily, one day : 'They shall see if I know how to fight.' His enemies maintained that, being aware that his successor had been appointed, he ought not to have risked an engagement ; but is it not asking too much, to expect an Admiral to obey an order he has not yet received officially, above all, when his honour is at stake ?

In further justification of M. de Villeneuve, it may be added, that he had been informed that the English fleet, consisting of thirty-two vessels, had just divided, and was now only twenty-two strong. He had twenty French, and twelve Spanish, warships under his command. Was he, therefore, so imprudent in attempting a sortie ?

He was defeated ; they found him guilty. If success had responded to his courage, they would have extolled his talents and his victory. In a naval engagement more than in any other, much is left to that blind goddess of battles,[1] changeful as the element she controls, who awards victory without regard to any fixed rule.

The tragic end of Admiral de Villeneuve is well-known. He returned from England after the exchange of prisoners ; and while passing through Rennes, he had supper with one of his friends, a general just arrived from Paris. It is not known what the general said to him, but after the conversation, Admiral de Villeneuve was found dead, pierced with several sword-thrusts.

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[1] Fortuna, said to be blind. [Tr.]

[The following account of the Spanish government of the day is from one of M. Hyde de Neuville's letters.]

The Spanish fleet suffered less than ours; but the inertia of the government of Charles IV, holds out no prospect of the losses being made good, for a long time to come. This very day, we had a proof of that Spanish apathy, which extends from the government to all its agents.

We saw a vessel captured by the English, although it was in the roadstead and within reach of a battery; but, as they have a habit here of only foreseeing things after they have happened, nothing was ready to repel this incredible audacity, and the gun-boats only arrived in time to see the prize taken away to the enemy's fleet. Yet, the frigate, pursued by the English, had been showing signals of distress since five o'clock in the morning, and it was only towards noon, that the Spanish authorities *were eager to fly to its assistance.* But do not let us blame the officers in command of the gun-boats. Though a man be willing to do a brave deed here, he cannot do it; before taking any step, you must have received orders; and though the enemy were in the town, there must be no firing without formal authorisation. I am not exaggerating, and can cite a recent instance.

Two very fine frigates had been built at Barcelona for the Dutch government; the English wished to seize them, but not being able to do it by force, they had recourse to stratagem. They stopped a Portuguese vessel in the open sea; boarded her in such numbers as to overpower the crew, and under this neutral flag, sailed for Barcelona. A watchman on one of the towers, noticed unusual movements on board the Portuguese vessel; warning was given to Barcelona, but the Governor, who had just finished dinner, put the paper in his pocket, and set off into the country without taking any notice of the information. The Portuguese vessel came in about five o'clock in the evening, and cast anchor between the two frigates. Then, the English marines appeared, and boarded the two vessels, where there were only a few men, who could offer no resistance. The whole town witnessed this audacious enterprise ; the frigates were so near, that the batteries could easily have defended them ; but the officer in command declared that he could not fire without an order from the Governor. They had to run after his Excellency, who returned in hot haste, only to hear the murmurs of the people, and be an eye-witness of the bold capture. The officer in command of the batteries was not blamed at Court, and even the Governor, might perhaps have been commended in the end, if public opinion had not been so pronounced against him. He was deprived of his post ; but consoled, shortly afterwards, by another, equally good, appointment. You see, in Spain you can commit mistakes with impunity ; all that is necessary is to make yourself agreeable to the master, or rather to him who here is much more than the master.[1]

Let us hope, that when peace is restored, the French government will take measures to make good the losses of our navy ; but here, the poor King of Spain has no other means of defending his possessions in America, and unless his political system changes, the monarch on whose states the sun never sets, will be despoiled of them bit by bit, and so to speak, without knowing it ; for good Charles IV is kept very ill-informed of what is going on in his dominions. He passes his time in hunting, fishing, making furniture, cooking omelettes for his dinner ; and throws the whole care of the kingdom on the Prince de la Paix, who from a simple life-guardsman, has attained a power far greater than was that of Richelieu, in France. Yet there is a wide difference between the two, and Godoy is not a minister to whom one would give half a kingdom, that he might teach you how to govern the other half.

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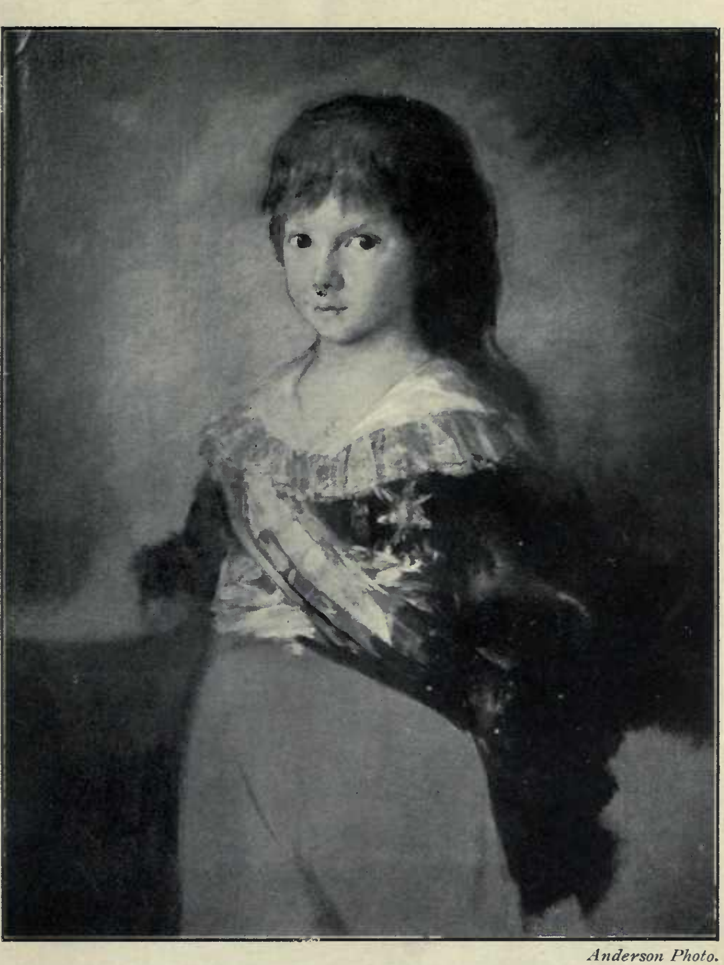
[1] A reference to the favourite, Godoy, mentioned in the next paragraph. [Tr.]

Never has Spain, until lately so powerful and prosperous, been in such a deplorable state. While travelling through this beautiful part of Europe, you would fancy yourself in a newly discovered continent, where there were only a few scattered settlements. In vain, have enlightened men tried to oppose the thousand abuses, which must lead to the downfall of the Kingdom : they have been silenced, or even repulsed and proscribed.

But it is at the Court itself, that you find the picture of desolation. The poor King, as I have said, takes very little interest in the destinies of his empire. . . . His Court is the dreariest place imaginable, and his life the type of monotony.

The Prince of the Asturias is very affable and popular. Don Carlos has a fine face . . . but, in this country, there is no more melancholy position than that of a younger member of the Royal Family. Don Carlos has nothing to look forward to, but a passive existence, like that of Don Antonio, the brother of the reigning King. . . . The third of the Royal children is called Francisco de Paula ; he is still very young, and they say, very mischievous. He is the spoiled child of the Queen.

But the important personage at the Court, and the one whose advancement is most astounding, is the Prince de la Paix. Although not brought to the front by a revolution, by brilliant exploits, or by those great talents which carry everything before them, he has contrived to raise himself to the summit of greatness. Don Manuel Godoy, who fifteen years ago, was a simple life-guardsman, is now Prince de la Paix, Duke of Alcudia, Generalissimo of the forces on land and sea, in possession of immense wealth, Most Serene Highness, and married to the King's second cousin, Doña Maria Luise de Bourbon, the legitimate daughter of a brother of Charles III, whose marriage that King refused to recognise. The present King has



*Anderson Photo.*

THE INFANTE DON FRANCISCO DE PAULA.
*By Goya y Lucientes* (*Gall. del Prado, Madrid*).

ratified it and the Princesse de la Paix has now the rank of Infanta, and her brother, the Archbishop of Toledo and Seville, an equally high rank.

The Prince de la Paix appoints to all offices, nominates Ministers, changes them at will, and has such influence, that when the King is appealed to on any matter, he invariably asks : ‘ What does Manuel say ? ’ and is careful not to come to a decision, until Manuel’s views are known. It is said, that last year, the King wished to abdicate in Manuel’s favour, or at least, to give up to him the Regency of his dominions ; but this, would only have been to add one more title to a power which could not be greater than it is.

The King has just conferred upon him the title of Grand Admiral, a dignity that has been revived for him, and has never before been accorded in Spain to anyone but a Prince of the blood ; notably to the celebrated Don John of Austria. The patent of nobility sets forth that this is a feeble acknowledgement of the great merits of the Prince de la Paix, and of his services to the Crown. The sarcastic would have liked some details to render this phrase clearer. It remains to be seen if the new Grand Admiral, who has never seen the sea, will restore to Spain good seamen and ships. Everybody doubts it, even the flatterers who are celebrating the event with such pompous festivities, as if the King had just gained a brilliant victory.

Such is the personage, the actor, upon whom turns the whole drama now being played in Spain, a sad drama, of which we can only too readily see the dénouement. I wish you to understand it fully. You would think, no doubt, that in this Most Catholic country, and married to the second cousin of his master, the Prince would have a great regard for appearances. Quite the contrary. The poor Princess is relegated to her apartments, and scarcely sees her husband, who dines publicly every day in his Palace with a mistress by whom he has several children. This woman, who is called Tudo, plays an important part. She holds a reception every day, and people vie with one another to be presented to her. The ladies of the Court, and the great lords, are not less eager than others ; she is congratulated on any good fortune that comes to the Prince.

[It would be difficult to believe that, in modern times, favouritism could be carried to such a shameless pitch, did not history bear witness both to the fact, and to its fatal consequences.

A few months after this letter was written, in October 1807, the Prince of the Asturias was arrested, on the charge of conspiring against the Royal authority. The charge, greatly exaggerated, notwithstanding some plots in which the Prince was implicated, led to the intervention of Napoleon, and the invasion of the Peninsula. Thus, the terrible mediator brought about concord, by dealing blows indiscriminately on both sides. M. Hyde de Neuville had by that time left Spain, and did not witness the catastrophe, nor yet the national movement by which Spain, rising from her lethargy, threw off the yoke of the foreigner.]

At the end of March, an American captain arrived at the port, and we took our passages on his ship ; but there was some delay in sailing.

A happy chance had brought to Cadiz, a lady whom I had met in Paris, Madame de Noailles, afterwards Duchesse de Mouchy, so justly called 'the beautiful Nathalia,' who had been travelling for six months, in Spain, with her children.

She expressed a wish to see us, and we were glad to meet one who was as kind as she was good, and knew all our friends in Paris.

Madame de Noailles, whose striking beauty had made a sensation on her first entrance into society, had no longer the freshness of extreme youth that I remembered in her ; but she had retained her charm, her delicate features, and that expressive and sensitive face that adds so much to beauty. Before her marriage, she was Mlle. de Laborde ; she was highly cultivated, and possessed of all those talents that are traditional in her family.

I owe to her one of the strongest friendships of my life. She knew Chateaubriand very well. He was then in the Holy Land, and she was constantly speaking of him, so that when I met him, not long after, I seemed to recognise him from her description.

Madame de Noailles had spent two months in Granada, sketching the buildings that remained from the Moorish occupation. . . . The Moors fired her imagination to such an extent, that we were on the point of crossing over to Africa with her, as it is only a voyage of a few hours ; but the very wise French Commissary, without whose written permission I could not stir a step, raised some objection to the project, and as one must not go against one's master's wishes, we had to give it up. . . .

Chateaubriand's charming novel, *Le Dernier Abencérage*, owed its origin to Mme. de Noailles' enthusiasm for Moorish customs. Bianca, in that story, is a faithful portrait of the gentle Nathalie, and in Chateaubriand's description of the stately and graceful dance in which the daughter of Spain took part, I often seemed to see again the friend, who had delighted us many a time, in reproducing the charming dances of the places we visited together.

Not being able to go to Africa, we resolved to accompany the fair traveller to Seville ; our Amercan captain, who had not finished loading his vessel, promising not to sail without us.

It was just before Holy Week, the best time to visit this quaint town, where the celebrated processions attract crowds from afar.

We left the Christians who scandalized us, to visit the infidels, or rather the monuments they have left. Mme. de Noailles was enthusiastic about the works of her 'friends the Moors' as she called them. I durst not tell her, I did not altogether share her admiration. . . .

We visited several churches, containing real treasures of painting, but I do not remember to have been so deeply impressed by any building as by the Cathedral of Seville. The vaults rising until lost from sight, the immense columns, forty-two feet in circumference, yet preserving all their elegance of proportion, formed a majestic and striking whole.

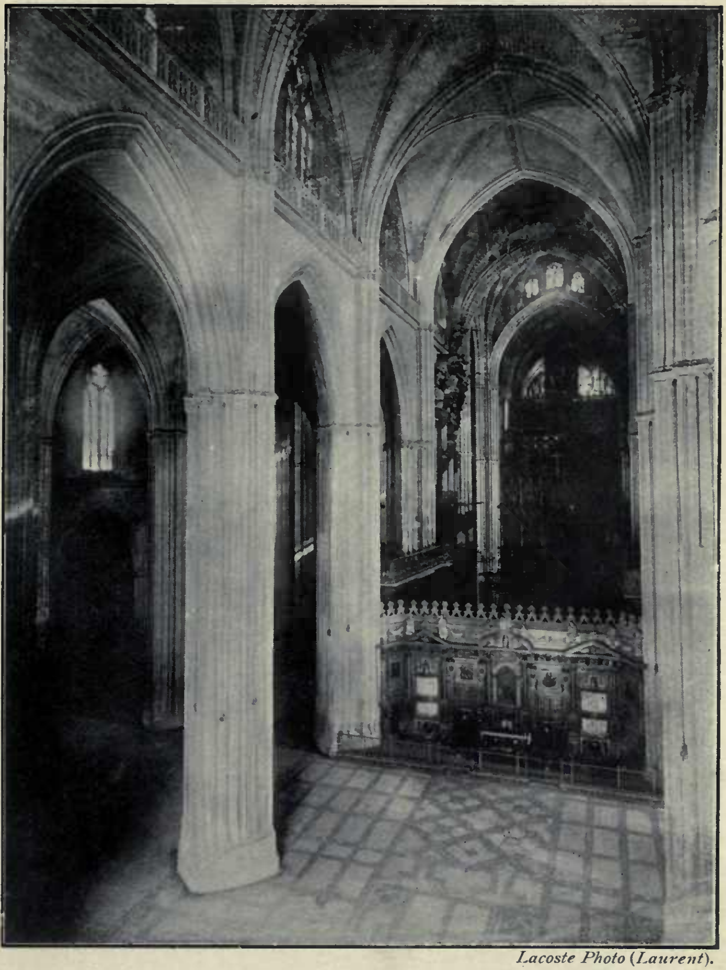
If the processions had scandalized us, we were touched beyond all power of expression, by the way in which the ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out in this magnificent Cathedral.

I remember well the emotion of Mme. de Noailles as we entered, on the evening of Good Friday. The Sanctuary alone was lighted, casting reflections under the dark vaults, the multitude of the faithful, kneeling, or prostrate, in silent prayer, only broken by the mournful chant ; all this, carried the soul away to a sweet sadness, and called forth those serious thoughts which remind us of the greatness of God and our own nothingness. As we left the Church, we had one of those conversations the influence of which remain through life ; we forgot Paris, its pomps, the clamour of the world, and talked only of the happiness which belongs to virtue, to doing good, to retirement, and to pure and lasting affections. We exchanged confidences which were a proof of our mutual esteem and trust ; and I received from Madame de Noailles the promise of inviolable friendship. . . .

At last, we were obliged to leave the gentle 'Dolorès,' as she was fond of calling herself when in Spain. We made our way back to Cadiz, while she passed on to Cordova. . . .

I had expected to embark immediately upon our return ; but a violent wind had cast several vessels upon the coast, and our American frigate was among the number ; another fortnight was needed for repairs.

Early in April, M. de Chateaubriand landed at Cadiz, on his return from the Holy Land. I went to him, at once, as I had promised Dolorès ; and the memory of the charming woman who had brought us together, was the first bond of our friendship.



*Lacoste Photo (Laurent).*

CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

Neither of us then foresaw, that in the future, it was to be strengthened, on a very different field, by community of principles and ideas. I saw very little of M. de Chateaubriand at Cadiz, as he was not long there ; but I was struck by as much of his character as he allowed to appear through the cold, almost stiff, manner that was habitual to him ; . . . he was on his way back from the Holy Land, and longed to pour forth his enthusiasm, so I had a foretaste of the *Itinéraire de Jérusalem*.

At last, all was ready for our departure ; and on the 2nd May 1807, we went on board the *Golden Age*, to be carried away from the continent that contained our dear country. It was leaving it a second time, and we felt a rending of the heart, tempered by unconquerable hope.

# CHAPTER XIX

## EXILE IN THE UNITED STATES

Letter written by M. Hyde de Neuville when sailing for America.—The Voyage.—New York.—Balston.—Madame Moreau.—M. Hyde de Neuville goes to see General Moreau.—Letter from M. Hyde de Neuville to his sister.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville visit some Indian Reservations.—They go on to Buffalo and Niagara.—Then visit Tennessee.—Return to New York for the winter.—Letter from M. Hyde de Neuville to the Princess de la Trémouïlle.

[The following letter was written by M. Hyde de Neuville when he was leaving Spain ; it is addressed to one of his political friends.]

'. . . I have a mind to scold you for not knowing how to be satisfied with happiness—the only true happiness, which alone can sweeten the bitterness of evil days. What ! my friend, when you have found calm, when you enjoy it, you regret the din of the world ; inaction depresses you ; you still hanker after that theatre where all is agitation, trouble, and illusion ?

'You lament especially, you say, that you can no longer be of use to France. Ah ! like you, my friend, I love my country ardently, and were I to be exiled forever, nothing should stifle this sacred feeling in the depths of my heart ; in a word—and I do not think I exaggerate in speaking thus—I would willingly die for the France that outlaws me. But ought this love for my country to prevent my seeing things as they are ? Ought it to blind me to the experience, gained by so many troubles, sacrifices and dangers ? Besides, can I look upon myself as altogether useless to the world, to my country, when I contribute to the happiness of the little circle to which I restrict myself; while my conscience i free from reproach; while I can succour a few who are in distress; and lastly, when I give to my countrymen the example of a man struggling against evil fortune with perseverance, and not altogether without courage? It is this, that consoles me, and should console you too.

'You have paid your debt. You only appeared upon the stage for a moment, but your part was an honourable one; and after defeat, there is no other dignified course than to be content to live in retirement and obscurity. As for me, I have never been in a position to attract attention. The cause I took up from sympathy and conviction, never offered me those brilliant opportunities that lead to fame. In order to do what I believed to be my duty, I have placed myself in a position where I sink into obscurity, with honour, but without applause.

'If I had acted differently, I might, perhaps, have attained a much higher position. I see giants of the earth without envying them; and I have no difficulty in resigning myself to be forever a pigmy, when my self-love, a guest one cannot altogether get rid of, takes it into his head to come back to the house. Do not go away with the idea, my friend, that I would pass judgment on those, who in these days, have risen, or are rising, while following a different path from ours; the longer I live, the further I am from thinking thus. There are certain actions which spring so directly from conscience, that no one can allow himself, or ought to allow himself, to condemn them in others, even while acting in the directly opposite manner himself. You will say, perhaps, that I have not always thought thus; but at eighteen, one cannot be expected to be reasonable; even at thirty, it sometimes happens that one is not so altogether; but you and I, my friend, have bought, and bought dearly, the right to be a little more reasonable than others.'

After a voyage of fifty days, in a crowded boat, tossed about by every wind, we reached New York on the

20th June,[1] in most beautiful weather. The banks of the Hudson River, covered with the freshest verdure, called forth our admiration; but it was painful to reflect, that in the immense town where we were about to land, not a single friend or relative awaited us, or looked forward to our arrival. On the 10th July, we left New York[2] and went up the River Hudson to Albany, and thence, to Balston. I was much struck with the grand scale of nature everywhere before me, but it is the people that I wish to study. A watering place is much the same everywhere; but I am not at all sorry to get this panoramic view of the society, into the midst of which I find myself suddenly transported. The degree of freedom allowed to the girls is little in accordance with our ideas; they go out at all hours without a chaperon. When they marry, they so to speak, divest themselves of all their vivacity, and become grave and silent; they lead very sedentary lives. Americans are too fond of money. When speaking of anyone, they do not ask: 'What good qualities has he?' but: 'What is he worth?' and he is classified according to this ridiculous scale of avarice; to make money is the one subject of thought. Unfortunately, the habit of speculating with more or less good luck, has somewhat blunted their strict notions of honesty; but if the men were not accused of sharp practice in business, we should be compelled to own that the New World is better than the Old, for society here is exemplary. The women have just enough coquetry to be pleasing, girls love frankly, without constraint, and wives do not look beyond their marriage bond. You will say, there must be exceptions, and in truth, all the women are not Lucretias, nor are all the men cheats; but I see few women for whose virtue I would not stand bail, and I know a good many men already, to whom I would entrust my money.

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[1] 1807.

[2] M. Hyde de Neuville had been advised to devote the rest of the summer to travelling about, and seeing the country, before fixing on any spot, and settling there. It was his dream to take a farm, and thus provide himself with occupations and interests, in place of those he left behind.

[While M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville were at Balston, they met Mme. Moreau, for the first time. She had come there, not so much for the sake of her health, as to divert her mind. Mme. Hyde de Neuville thus writes :]

Mme. Moreau, who has been so long expected, has come at last ; there was a grand ball in her honour of which she was truly the queen. It was a real pleasure to see her dance, she threw so much grace into the movements. Entertainments spring up under her feet, and her presence has transformed the little watering-place.

[But a few days later, Mme. Hyde de Neuville writes again :]

The news of the death of her mother, Mme. Hullot, has plunged Mme. Moreau, into the deepest grief, and Balston into its usual apathy. All who knew the charming Madame Moreau sympathise with her sorrow, and we, who have seen but little of her, have been deeply touched.

[With exaggerated caution, M. Hyde de Neuville's friends had warned him, before he left Spain, against forming a friendship with Moreau. M. Hyde de Neuville would have none of these precautions, and wrote from Cadiz :]

'I wish to take exception to your ideas about the General who has preceded me into exile. I do not know him, and I neither desire, nor fear, to make his acquaintance ; but his well-known character ought to protect him from the prejudices with which you regard him. I know he is living very quietly in New York ; as likely as not, we shall settle on the other side of the town, but it will not be to avoid him. His career has been quite different from mine. He is, or at least I take him to be, a Republican. He has served the opposite side with a distinction to which I have no claim. Like me, he is in misfortune, and this, should do away with all political colours. Besides, although we do not think alike, I have many reasons to esteem him. Do not let my friends (and you are not the only one) advise me any more to avoid him. I wish to live quietly, I no longer desire to take part in public affairs; but prudence shall never keep me away from anyone who is in trouble. These petty precautions are contrary to my nature; and apart from the fact, that glory and a great name always arouse sympathy, misfortune alone is sufficient to attract me.'

Later, he writes: 'I must frankly own, that what chiefly led me to seek out Moreau in the United States, was a letter which reached me at Cadiz, just as I was about to sail; it strongly urged me to avoid meeting General Moreau, not on account of the difference in our political views, but because such a friendship would *seriously* compromise me with Buonaparte. After reading this letter, I *seriously* resolved to see the General, and gladly accepted a letter of introduction to him, from the Duchesse de Mouchy,[1] who was at Cadiz; and on my arrival in New York my first visit was to General Moreau.'

[The following letter to his sister describes M. Hyde de Neuville's impressions of America:]

. . . 'The United States is truly a land of miracles. It is impossible to imagine such astounding and rapid prosperity; and one must penetrate deep into the wilds, as we have done, to learn how quickly industry can make conquests. Here, we meet with nothing but contrasts; the land still rough, as if just emerged from chaos; immense primeval forests; and when you reach the cleared spaces, you see fields covered with trees hewn down with the axe, or devoured by the flames; but fire, rapid as it is, does not second man's efforts quickly enough, and even the best cultivated fields do not present an unbroken surface to the plough. On every side, there rise black charred trunks, left to time to destroy.

'At the first glance, you would think these lands were only inhabited by savages, or by people in the lowest stage of civilisation. You would expect to find misery, or at least, poverty and privation, in these cabins, scattered far and wide over the wilderness, often formed of tree trunks, that the owners, to save labour, have left in the rough. What is your surprise, when under this roof of planks or bark, you find everything that betokens comfort, refinement, and even luxury! To us, it all seems magical, like the scenery of a theatre. We see fields cultivated, trees felled, but never a labourer or a woodman; I mean, none of those coarse rustics, who, with us, form such a distinct class. The humblest dweller in these log-cabins would be a *Monsieur* in one of our smaller towns; he can read and write; he takes in his newspaper, talks politics, follows the march of our European armies on the map, and interests himself in matters of State and questions of language.

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[1] Mme. de Noailles, afterwards Duchesse de Mouchy. [Tr.]

'His wife is better dressed than the small tradeswoman of our country towns. Her hair is carefully arranged, she wears a hat, and her gown differs little from that of the fashionable ladies. Certainly, this uniformity does not appeal to the imagination in the same way as our old national costumes, so full of originality and associations. We must look to another order of things for the interest which America inspires; but everything that the human mind can attain in the material order, is here gathered together, and arrests attention, in default of excite deeper sympathies.

'During an excursion we have just made, we met, in the depths of the forest, a young woman of eight and twenty, whose graceful bearing and simple elegance would have led us to take her for one of the daughters from the Château, if we had met her in Europe; she was only the humble school-mistress of a little village. It is true, this profession is well paid here, people regarding it as of the first importance to have their children taught to read; and you never find a boy of twelve, in the country districts, who cannot read, write and do sums fairly well. Too often, in Europe, we have only false ideas. A well dressed girl would be ashamed to make her own butter, or employ herself in the kitchen. Here, it is quite different. Nobody feels it any disgrace to do useful work. The pretty farmer's wife, whom you find at her embroidery, or reading Young's *Night Thoughts*, goes out, none the less, to milk her cow; and the magistrate and the colonel take their horses to water.

'We have just come back from visiting parts of the country that, five years ago, were inhabited only by the bear, the beaver, and a few Red Indians; now, you cannot go a mile without finding a house, an inn, and here and there, villages, churches, schools, and even towns that begin to be worthy of the name.

'We visited a few savage tribes. They are poor wretches, besotted with drink, stagnating in idleness and misery, and rejecting every effort to draw them out of it. . . .

'We went to see the Cagugas, in their little village which is almost by the roadside. . . . These poor savages are not at all formidable, and acting on the advice of the people of the country, we left our arms behind, when we set out. It is curious to reflect, that in crossing the dominions of the Most Catholic King, we could not take precautions enough against brigands; while here, we pass unmolested through immense forests, and hordes of savages. . . .'

[After visiting Buffalo and Niagara, and spending a short time in Tennessee, the travellers returned in the autumn to New York, where they intended to pass the winter. The news of the Treaty of Tilsit confirmed them in the belief that their exile would soon be over; so they did not venture to make any plans beyond the following spring. But the trial was destined to be of longer duration. Mme. de Pastoret wrote, that the sequestration of their property was about to be removed, and would in fact have been removed earlier, if the Commissary at Cadiz had not delayed to send the certificate of their departure; but she added, that, having spoken to Fouché on the subject, he did not hold out any hope of the possibility of M. Hyde de Neuville's return until the conclusion of a Maritime Peace.

A letter from the Princesse de la Trémoïlle[1] was the first to reach M. Hyde de Neuville, on his arrival in America, and in his reply, a few months later, he gives his impressions of the country—impressions that have been so well justified by time, that it is hard to believe they date back to April 1808.]

'. . . We have no clear idea in France, of what is taking place on this continent ; at least, my own ideas were far removed from the truth. The War of Independence interested me chiefly on account of the part we took in it. I saw a Colony rising in arms, with the legitimate desire of creating a Fatherland for itself, that it might no longer have to seek it beyond the seas. I assure you, it was much more than this ; and since my arrival in the United States, I have become convinced, that these rebel colonists are on the way to become one of the most powerful nations. It has been impossible for me to live a few months among them, without my thoughts being greatly influenced by what I saw, especially my ideas of liberty, and of the good and evil that it is calculated to produce. Only let the Americans be wise ; let them beware of coming into conflict with the Greater Powers, remembering that small nations gain nothing by intermeddling with the disputes of the great. By acting otherwise, this people—while showing by its efforts and its success, that it is destined to become a giant—will only injure its present position, and throw back its future greatness. Let them quietly, without revolution, infuse a little more strength into their administration ; let them redress certain abuses, and we shall one day see them the astonishment of Europe ; and if they do not actually dictate laws to the two worlds, at least, they will be their example, and hold the balance between the Powers. It may be that this will not require

[1] The Princess wrote her letter to M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville jointly, she says, 'I am speakingi to you both, for neithern my prayers nor my regrets, do I separate those whom Heaven has so well united.'

more than thirty or forty years, and I hope you and I may live to see it. . . .

'An intense vitality animates this growing State. It has no past and no childhood, which deprives it of poetry; but it has attained, at one bound, the civilisation which generally belongs only to nations that have reached a certain maturity. Born of yesterday, it is unfettered by the prejudices, traditions, and dreams, which are inherited from the past, and form the swaddling clothes of other nations. . . . One feels, on taking a near view of America, as if something unknown were stirring in the future; as if the tyranny that weighs down our unhappy country, were not the last word of this opening century; as if a fresh breeze had passed over the world, at once the cause, and the effect, of our Revolution. The exact consequences cannot be foreseen, and are slow to develop; but it seems, sometimes, as if America had surprised the secret, and forestalled the hour.

'She has nothing in common with the republics of antiquity. They worshipped the greatness of their country. Americans only trouble about the prosperity of the States; they aspire after a humbler, wiser, and more lasting glory, which will offer little to history in the way of splendour, but acquire more and more the character of strength.

'The hero of this country is the type of the nation that owes her life to him. I do not judge Washington so much by what he did in his lifetime, as by what he left behind him. . . . he was truly the benefactor of his country; he was the representative of her needs and long cherished feelings, while retaining his own individuality; he sought no personal triumph; he had no wish to aggrandise his beloved country, but only to give her a firm Constitution; and when he had rendered her really free, he stayed his hand; himself, setting the example of that moderation which is the true strength of governments, and ought to be the supreme glory of heroes.'

# CHAPTER XX

## M. PAUL HYDE DE NEUVILLE[1]

Death of Madame Hyde.—M. Paul returns to France.—The vessel puts in to the port of Passage.—M. Paul is noticed among the passengers.—The Sub-prefect of Bayonne informs Réal.—M. Paul is arrested on his arrival at La Charité.—Imprisoned for two years and a half in the Chateâu d'If.—Attempted escape.—M. and Mme. de Pastoret induce Fouché to prepare another Report.—Napoleon does not reject it.—Napoleon's marriage causes delay.—M. Paul rejoins his brother in the autumn of 1810.—M. Hyde de Neuville studies medicine.—Establishes the 'Economical School.'—He buys a small estate near Brunswick.—The Marquis d'Espinville and his daughter.—She sails for New York with Mme. Moreau.—The Insurrection in Havannah.—M. d'Espinville and his daughter return to New York.—Marriage of M. Paul and Mlle. d'Espinville.

During the winter of 1808, sad events drew M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville more closely to Mme. Moreau, who was living near them in New York. She lost her little son, and almost at the same time, M. Hyde de Neuville received news of his mother's death. 'I was not present when she died,' he murmured, 'I do not regret having suffered, suffered much, for my political convictions; but I had hoped, at least, that after so many trials and sacrifices, I might return to find my good mother again. . . . God has willed it otherwise; I shall only find her grave, but I know that, with her last thoughts, she blessed her children.'

Mme. Hyde passed away without much suffering, retaining the full possession of her faculties to the end, and encouraging her absent sons in the path they had chosen. Her last words were: 'I die without seeing my children again; but I beg of them always to be faithful to their God and to their King.'

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[1] The chapter is not written by M. Hyde de Neuville, but by his niece who edited the Memoirs, and who was a daughter of M. Paul Hyde de Neuville; thus, she is telling the story of her own father and mother. [Tr].

This poignant grief brought other sad events in its train. M. Paul Hyde de Neuville was obliged to return, at once, to France, to settle his mother's affairs, and he left New York, in April 1808. The vessel in which he sailed, the *Arcturus*, put into the port of Passage, near St Sebastian, in order to avoid the English cruisers. He was noticed among the passengers, and denounced. The sub-prefect of Bayonne gave information of his arrival to Comte Réal, the Councillor of State attached to the secret police of Paris, whither it was thought M. Paul Hyde de Neuville was going. His prompt departure for the Nivernais disconconcerted their plans; but he had scarcely reached La Charité, when he was arrested, without any charge being put forward to justify the measure.

From La Charité he was taken to Lyons, being passed from one brigade to another, always manacled. At Moulins, the Colonel of the gendarmes refused him the delay which fatigue rendered necessary, and it was only at Lyons, that he was allowed to take a little rest. He wrote from there: 'You have no idea what I suffered on the way, though I was rather better treated after we passed Roanne. Truly, it was difficult to endure such insults and privations. I could only bear them, when I called to mind how much all my family have suffered in the service of the Bourbons. My one regret is that my imprisonment will be of no help to their cause. I leave to-morrow for my destination; two gendarmes are to accompany me; the hope of a counter-order reaching me at Lyons, has entirely left me.'

So much courage deserved a reward, and soon after his arrest, M. Paul Hyde de Neuville received, through the Baron d'André, a letter from the King[1] congratulating him on the courage and self-possession he had shown.

He was taken, on the 7th August 1808, to the Château

[1] Louis XVIII.

d'If, the celebrated fortress surrounded by the sea, and occupying the whole of the bare rock on which it stands. He was so confidant of his innocence, that he daily expected the order of release, and under this impression, tried to conceal the fact of his detention from his brother; but the length of his imprisonment rendered this impossible.

It lasted, in fact, nearly two years and a half, and eventually ended, as it had begun, without any reason being assigned. Fouché, who was still Minister of Police, was importuned on behalf of the captive; but though aware that no charge hung over him, he considered that he had no power to release him without the Emperor's consent. Every time the huge mass of documents relating to the prisoners, was placed before Napoleon, the moment his eye fell upon the name *Hyde de Neuville*, he seized the bundle of papers, with a quick movement, and placed it at the bottom of the pile, without allowing any plea to be brought forward in the prisoner's favour. All the efforts of friendship were powerless to obtain anything but promises continually deferred.

The long imprisonment of M. Paul Hyde de Neuville was marked by a distressing incident, to which he could never afterwards revert without a shudder. As he gradually lost all hope of release, he sought solace in work and study. His charming personality had won for him the friendship of all the prisoners, and even of the Commandant of the Fort, a worthy man, strict in the discharge of his duties, and anxious to better the lot of those under his care. These prisoners were Vendéans, and political sympathies soon united them closely to M. Paul; he found there MM. d'Hozier, de Liscouët, de la Grimaudière, de Kermabain, and others; so that it was remarked to the prisoner: 'As regards culprits, we have only honourable men.'

The inaccessible position of the Château d'If, rendered it possible for the Commandant to grant certain privileges to the prisoners. Thus, in the daytime, he would allow some of them to meet together in a little pavilion, set apart for his use, which he made over to them for a few hours every day. A billiard-table, in a room on the ground floor, provided them with recreation; but M. Paul was not satisfied with games. His studious tastes and the depth of his knowledge, which all his lifetime was veiled under impenetrable diffidence, furnished him with more precious resources. . . . He had sent for books, and even scientific instruments, which the Commandant allowed him to set up in one of the upper rooms of the pavilion; people grew accustomed to seeing him shut himself up there all day; and it was there, that he devised one of those plans of escape, from which a prisoner is never deterred by its rashness.

A fisherman from Marseilles came to the Island nearly every day. He acted as messenger to the little garrison, and also undertook some commissions that the prisoners were allowed to entrust to him.

In bad weather, he was often accompanied by another sailor. This man was also known in the Island, and his presence excited no suspicion. It was with him, that M. Paul opened negotiations with regard to his escape. Under pretext of commissions to be given, they obtained short opportunities of conversation, without attracting attention. . . . The promise of a rich reward would, perhaps, have hardly been enough, without some money as earnest of payment. Everything was settled some time before the appointed day. The sailor was to provide himself with a swift boat, in which he would sail with a fair wind towards the Fortress; then, instead of landing at the usual place, he would pass round the point of the Island, skirting the coast, where the pavilion was situated, as closely as possible, while avoiding the ledge of rocks which almost surround this rugged island. The pretext of casting his nets, would make it seem quite natural for him to remain in one place, until the prisoner, who was an excellent swimmer, should join him. But it was necessary for M. Paul to let himself down the steep wall, which raises the platform of the Fortress a great height above the sea, a difficult and dangerous enterprise. To do this, he required time to make a kind of rope, out of the imperfect materials he contrived with difficulty to gather together. He concealed the rope in his mattress, where it filled up the space, left by the wool and hair he had taken out in order to make it. When all was ready, he arranged with the fisherman to make the attempt on the following day. At the appointed hour, the prisoner looked out through his telescope, for the boat that was to deliver him. He saw a little barque sail out of the port of Marseilles, and make for the Fortress. As she drew near, he could distinguish in the fore part, a large white bundle, which he made sure was the furled sail that was to serve as a signal. The course taken by the little skiff corresponded exactly with the plan agreed upon. He had only to reach her, and as the perilous descent would require time and care, he hesitated no longer. After having bolted the door, he placed, in a conspicuous place on the table, a letter to the Commandant, in which he thanked him for his kindness, at the very moment when he was removing himself from under his care. Then, tying the rope firmly to the *espagnolette*[1] of the window, he climbed over the sill, and let himself down, confiding in the Divine protection. His great agility as an athlete, facilitated his dangerous descent. Already his heart beat at the thought of liberty, as with a last spring, he set his feet on the narrow ledge of rock, and turned towards the sea, to look for the skiff that ought, by that time, to be very near him. What was his horror, when he saw the wretched boat had put to sea again, and was sailing rapidly away ! His signals were not even answered. There was no longer room for doubt ; he had been mistaken. The poor prisoner still waited, hoping that the real boat of rescue would come in sight, but nothing came. Time was passing, the tide rising, it already wet his feet; his absence could not long remain unnoticed; he must abandon all hope, and act, but how? Was it possible to climb back again, with such an insecure rope, that had not been prepared for an ascent? No knots had been made, and the prisoner had omitted a few feet from the length, in order to shorten his labour. It was only by stretching his arms upwards to their utmost extent, that he could reach the end of the rope. So strong, however, is the instinct of self-preservation, that he succeeded in hauling himself up to the window, out of which he had let himself down with so much joy and hope. But his superhuman efforts paralysed his strength at the last moment; breathless, exhausted, he lay upon the window-sill without being able to climb over it; and the chances of falling outside, or inside, seemed equal, when unconsciousness hid from him his terrible position. On coming to himself, he heard a great uproar; it was the Commandant shaking the door, and calling out in loud tones: 'Open the door, open the door, or I shall break it in.' The prisoner answered in a weak voice, that he had fainted, and begged him to be patient; then gathering up all his strength, which was beginning to return to him, he managed to scramble back into the room, and unfastening as quickly as possible the rope that would have betrayed him, and which had cost him so much thought and labour, he let it fall into the sea. At last, dragging himself to the door, he opened it, and then sank down on the bed, where his exhausted body concealed the disorder of the mattress.

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[1] From It. *Spagnoletta*,—A window-latch such as is still used in France and Italy. It would probably be more strongly made a century ago. [Tr.]

Illness served as an explanation to the Commandant, who proceeded to tend his sick prisoner. Stretched on a bed, from which, in truth, he had not the strength to rise, M. Paul remembered the letter he had placed on the table, and which he saw was where he left it; at any moment, it might have caught the eye of the Commandant, who kept going hither and thither, and more than once, let his eyes and his hands rest on the table, a few inches from this incriminating letter, addressed to him, which would have told him all. It was an anxious time for the poor prisoner, but by extraordinary good fortune, the Commandant never noticed it, and M. Paul's attempted escape remained an impenetrable secret.

He never knew why his accomplice had failed him, for the man never appeared again in the island. Was he afraid of discovery, or in his cowardly treachery, did he prefer to enjoy, without danger, what the prisoner had already given him? M. Paul was inclined to favour the last supposition. He renounced all idea of another attempt. The first had cost him too dearly, and it was long before he recovered from it. His hopes now turned anew to the efforts made at Paris to obtain his release. Fouché yielded, at last, to the entreaties of M. and Mme. de Pastoret; and prepared another report in favour of the captive at the Château d' If; and this time Napoleon *did not reject it.* But the ceremonies of the Emperor's marriage delayed the order of release, which had been definitely announced; and it was only on the 1st May 1810, that M. Paul left the Château d'If, after an imprisonment of twenty-eight months. Although there had been a question of making his release conditional upon his immediate departure for the United States, he did not set out to rejoin his brother until the following autumn.

Meanwhile, few changes had taken place in the lives of M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville. They had continued to spend the winter in New York, and during the summer, had sought a more bracing climate in the Northern States. During his journeys in Tennessee, M. Hyde de Neuville devoted himself chiefly to those medical studies, which had such attraction for him. Not only did they occupy his leisure, but he found many opportunities of making use of them in those districts, where it was often impossible to obtain other medical aid. In January of this year 1810, *Dr Neuville* received public testimony to his well-known humanity and learning. He was elected a member of the *Philo-medical*

*Society* of New York, a distinction which pleased him greatly. The wish to do good, led him to another enterprise, that might well seem venturesome in a foreigner, but which proved entirely successful. The political troubles in San Domingo and Cuba, had brought a crowd of French refugees to New York, during the year 1800. Many of them were destitute, and M. Hyde de Neuville was able to found a school [1] for the children of these poor colonists. At the beginning of 1810, this school had upwards of two hundred pupils. The American government granted the necessary funds for the erection of the buildings and an annual sum towards the support of the children.[2] M. Hyde de Neuville organised balls and concerts in aid of this school, and even edited a monthly magazine, *L'Hermite du Pasaïe*, to which he, himself, contributed a great deal of verse.

In the course of the following year 1811, he bought a small estate near Brunswick, twenty leagues distant from New York, but easily accessible by means of the packet-boats, which were beginning to navigate the great American rivers. It bore the name of 'New Brunswick', and the good taste of the de Neuvilles soon transformed the farm-house into a pretty cottage. The rearing of merinos was one of M. Hyde de Neuville's chief interests.

The family circle was soon to be enlarged by the marriage of M. Paul. Among the colonists who had taken refuge in New York, were the Marquis d'Espinville and his only daughter. He had served in the army in San Domingo, and held the rank of Colonel ; he had then retired to a house belonging to him in Havannah. The climate having proved fatal to several of his children, he sent the last to France soon after her birth. She was brought up by her relations in Languedoc, and at the age of eighteen, sailed for New York, on her way to rejoin her father. She was under the care of one or his friends, the Comte de Mons d'Orbigny, and it happened that Madame Moreau, who knew the Count, was also on board, and became greatly attached to his young charge. After Mlle. d'Espinville had left for Havannah, Mme. Moreau often spoke of her to the de Neuvilles, who thus, seemed to know her before they met her.

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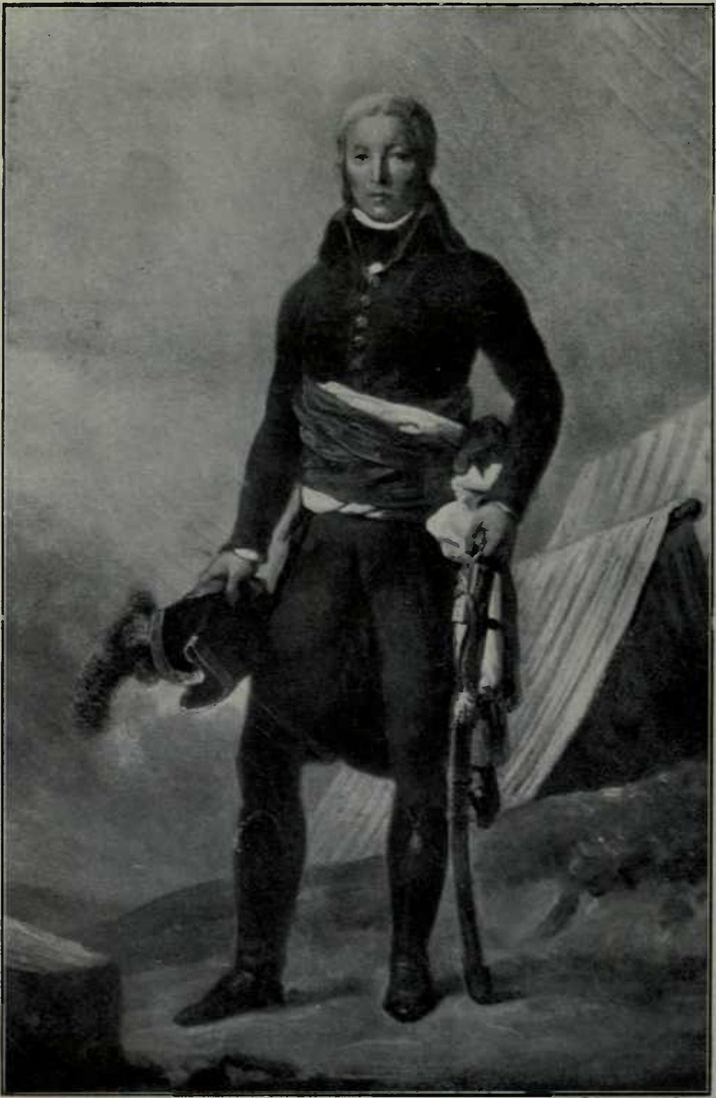
[1] Called the 'Economical School,' the name is given in English in the 'Mémoires.' [Tr.]

[2] One of the pupils was young Ricord. His mother was among the refugees with her two children, of whom Dr Ricord was the elder. When Baron Hyde de Neuville became Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, in 1816, he sought out the young Frenchman, aided his return to France, and ever showed him fatherly affection. Many years later, he visited him in his splendid mansion in the Rue de Tournon, which Dr Ricord had filled with masterpieces of ancient and modern art. 'What magnificence! I am lost in your palace,' exclaimed the Baron. 'How can that be?' replied Dr Ricord, 'for it was you who built it.'

An insurrection of the negroes in Havannah, secretly encouraged by the Spanish Government, brought M. d'Espinville unexpectedly back to New York. Although so young, Mlle. d'Espinville had passed through great dangers and terrors. She was riding on horseback beside her father's carriage, and passing through the coffee plantations, when a sudden uproar in the distance warned them that a rebellion had broken out. Soon after, a faithful negro confirmed their fears, and they had only time to hide among the coffee shrubs. All night long, the clamour of the demented negroes and the moving lights of the torches with which the rebels were seeking them, struck fear into the hearts of the fugitives. From time to time, the faithful servant would call to them, without knowing where they were ; 'Master hide, the bad men are in such a place.'

For two nights and a day, they endured this cruel suspense, and then the Marquis, with his daughter, and two servants who were with them at the time of their flight, came out of their hiding-place and sought refuge at a little inn not far away, kept by a worthy Spaniard who was devoted to him. The fugitives arrived, worn out with hunger and fatigue, and with their clothing torn by the thorns; they remained in concealment until the Governor of Havannah, whom M. d'Espinville had informed of their danger, sent an escort to bring them to the town.

The Marquis vowed that never again would he expose his daughter to such peril, and he brought her, at once, to New York. Here, she was welcomed by Madame Moreau, who soon after, brought about a marriage between Mlle. d'Espinville and M. Paul Hyde de Neuville.



Giraudon Photo.

GENERAL MOREAU.
*By Gérard (Musée de Versailles).*

# CHAPTER XXI

## GENERAL MOREAU

Napoleon in Russia. — General Moreau's indignation. — Illness of Madame Moreau.—Her return to France.—Friendship between General Moreau and M. Hyde de Neuville.—Interchange of political ideas.—Moreau becomes a Royalist.—Letter of M. Hyde de Neuville to Louis XVIII.—M. Hyde de Neuville reminds the King of the letters Madame Balbi had shown him.—The Count de Blacas.—Kindness of the King.—Memorandum of the conversations on political affairs between General Moreau and M. Hyde de Neuville. — Overtures to Moreau from Alexander. — Moreau embarks for France.—Reaches Stralsund.—Is wounded before Dresden. — Dies. — Letter from M. Hyde de Neuville to Louis XVIII.—News of the arrival of the Duc d'Angoulême at Bordeaux. — M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville embark for Liverpool.—Letter from the Mayor of New York, Mr Dewitt Clinton.—M. and Mme. Hyde de Neuville approach the English coast.—'Napoleon is in Elba and Louis XVIII at Paris.'

During this time, grave events had succeeded one another in France, the true character of which was, perhaps, more readily discerned at the distance where M. Hyde de Neuville was living. There too, however, national pride threw a glamour over the faults, the outrages on public opinion, and rash acts of every kind, to which Napoleon gave himself up more and more. But there came one event, with regard to which it was impossible to be deceived; the terrible Russian campaign began to unmask the future, though in a manner still very obscure; it filled the exiles with grief and indignation.

There was one man among their acquaintance, in whom this grief for France was mingled with just anger. General Moreau fumed with impatience, as he recounted the faults and recklessness which had led to the catastrophe, and his hatred of the Emperor increased.

Those around him believed that his projects against Napoleon date from this time ; but he kept them secret, and it was not until long afterwards, that M. Hyde de Neuville knew of them. It was, moreover, rather with Madame Moreau, than with the general, that the de Neuvilles were intimate. The sympathy which this charming woman called forth was enhanced by her state of suffering and sadness, which however, did not alter the sweetness of her disposition. She despaired of finding happiness in a foreign land, a feeling which she did not sufficiently conceal, and thus, made enemies among those who already resented her superiority. Her state of despondency, at last, necessitated her return to France. Madame Hyde de Neuville wrote : 'We are filled with regret and memories of the past, as we await the event which is to overshadow our little society, distress our hearts, and make us feel more than ever that we are poor exiles on a foreign shore. Our gentle and beautiful neighbour is leaving for France, taking her daughter with her, who might have been a pledge of her return. In failing health, sorrowful, retiring, taking no pleasure in society, always occupied, never taking recreation, seldom diverting her thoughts, this amiable woman, who in other days was so charming to everyone, is a real source of anxiety to her friends. Some people think her health is merely a pretext ; that both husband and wife are weary of exile, and of the sorrows that have befallen them in this part of the world, from the loss of their only son, to the destruction of their house by fire ; and that they wish to return to France, where their friends are planning to receive them. We know absolutely nothing about it, and like the public, are reduced to conjectures ; only her departure is a sad reality.'

[It is evident, that if the journey of Mme. Moreau had any connection with that of the General in the following year, M. Hyde de Neuville knew nothing of it. He himself, gives the following account of how he gradually influenced the political views of General Moreau.]

It was after Mme. Moreau had returned to Europe, that I saw most of her husband . . . He was an ardent Republican, and I, a fervent Royalist ; but two men can understand one another while each remains faithful to his own convictions, and the divergence of our political views never disturbed the harmony of our friendship. Moreau was cold and reserved, and it took a long time to become intimate with him ; but one ended by becoming strongly attached to him, not so much for those brilliant qualities which were concentrated on a single point, and made him a warrior in a thousand, as for the respect he inspired. Apart from his military genius, he was remarkable for his sound judgment, his constancy under trial, and above all, for a degree of humility rarely found in men of great talents, and still less, in men of high position. This humility, which was the chief attraction of his character, did not prevent his recognising his real worth ; but it was the retired officer conscious of his powers. With regard to politics, he made no pretention ; indeed, he made little account of them, looking upon them as far inferior in importance to the art of war . . . He was not ambitious, as was clearly proved, when, after Buonaparte's return from Egypt, he refused the supreme power offered to him by Siéyès and his friends. This refusal has been wrongly attributed to the hesitation of his character ; it was, in truth, an act of humble renunciation on the part of one who felt himself unequal to the proffered post. On the other hand, Moreau would never admit that anyone could be superior to him on the field of battle ; and he was right. On the 18th Brumaire, he gave an even greater proof of his disinterestedness than when he refused his own elevation, for he assisted his rival ; not only did he allow Buonaparte to be preferred to himself, but he lent him his aid, regardless of the fact that he thus, accepted a second place for himself.

The General had certain firmly rooted ideas. His republicanism was one . . . His growing hatred of Napoleon has been most unjustly ascribed to jealousy.

He was, in reality, animated by the noblest motives, and his prevailing feeling was the indignation of a good citizen whose convictions and sentiments had been outraged. I can speak of this better than anyone, as I witnessed the conflict in his mind ; I was the confidant of his ideas, and thoroughly investigated some of them.

Here, however, I am chiefly concerned to relate how far, and in what direction, I used my influence over General Moreau. We often talked together, and with the utmost freedom ; we each kept our own opinions, and asked no concession from the other that he was not disposed to grant. But it is inevitable that an habitual interchange of arguments, should in the long run, lead to mutual change of thought. Perhaps, the General rendered me more liberal than I should otherwise have been, while I dispelled many of his prejudices against the Bourbons, prejudices which, at first, were violent and deeply rooted, and had led him obstinately to refuse to take part in the conspiracy of Pichegru, when he knew that it aimed at the restoration of the Bourbons.

I should mention that, in these discussions, I was, at first, solely actuated by the desire to see truth and justice triumph. But, when events seemed to foreshadow a future in which many had ceased to believe, so remote had it appeared ; when new prospects opened before our eyes ; I redoubled my efforts to win over Moreau to the cause I served. The Russian campaign had exasperated him against Napoleon. He said over and over again : 'What has he done with the Republic ? with Liberty ? and with so many of my companions-at-arms ? Must we see all these brave men sacrificed to the criminal ambition of a tyrant ?' It was Napoleon's despotism that irritated him most. I watched this indignation, which was certainly just in principle, daily gathering strength in Moreau's soul ; and saw the dawn of his ideas of vengeance and interposition. His mind was agitated by the desire to put an end to the evils of his country ; . . . with reference to the sufferings of the army in Russia, he wrote : 'All this is terrible, and it is high time to put an end to it.'

In view of the fall of the Empire, which could then be predicted, and of the designs that Moreau evidently harboured against Napoleon, it became my duty to remove the prejudices which kept this great man from our party ; and to secure for the Monarchy the efforts that he would undoubtedly make before long. I confess, I never foresaw the course he would one day take ; and when, just as he was on the point of leaving for Europe, I began to suspect it, I ventured to blame him, and sought to turn him from it.

Very different were the plans we had vaguely sketched together. They may have been chimerical, but, assuredly, they wounded neither honour nor conscience. We thought the voice of Moreau might, at a given moment, prove decisive over that decimated and disheartened army that Napoleon seemed bent upon sacrificing to the last soldier. The idea of conquering France by France alone, had always lain beneath my aspirations ; and I can aver that, up to this moment, Moreau thought with me ; . . . according to this plan, the foreigner was to exert only a moral influence.

The argument that contributed most to bring Moreau back to Royalist ideas, was the indifference of the French nation towards the Republic. How otherwise account for the servility with which France bent before the despot ? If she had retained the least spark of the sacred fire of Liberty, would it not have burst into a flame a thousand times, under the oppression of Buonaparte ? Moreau wrote : 'We cannot count on the courage of any one in France ; it is a virtue that no longer exists ; perhaps it may exist in the provinces ; but, in Paris, all is dead.'

From the moment when the monarchical tendencies of the nation became clear to Moreau, he readily agreed that the Bourbons were its natural representatives, and the most likely to promote the welfare of the country.

It was with his knowledge, that, on the 12th Oct. 1812, I wrote to the King, as follows: 'When I first arrived in this country, I found General Moreau, who was only known to me by his great reputation, and against whom I had allowed myself to be unjustly prejudiced. His talents, and the hope of being able to render them useful to the Royal cause, drew me to him; friendship and esteem did the rest. During the last five years, I have seen him constantly, and received proofs of his confidence. I think I have contributed to give him more favourable ideas of the Bourbon cause; but I ought in justice to add, that his goodness of heart, his frankness, and above all, his wish to do right, had more share than I, in this result. I had only to state facts, to speak the truth, and he did not hesitate to believe me; and is now convinced, that no Prince can better assure the happiness of France, than the one who has been called by Heaven to be her rightful Sovereign. "I was a sincere Republican," he said to me, "but now, I recognise that Monarchy is the government adapted to France, and the Bourbons alone are adapted to the Monarchy."

'Like me, General Moreau knows revolutionary France. We have both studied the men who followed either banner; we have often exchanged ideas, and are agreed that certain obstacles cannot be too promptly removed, if we would see tyranny one day fall.

'The France of old days, has been overthrown by the Revolution, and a new generation has grown up upon the ruins; every effort has been made to lead it astray by falsehood under various forms. The result is, that if Buonaparte be generally detested, Louis XVIII is too little known. The truth is, many people in France desire to return to true principles, but all are anxious about their own interests; all would prefer the son of St Louis to the usurper, but they would like to know if they would retain their posts and dignities.

'Charles II probably owed his Restoration to the Proclamation of Breda. It is true, Cromwell was dead;

but Buonaparte may die ; his position in Spain and Russia, may become more critical. Let him be defeated a few times, and forced to fly, the glamour that protects his tyranny may vanish at a stroke. His partisans, no longer regarding him as invincible, will see his despotism and mad ambition more clearly ; above all, they will see the possibility of his fall, for an usurper cannot cease to be victorious with impunity. But then, what can public opinion do, if it be not enlightened ? What shall we oppose to the ambitious, the calumniators, the timid and hesitating, to all those with whom self is the first thought ? Assume that Buonaparte fall in battle, will not the first bold and clever general turn to his own advantage the uncertainty of the army, and the calumnies of the partisans of the Empire ; who would feel that they were lost if the rightful Sovereign should come back to the throne.

'General Moreau and I have often sought together a means of influencing minds, encouraging harmony, silencing calumny, and dispelling uncertainty by giving stability to public opinion.

'Sire, there are absurd mistakes current, not only in France, but in foreign countries. How many people are foolish enough to think, that a brother of Louis XVI can only return, armed with vengeance ! They do not see that Louis XVI himself forgave ; that the virtues of his brothers are a guarantee of their indulgent kindness ; that what is called the old order of things, is broken down, never to be raised up again.

'It is time that the King should appeal to the Nation, and in such a way as to arrest attention, and silence falsehood.

'It is no longer a question of opposing the Monarchy to the Republic, one army to another, one set of opinions to another, experience to false theories ; it is a question of putting a Legitimate King in the place of an ambitious Despot ; let an Edict, invested with the most solemn forms, notified to all the Powers of the earth, and sanctioned by everything that honour, religion and conscience hold sacred, be granted by your Royal bounty.

'General Moreau thinks nothing would produce a better effect than such a Declaration. It would be the Charter, the compass, of every Frenchman. All would hope; all would pray from the depths of their heart for the return of the Bourbons; and a noble daring, joined to a fortunate event, might shatter the Colossus, and save the world.

'Such a measure would suffice, if not at once to call to arms, at least to bring to a definite decision, many of the former comrades of General Moreau. As for himself, he has no need of this proof to be convinced.'

I felt strongly, at this time, the necessity of a Charter, drawn up with wisdom and Royal liberality. These ideas were not generally held, or much relished by the Princes' advisers; but I knew that Louis XVIII was personally not opposed to them. I had learned this, from the correspondence that Madame Balbi had shown me in London, and I ventured to remind the King of it. I wrote:

'It is to you, Sire, that I owe a moderation that is the delight of my life; my principles are unchanged; my devotion remains the same; I am as good a Royalist as ever, but I have no longer the enthusiasm of my fervid youth; and it is to Your Majesty's letters, that were entrusted to me by a friend, that I owe this salutary change of thought. I would not be less tolerant than my King. His wisdom is become my guide; and with him, I have come to see that one must pardon error, and be severe only to onself.'

I had sent my letter to the King through the Count d'Avaray, but he was no longer living. My letters were delivered to the Count de Blacas, whom I did not know at the time. I met him afterwards, without, at first, fully appreciating his worth. I have since known him more intimately, and regarded him with equal respect and affection.

The King received my humble suggestions with the utmost kindness, and fully recognised the importance of what I told him about General Moreau.

Almost at the same time, I drew up, at the request of Moreau, a memorandum containing the gist of our political conversations. It was entitled: *Moyens d'attaquer avec succès l'usurpateur, et de rétablir la Monarchie légitime.* I handed the memorandum to him, on the 3rd March 1813; and I am certain that, at that time, his intentions did not go beyond this plan, and would not have wounded the patriotism of any good Frenchman.

All the news that reached us from Europe foretold great events. Moreau resolved to leave the United States, but delayed his departure on account of Madame Moreau, who had been living in France for six months, for the sake of her health. He feared lest the consequences of his action should fall upon her, and upon his daughter. But the French government paved the way for his return, by brutally expelling Madame Moreau from Bordeaux. General Moreau, therefore, sailed, on the 21st June, on board the American vessel, the *Hannibal.* I had, at one time, thought of embarking with him, wishing to be with the King when the crisis came; but Madame Hyde de Neuville was ill, and I was so anxious about her, that I deferred a journey that was not absolutely necessary. . . .

For a long time, the attention of the Court of Russia had been fixed upon Moreau. The Russian Minister saw him constantly, and placed before him every inducement that could influence so lofty a character, speaking of the deliverance of Europe, and the cause of humanity; for Moreau was not a man to be moved by considerations of personal advantage.

He, however, rejected all the overtures, of whatever kind, that were made to him, and responded to the call of Russia, without having stipulated or promised anything; he waited to draw his inspiration from events, and then, decide on his course of action. These, were not altogether the conditions under which I should have wished him to leave. More than once, I spoke to him on the subject, impelled alike by patriotism, and a desire for his true glory. I was uneasy, that he should leave without having made up his mind as to his line of action. I dreaded an indecision of character which, with him, was sometimes joined to a certain obstinacy. But on one point, I could not feel any doubt; I was convinced that Moreau would never act contrary to what his conscience approved. Whatever reproaches have been cast upon his memory, I affirm, with the deep knowledge of his character acquired by seven years of constant and intimate friendship, that this sincerely upright man might deceive himself, but could never wilfully palter with honour and duty. What he did, therefore, he believed that it was right to do.

The grave events which so quickly brought this brilliant career to a close, are well known. Moreau reached Stralsund, on the 1st of August; before the close of the month, he was mortally wounded. He had been welcomed, at once as a hero and a friend, by Bernadotte, the Prince Royal of Sweden. His journey to Prague had been a kind of triumph. He had been received there, by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, with a deference bordering on veneration. He had become imbued with the hope of serving his country more effectually in the camp of the Allies, than in the French army; I am convinced that, in thus remaining with the Allies, while refusing any military appointment, he had no intention of serving as a guide to them, but on the contrary, of acting as a curb, and checking their advance, when they should reach our frontier. A few days before he was fatally wounded, he wrote to Alexander: 'I am ready to fight with the army against Buonaparte. I assure you, I do this without the least repugnance, convinced as I am, that in contributing to his downfall I shall receive my share of the thanks of France and of the world.' For my part, I find the best proof of Moreau's upright intentions in his dying words: 'I have nothing to reproach myself with; my mind is at rest.' He was too sincere ever to seek an excuse in falsehood. The news of his death was a painful shock to me; I mourned at once a personal friend, and a man of genius, whose military powers might yet have rendered great services to my country.

In writing to the King, I did not hesitate to tell him that I did not altogether approve of what Moreau had done:

'The General thought it his duty to comply with the urgent request of Russia; I confess, I differed from him, not as to the end, but the means. I pointed out all the objections which would arise from such a strange step, and represented to him, how delicate his position would become. He answered, that great minds should be guided only by their conscience and the good of the Empire. "The voice of the populace is nothing, one should only take account of that of honourable men and of posterity. Unquestionably, I would rather fight the Despot directly, with a French army; but I must conquer him, and in order to do it, I must take part with those who are defending the cause of all nations. In return for my services, they will help me to deliver my unhappy country. Whether I go or stay, it is more than probable that the French army will, sooner or later, be compelled to yield. What then will become of my country, when the torrent overflows, and there is no one to check it? Believe me, if I am, one day, to save France, and obtain for her a good government and an honourable Peace, I must make myself useful to the cause of Europe and of mankind. I must deserve the confidence of the great Monarch who calls me to him, and whose fine character is a guarantee of what he will do for France. Otherwise, how shall I have the right to say to the Allies: 'Grant an honourable Peace to France; act only as auxiliaries, and leave me to settle the quarrel with the French ? No, I must sacrifice myself for my country. It is only to the eye of the common people, that appearances will be against me. If Napoleon be defeated, I shall, at once, appeal to my fellow-countrymen, and call my friends and brave comrades around me ; they will see that I have not come to gratify ambition, but to break their chains ; and by proclaiming the rightful Sovereign, and a truly liberal Constitution, I shall complete the ruin of the Tyrant." He added : "I promise you not to join the army of the Allies, except in so far as, by doing so, I see my way to save France ! " '

Posterity can only pass a just judgment upon a man when it looks upon the circumstances from his point of view, and studies his motives impartially.

The events that were taking place in Europe, tore my heart with feelings of high hope, grief, and shame. . . . Distance, far from softening the impression, increased our anxiety, and we awaited, with feverish impatience, the slow and scanty news that reached us.

For some months, I had been prepared to leave, and was even staying at the little port of Newhaven, ready to embark at any moment.

The news of the arrival of the Duc d'Angoulême[1] upon our frontier, and his Proclamation, put an end to my hesitation, and I only waited to procure a passport. The English Consul gave me one to Liverpool, and on the 21st May 1814, I embarked with Mme. Hyde de Neuville, on board a Portuguese vessel, the *Amigo Protector*, leaving the other members of my family to await the issue of events.

I was already on board, when a deputation from the Mayor of New York, Mr Dewitt Clinton, brought me the following letter.

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[1] The Duc d'Angoulême landed at Saint-Jean de Luz, and made his entry into Bordeaux on the 12th March, amid transports of joy among the people.

'Dear Sir,

'It is with sincere pleasure that I send you the enclosed Resolution,[1] because it is the tribute of justice to merit, and I know it contains no exaggeration.

'It was impossible for you to do so much good unnoticed. The seclusion you so greatly desired has become impracticable, and I am only expressing my sincere opinion, when I say, that you may without arrogance apply to yourself the following description :

'"When the ear heard me, and the eye saw me, they gave me their attention because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had no helper, and I caused the heart of the forlorn to sing for joy."[2]

'I am, etc.,

'Dewitt Clinton.'

It is sweet to a poor outlaw to receive such a farewell, on leaving the land of his exile.

On the 4th July, after what seemed a very long voyage, we sighted a pilot boat off the English coast. Our Captain hailed her, and asked what news of France. The reply was, 'Napoleon is in Elba, and Louis XVIII at Paris.' I do not think, during the whole course of my life, I ever felt such a revulsion of feeling.—Fifteen years of proscription, exile, and persecution, all vanished like a bad dream, before a few careless words, spoken by a passing sailor ! . . .

I landed at Liverpool, on the 8th July. I was in London on the 10th, and a few days later at Paris !

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[1] A formal Resolution passed on 19th May 1814 by the Association of the Economical School at New York, of which Mr Dewitt Clinton was President. The Resolution expressed regret at the departure of M. Hyde de Neuville. [Tr.]

[2] See Job, ch. xxix., 11-13.

# APPENDIX TO VOL. I

## A

### LETTER RELATING TO THE REMOVAL OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE FROM THE TEMPLE TO THE CONCIERGERIE.

[The Queen was transferred to the Conciergerie on the 2nd August. M. Hyde de Neuville's papers contain a curious letter, written by one who took part in the removal. As this letter has only been published in part, and in a work little known, we think it well to reproduce it; the more so, as the concluding passage refers to a matter of which we shall speak later.[1] This letter was written on the 7th May 1825, by an Aide-de-camp to Henriot, named Monnin.]

Monsieur,

I have been asked for some information, which I hasten to send you, with regard to the circumstances accompanying the removal of the unhappy Queen, Marie-Antoinette, from the Temple to the Conciergerie, and her imprisonment there.

When the Committee of Public Safety thought fit to order the removal in question, they charged General Henriot to carry it out; he was then in Command of the National Guard of Paris and of the First Division. This General, to whom I had been appointed Aide-de-Camp by the Minister of War, thought well to lay this sad duty upon me, at ten o'clock the previous evening; he directed me to take all the necessary measures for carrying it out. I went to the Commandant of the gendarmerie, Emard or Amard, and asked for twelve men from his company, to be sent to the Temple, where I would meet them. I engaged a coach, and gave orders for it to be sent to the same place, whither I sadly turned my horse's steps. It was eleven o'clock when I arrived. The door-keeper took me to the room occupied by the National Guard. There were three of these men. I presented the order of removal, but they refused to hand over their prisoner until they had consulted the Commune, which was then sitting. One of them went to the Hotel de Ville, and the two others, who apparently regarded me with distrust, thought fit to shut me up in a private room, and keep me in ward until the return of their colleague, who only came back at one o'clock in the morning.

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[1] See Appendix B.

Then they set me free, kindled torches, and ordered a turnkey to light us as far as the top of the Tower, where the rooms occupied by the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame (now the Dauphine), were situated.

The three municipal officers went up with me. Their presence was certainly unnecessary, but no doubt, they had been ordered, by the Commune, to exercise some further irritating supervision over their victim.

One of them knocked at the door of the flat ; it was, almost immediately, opened by the aged Thierry, who had shared the imprisonment of the King, and was now sharing that of the Queen. This venerable old man, at once, knocked at the door of the room beyond, and Madame Elizabeth appeared very quickly. As soon as she had heard our commission, she fetched a very large key, which she inserted in the lock of the door of the Queen's room, situated on the right of the door of the ante-chamber. The Princess said to us firmly, as she pressed hard on the key with her left hand : 'Gentlemen, I shall not admit you, until I am sure that my Sister and my Niece are up and dressed.'

They were soon ready, and we went in. The municipal officers had taken possession of the warrant I had brought. One of them read it to the Queen, who showed great firmness and resignation, and said she was ready to follow us. But before allowing her to be taken out of the Temple, these men insisted on making an inventory of what she had in her reticule. She at once took it off, and threw it, indignantly, on a round table that was in the middle of the room, and the officers examined the contents minutely. They were, a roll of twenty-five louis, a little gold box, a few portraits and packets of hair. During this examination, they asked a number of questions, more or less important, about these things. The Queen answered calmly and with dignity ; for instance, with regard to the hair, she said it was that of her husband and children, and of a few others who had been dear to her.

I watched all this with indignation, as I stood leaning against the doorway, and the tears came into my eyes.

When the examination was over, they made a parcel of all the objects I have mentioned, and sealed it; then, they told the Queen that we were ready to go. Madame Elizabeth, and Madame la Dauphine, were present all the time. The latter was leaning against a chest of drawers, and shedding a flood of tears. Mme. Elizabeth did not weep, but her eyes showed sorrow, indignation, and scorn. Just as we were leaving, this good sister of Louis XVI turned to me, and said: 'Monsieur, I ask a favour of the Committee of Public Safety; it is that they will allow me to share the new prison with my sister, I beg you to make this request for me.' I was too much moved to answer.

The Queen said to her daughter: 'Do not let yourself be overwhelmed; you have the Faith, it will support you.'

We went down a few steps, when the unhappy victim remembered she had forgotten her widow's cloak; she uttered an exclamation, and went back for it; Madame Elizabeth put it on her, and we went down.

On reaching the courtyard, I was indignant to find a wretched cab, instead of the coach I had ordered: the Queen got in, with only two of the municipal guards; as for me, I mounted my horse, and followed the carriage, which was escorted by the gendarmes.

At the Conciergerie, the Queen was placed in a large room, divided in two by a curtain. I gave orders that she should be more suitably lodged, but Madame Richard, who had not expected the Queen, was unable to carry out the order until the next day.

I went to the prison twice a week; the jailor's wife informed me of anything the Queen needed; I never saw the Queen, nor asked to see her. Madame Richard spoke to me one day about Confession and the Sacraments and, two days later, I took the Order to Fouquier-Thinville, to allow the priest whom the Queen named, to have access to her; and I know that this Order was conveyed to the jail.

This is all that I can tell you, and I certify it as true down to the least detail.

Your Servant,

MONNIN.

PARIS, *May 7th* 1825.

# B

## INFORMATION OBTAINED BY BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE WITH REGARD TO THE RELIGIOUS SUCCOUR AFFORDED TO THE QUEEN AT THE CONCIERGERIE.

[It was only in 1834, that M. Hyde de Neuville turned his attention to what had, hitherto, been a kind of legend,—the religious succour afforded to the Queen at the Conciergerie ; and placed himself in communication with the Abbé Magnin, at that time parish priest of Saint-Germain Auxerrois. The statements of this worthy priest ought to have been sufficient to establish the fact ; but they had been strongly contradicted. A pamphlet, entitled : *Fausse Communion de la Reine*, had been published, in 1824, by M. Lafond d' Aussonne, who was also the author of the *Mémoires secrets des malheurs et de la mort de la Reine de France*, which contains the most insulting denial of M. Magnin's assertions ; a prolonged controversy followed, and the venerable priest thought it necessary to collect other evidence in support of his own.

He placed all the documents in the hands of M. Hyde de Neuville, who, after reading them attentively, soon became convinced.

However incredible it may seem, at first, M. Hyde de Neuville places the fact beyond doubt, that a priest was able to penetrate the cell of the widow of Louis XVI, which the Revolution had striven hermetically to seal.]

Men might easily refuse to believe the marvellous deeds done from devotion and virtue ; the dangers overcome, the bold enterprises carried through, which we, my contemporaries and I, have seen. Moreover, it must not be thought that the fierce rigour of the Revolution had not, at times, its contrasts, and I may say, its backslidings from evil. It is only *en masse* that men attain their full measure, and become altogether bad. They need the fatal stimulus of example, and sometimes too, the contagion of fear, under the guise of violence. Thus, we constantly saw men, notorious for their fury, yield, and go back upon their verdict, by quite contrary actions, when they were no longer on that murderous stage where they sought applause by crime.

The detailed narrative of the imprisonment in the Temple is full of these secret acts of protection, this stealthy compassion, which misfortune saw spring up beneath its feet. Why should not the Conciergerie have had the same hidden toleration? It would be even easier to explain here, than at the Temple. The Conciergerie was the last halting-place on the way to the scaffold; hence, the efforts and zeal of those who, unquestionably, found their way into the cells to help the condemned prisoners, were redoubled here. When the Terror paralysed all human powers, there was a courage that remained unconquered, that which God infuses into the hearts or men. Charity penetrated the dungeons; virtue and the sense of duty, surmounted all obstacles in order to bring help to misfortune; religion, persecuted, proscribed, still kept her priests and her altars; and in spite of the vigilance of the agents of the most suspicious tyranny, hard by that very revolutionary Tribunal which pronounced only sentences of death, there went up to Heaven, every day, almost every hour, earnest prayers for the victims.

A woman, full of piety and courage, had an oratory in this palace of iniquity, above the hall where the sessions were held; and holy souls came thither to implore the Divine mercy. This dangerous secret was inviolably preserved. Ah! how many women, of all classes, were great, admirable, and courageous, during those days of terrible trial! The ministers of God, exposed more than anyone to the fury of the Revolution, never ceased to fulfil their sacred ministry, whenever it was possible to do so without attracting public attention. A disguised priest always followed the fatal cart, or was near the scaffold to bless the victims. The Abbé Godard, and M. de Kéravenant, afterwards parish priest of Saint-Germain des Prés, who long honoured me with their friendship, were especially zealous in discharging this dangerous duty.

Apart from the proofs which I shall bring forward with regard to the Queen's Communion, there is nothing improbable in the idea, that Mlle. Fouché, the saintly young woman, who, long before the Queen's arrival, had obtained permission to go in and out of the Conciergerie, should have been able to approach her.

The sympathy which Marie-Antoinette called forth from all who came near her, soon won over her first jailors, M. and Mme. Richard; when the rash enterprise that cost the life of Michonis had drawn suspicion upon these good people, and led to their dismissal, they were replaced by another married couple, M. and Mme. Bault, who had the same kindly feeling for their victim.

The Queen continued to receive every mark of respect and consideration that her jailors could procure for her. It is an admitted fact, that news and messages never altogether ceased to be transmitted between the Temple and the Conciergerie.

It is also certain that M. Emery, the saintly Founder of the Seminary of St Sulpice, who was imprisoned at the same time as the Queen, was taken to her. The 'Life' of this illustrious priest testifies to the fact. There was, therefore, not much more difficulty in a priest from outside visiting her. Mlle. Fouché had an accomplice in her good works, in Sister Julie, at that time the Superior of the Sisters of Charity of the parish of St Roch, who herself, often obtained access to the prisons. To her, Mlle. Fouché confided the visits she had paid to the Queen. In return, Sister Julie and her companion, Sister Jeanne, provided Mlle. Fouché with the clothing, and other things, that Marie-Antoinette might need. It was, also, through these holy Sisters that Mlle. Fouché became acquainted with the Abbé *Charles*, the name by which M. Magnin was known, and presented him to the Queen. I confess that, for my own part, all hesitation ceases in presence of the certificate of the venerable priest, which I have before me :

'I certify that, in the month of October 1793, I had the happiness to enter the Conciergerie, with Mlle. Fouché, to hear the confession of Marie-Antoinette several times, to say Mass in her presence and to give her Holy Communion.

'Signed MAGNIN.
'Curé de Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

'PARIS, *April* 14*th*, 1834.'

Even if the evidence had been less positive, the word of this worthy priest, the confidence which he inspired, would have removed every doubt from my mind. His good faith has, however, been attacked in the most outrageous manner.

In 1829, five years after the campaign against him conducted by M. Lafond d'Aussonne, the Abbe Magnin was shown a letter from M. Monnin,[1] who had taken part in transferring the Queen to the Conciergerie, giving details which confirmed his own statements ; the Abbe wrote to M. Monnin, and received a reply, from which I take the following passage :

'With reference to the fact in which you are interested, the confession of the Queen at the Conciergerie, I certify that the keeper of that prison, the woman Richard, was authorized, by the Committee of Public Safety, to allow the Royal victim to see the priest whose help she desired to receive.

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[1] This letter is given in Appendix A.

'Signed MONNIN.'

'CHALONS-SUR-MARNE, *Jan.* 14*th*, 1829.'

This fact, as clearly stated by a witness, carries with it, even for the incredulous, a strong presumption in favour of the Abbe Magnin's statements; for, although M. Magnin might not be the priest to whom this tolerance was shown, the permission would, at any rate, encourage those who wished to gratify the Queen's desire. Probably the authorization, coming from the Committee of Public Safety, referred only to a *prêtre assermenté*[1]; the Revolutionary Tribunal had not abolished the old custom of sending a priest to the condemned; in fact the Constitutional Bishop, Gobel, was zealous with regard to its observance. It is a matter of history, that three of these priests[2] came to the Queen at the time of her execution, offering her the help of their ministry, and that she rejected it. If she did not accept their assistance at her last hour, much less would she have done so, at the beginning of her imprisonment at the Conciergerie, supposing, as is probable, that it was one of these faithless priests that Madame Richard was authorized to offer to the Queen.

M. de Montjoye, in his *Histoire de la Reine*, relates that when the Abbe Girard (prêtre assermenté), and parish priest of Saint-Landry, came to the Queen to offer her spiritual assistance, on the 14th October, she replied, that she had already obtained this help, through means which she was not at liberty to communicate to him.

The first investigations, concerning this interesting fact, go a long way back. In 1803, the Princess de Chimay, formerly one of the ladies of the Queen's household, had received from the lips of Mlle. Fouché, and of M. Magnin, details concerning the spiritual succour which they had procured for Marie-Antoinette. I transcribe here the circumstantial account given by the Princess, although it does not form part of the documents I have collected, because it affords an additional confirmation, and one of great weight:

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[1] A Constitutional priest. See vol. i., p. 6. [Tr.]

[2] The Abbés Girard, Lambert and Lothringer.

'I cannot close these notes in a manner more to the glory of God, and the consolation of the friends of religion, than by relating what happened at the Conciergerie, when the Queen was there. A certain Mlle. Fouché, whose charity led her to devote herself to the relief of the prisoners under the Revolution, redoubled her zeal and sympathy when she knew that the Queen was in the building. She was sufficiently ingenious and fortunate to gain over the warders, and obtain access to the Queen. Accordingly, she saw her; but in spite of the sympathy, delicacy of feeling, and devotion which she showed to the Queen, she was quite unable to win her confidence until her third visit; she was happy in being able to procure linen, clothing, and other alleviations of her Majesty's cruel position.

'Mlle. Fouché, who was pious as well as benevolent, suggested to Marie Antoinette that she should bring her a priest. Her Majesty consented. She brought him in, and presented him to the Queen, who, as soon as she recognised that the words and principles of the priest accorded with his character and ministry, gave him her confidence, and he heard her confession several times. This worthy priest said Mass in the Queen's room. Her Majesty received Holy Communion with such devotion and gratitude to God that her eyes shed abundant tears. Thus, we have, at least, the comfort of thinking that God granted her some moments of consolation.

'One admirable circumstance, which ought not to be passed over in silence, is that the two gendarmes who were in her room,[1] —either because they were really good and had concealed their sentiments in order to hold this position, or because they were touched by the Queen's piety,—prepared themselves to receive Holy Communion at the Mass celebrated in the Queen's presence, of which they had been informed beforehand.

M. Magnin, who had the happiness of exercising his ministry in the Queen's room, fell ill, so that he was unable to leave his bed; Mlle. Fouché, who had given so many proofs of devotion to her Majesty, went in search of another priest. It was the priest, M. Cholet, who gave the last consolations of religion to the Queen, on the eve, or the day before the eve, of her death. Afterwards, he left France, and died in exile. As for Mlle. Fouché, the Queen, touched by her devotion, placed so much confidence in her, that she entrusted to her the cup that her Majesty had used every day at breakfast, in order that she might convey it to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The Princesse de Tarente gave this cup into the hands of the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Mittau.'

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[1] Richard had obtained orders for them to be placed outside the door under pretext of greater security. [Tr.]

It was towards 1806, that the Duchesse de Tarente transferred this relic to the Duchesse d' Angoulême, and communicated to her the interesting facts that she had learned at Paris. Madame de Tarente, in writing an account of her commission to the Princesse de Chimay, enclosed an autograph letter from the Duchesse d'Angoulême to Mlle. Fouché in which the illustrious daughter of Marie-Antoinette acknowledged the receipt of the precious cup.

M. Magnin tried to trace the two gendarmes of whom the Princess de Chimay spoke. It will be remembered that the jailor Richard, under pretext of greater security, had obtained leave for them to be placed, no longer in the Queen's narrow cell, but at the door. Still, their co-operation was indespensable before a stranger, no matter under what disguise, could be introduced into the room. M. Magnin received the following particulars :

'I, the undersigned, Louis-Luc Ledoux de Guiet, formerly King's Sergeant-Porter, and an *émigré*, certify that it has come to my knowledge that the under-mentioned Ferdinand de la Marche, son of M. de la Marche, formerly constable of the Marshalsea of Brienne, and Prudhomme, also a gendarme at the Conciergerie, on guard over the Queen, were accused of having allowed a priest and another person, to enter the Queen's cell, in order to give her the consolations of religion, and especially Holy Communion ; that the two gendarmes were condemned to death and executed at Paris, Ferdinand de la Marche, of the Commune of Brienne, and Prudhomme, of that of Chavanges, in the department of the Aube ; that, on the news of their death, the relatives had a Requiem Mass celebrated for the repose of the souls of the victims, in the Parish Church of Chavanges, where many worthy men were present. I certify, besides, that M. de la Marche, sen., living at Sampson, in the department of the Marne, said to me, on several occasions, *My poor Ferdinand and the unfortunate Prudhomme were guillotined, for allowing a Priest who had not taken the Oath, and another person, to enter to take Holy Communion to the Queen ; the scoundrels put them to death for that.* I certify, with sincerity, the above mentioned facts, which can be proved, for there are brothers and sisters of the said gendarmes still living; in testimony whereof I have drawn up the present document in order that the truth may be put on record.

'PARIS, 12*th Jan.* 1825.

'Signed: LEDOUX DE GUIET

'Formerly King's Sergeant-Porter, 'rue Saint-Germain, l' Auxerrois No. 87.'

Thus, we see how proofs of the Queen's Communion multiply. Only one objection arises to shake conviction; it is the phrase occurring in the Queen's admirable letter to Madame Elizabeth, which at the first glance seems so decisive: 'Having no spiritual consolation to look for, not knowing if there be any priests of our religion here; and moreover, the place where I am, exposing them to danger if they enter, I sincerely ask pardon of God for all the faults I may have committed during my life . . .'

Even without admitting that the Queen might be influenced by the desire to preserve a secret which might prove so costly, this phrase can be explained quite naturally. M. Magnin fell ill, and could not go to the Conciergerie during the latter part of the imprisonment of Marie Antoinette. Deceived by the delays incident to the Queen's trial, delays that seemed likely to be prolonged, Mlle. Fouché left for Orleans, where she had urgent business. It is easy to understand that the Queen,—finding that those whom she would have expected to come to her more than ever towards the fatal moment, did not appear,—would conclude that they had been discovered, and had fallen victims to their generous conduct. This was the opinion of Count de Robiano, who had known Mlle. Fouché well, and who published, in 1824, a work entitled *Marie-Antoinette à la Conciergerie* . . . .

Not satisfied with having collected so much trustworthy evidence, . . . I was able to obtain one, if possible, even more valuable in my eyes. While I was trying to solve the question of the Queen's Communion, I learned that Sister Julie, whom I had supposed to have died long ago, was still living. I, at once, went to see her at the House of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac. It was on the 10th May 1834 that I was received by her, in the presence of Sister Therése, the Superior. The worthy Sister confirmed all the details that I had received from the Curé of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. She spoke of Mlle. Fouché with great respect, and of *M. Charles* with veneration; she praised his courage, and all the services he had rendered to religion and to the Queen; she told me that during the most stormy times of the Revolution, he had never ceased to exercise his sacred functions in a secret oratory (near the Place Vendôme), which had been hidden from the fury of the Revolutionists. Sister Julie told me that she had distinctly recognised in the stocking of floss-silk, mentioned in the minutes of the exhumation of the Queen, the last pair of stockings that she had sent to the Royal Captive through Mlle. Fouché. Sister Julie had herself often penetrated into the prisons. She said: 'I entreated, I gave a little money, and I went in without difficulty; the jailors knew me, and I was never refused admission.'

After this, let no one ask how Mlle. Fouché obtained access to the Queen; there are no bolts for charity.

Good Sister Julie did not think she had done anything difficult, or very meritorious. She must have been, at least, seventy-two when I saw her. Her features bore an expression of kindness and simplicity. In spite of her age and infirmity, her heart had lost nothing of its memory. At the mention of the Queen, she was deeply moved. After seeing her, doubt would be sacrilege.

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